



# The REVIVAL WAVE

BY

G. W. WILSON & B. H. KENNEDY.

PHILADELPHIA

JOHN J. HOOD

1018 ARCH STREET

(G. W. WILSON, P. O. Box 165, Jacksonville, Ill.)

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# THE REVIVAL WAVE.



A

Book of Revival Hymns and Music,

COMPILED BY

G. W. WILSON AND B. H. KENNEDY.



Philadelphia :  
JOHN J. HOOD,  
1018 ARCH STREET.

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HAVING had several years' experience in teaching music, and in special revival work, we have found it necessary to have a book of our own selections, suited to the thought and spirit of our work.

We believe this selection will commend itself to the public as one of the best for revival services.

G. W. WILSON.

B. H. KENNEDY.



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# THE REVIVAL WAVE.

## He Dies! the Friend.

ISAAC WATTS.

Tune, DUANE STREET.

1. He dies! the Friend of sinners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep around; A
2. Here's love and grief beyond degree, The Lord of glory dies for man! But
3. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high your great Deliv'rer reigns; Sing

sol- emn darkness veils the skies, a sudden trembling shakes the ground.  
lo! what sudden joys we see, Je - sns the dead revives a- gain!  
how he spoiled the hosts of hell And led the mon- ster Death in chains:

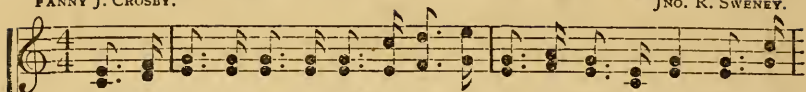
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two For him who groaned beneath your load: He  
The rising God forsakes the tomb; In vain the tomb forbids his rise; Cher-  
Say, "Live forever, wondrous King! Born to redeem, and strong to save;" Then

shed a thousand drops for you,—A thousand drops of rich- er blood.  
u - bic legions guard him home, And shout him welcome to the skies.  
ask the monster, Where's thy sting? And, Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

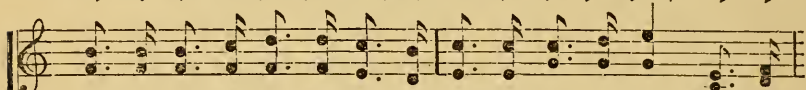
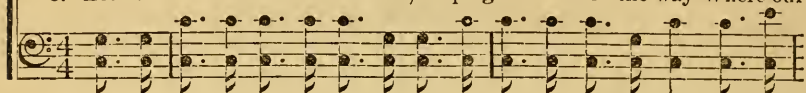
## By the Grace of God we'll Meet.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

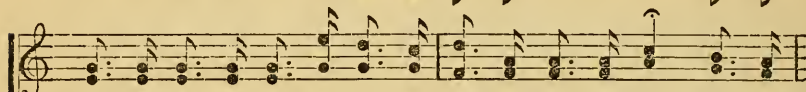
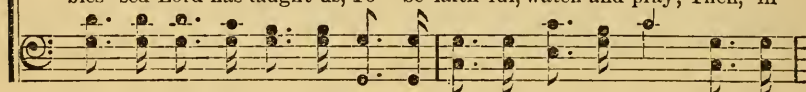
JNO. R. SWENEY.



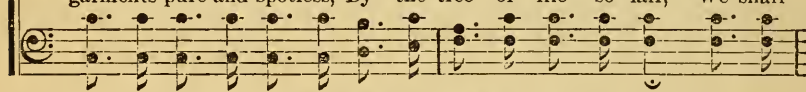
1. Thro' the gates of pearl and jasper To the ci - ty paved with gold, When the
2. When the harvest work is ended, And the summer days are past, When the
3. Let us fol - low on with firmness, keeping ev - er in the way Where our



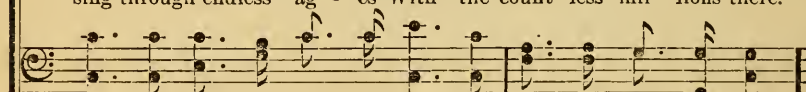
ransomed host shall en - ter, And their gracious Lord be - hold, When they  
reap - ers go re - joic - ing To their bright re - ward at last; When the  
bles - sed Lord has taught us, To be faith - ful, watch and pray; Then, in



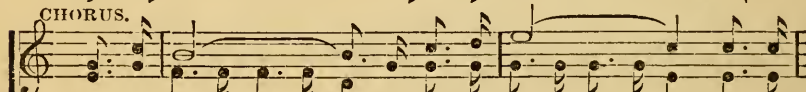
meet in bliss - ful triumph By the tree of life so fair Shall we  
white-robed an - gel leads them to the gates of joy so fair, Shall we  
garments pure and spotless, By the tree of life so fair, We shall



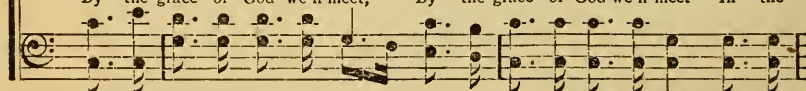
join the no - ble arm - y, And re - ceive a wel - come there?  
join their hap - py num - ber? Will they bid us wel - come there?  
sing through endless ag - es With the count - less mil - lions there.



## CHORUS.



By the grace . . . . . of God we'll meet . . . . . In the  
By the grace of God we'll meet, By the grace of God we'll meet In the



ci - - ty's golden street, Shoutin', glo - - - ry! hal-le-  
ci - ty's gold - en street, golden street, Shouting, glo-ry! hal-le-lu - jah! Shouting,

lu - - - jah! At the dear - - - - Redeem-er's feet.  
glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah! At our dear Re-deem-er's feet, Re-deem - er's feet.

## Jesus Lives Forever.

Rev. JAMES MORROW, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

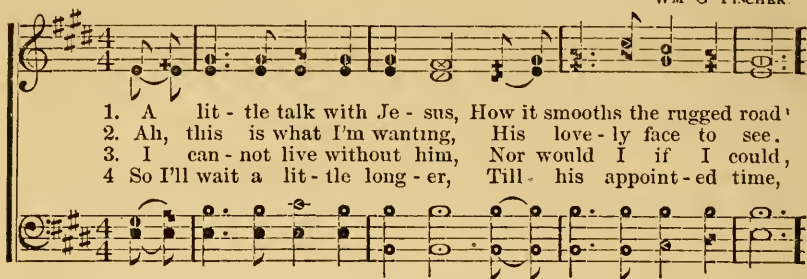
1. Sing, ye people, loud and high, Jesus lives forever! He is Lord of earth and sky,
2. Come, ye people, here is rest—Jesus lives forever; As the birds return to nest,
3. Pray, ye people, night and day, Jesus lives forever; Mountains, nations may decay,
4. Hope, ye people, fear no doom, Jesus lives forever; Sunlight glints o'er pain and gloom,

To his people ever nigh; We must suffer, we must die, But Jesus lives forever.  
Souls find answer to their quest Leaning on his welcome breast, Our Jesus lives forever.  
Golden thrones become as clay, Art and science pass away, But Jesus lives forever.  
Faith will triumph, tho' we soon touch the shadows of the tomb, For Jesus lives forever.

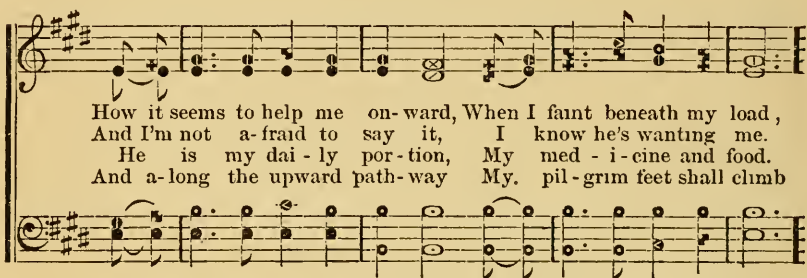


## A little Talk with Jesus.

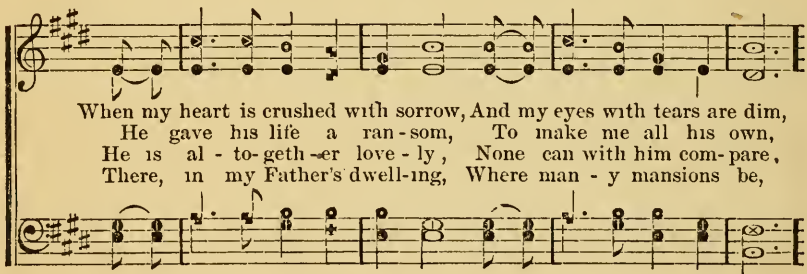
WM G FISCHER



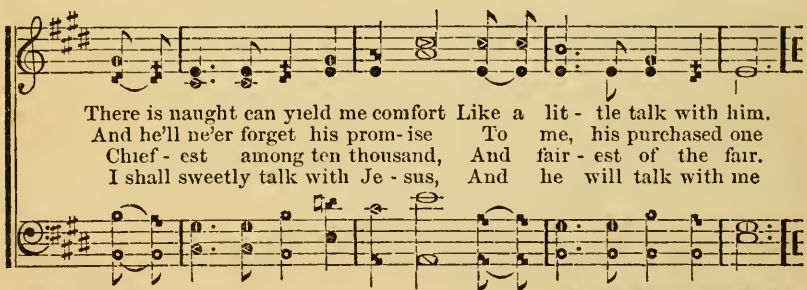
1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, How it smooths the rugged road  
 2. Ah, this is what I'm wanting, His love - ly face to see.  
 3. I can - not live without him, Nor would I if I could,  
 4 So I'll wait a lit - tle long - er, Till his appoint - ed time,



How it seems to help me on - ward, When I faint beneath my load,  
 And I'm not a - fraid to say it, I know he's wanting me.  
 He is my dai - ly por - tion, My med - i - cine and food.  
 And a - long the upward path - way My pil - grim feet shall climb



When my heart is crushed with sorrow, And my eyes with tears are dim,  
 He gave his life a ran - som, To make me all his own,  
 He is al - to - geth - er love - ly, None can with him com - pare,  
 There, in my Father's dwell - ing, Where man - y mansions be,



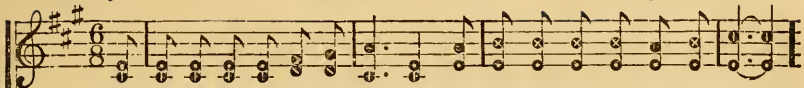
There is naught can yield me comfort Like a lit - tle talk with him.  
 And he'll ne'er forget his prom - ise To me, his purchased one  
 Chief - est among ten thousand, And fair - est of the fair.  
 I shall sweetly talk with Je - sus, And he will talk with me

# Redeemed.

7

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeemed, and so happy in Je - sus, No language my rapture can tell,
3. I think of my blessed Redeemer, I think of him all the day long,
4. I know I shall see in his beauty The King in whose law I de - light,
5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me,



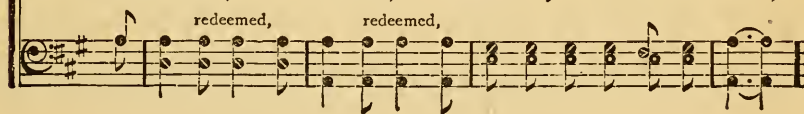
Redeemed thro' his infi - nite mer - cy, His child and forev - er I am.  
 I know that the light of his presence With me doth continual - ly dwell.  
 I sing, for I cannot be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.  
 Who loving - ly guardeth my footsteps, And giveth me songs in the night,  
 And soon, with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.



## REFRAIN.



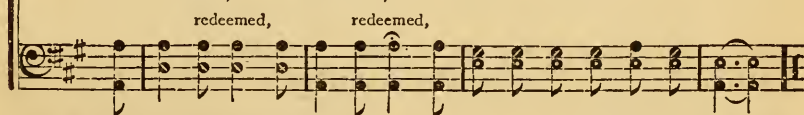
Re - deemed, re - deemed, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,



redeemed, redeemed,



Re - deemed, re - deemed, His child and forev - er I am.

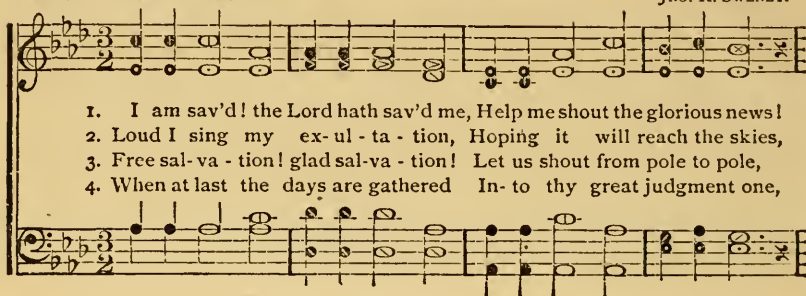


redeemed, redeemed,

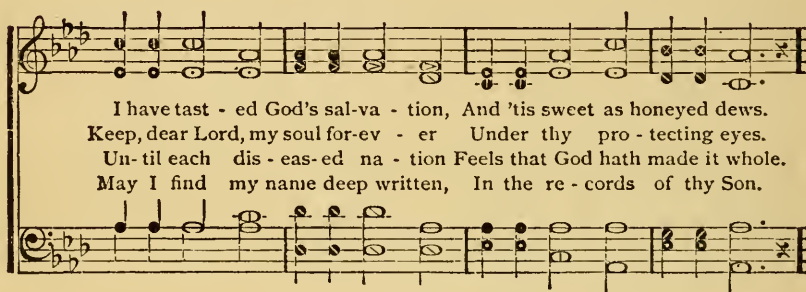
# I am Saved.

Mrs. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

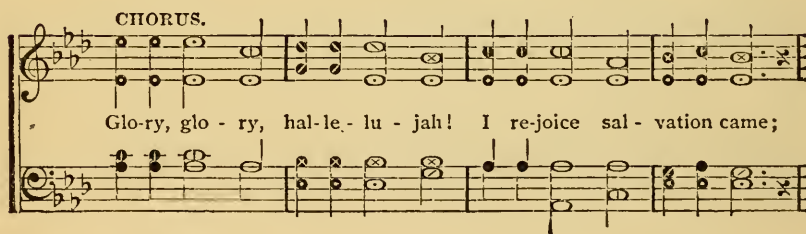


1. I am sav'd! the Lord hath sav'd me, Help me shout the glorious news!  
 2. Loud I sing my ex-ul-ta-tion, Hoping it will reach the skies,  
 3. Free sal-va-tion! glad sal-va-tion! Let us shout from pole to pole,  
 4. When at last the days are gathered In-to thy great judgment one,

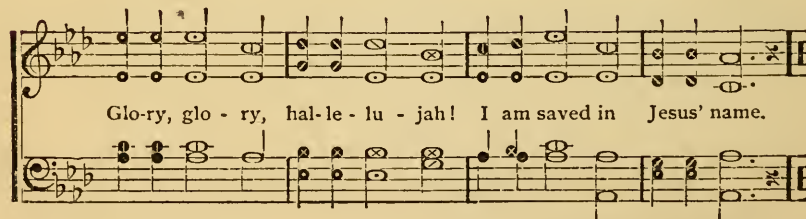


I have tast-ed God's sal-va-tion, And 'tis sweet as honeyed dews.  
 Keep, dear Lord, my soul for-ev-er Under thy pro-TECTing eyes.  
 Un-till each dis-eas-ed na-tion Feels that God hath made it whole.  
 May I find my name deep written, In the re-cords of thy Son.

CHORUS.



Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! I re-joice sal-va-tion came;



Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! I am saved in Jesus' name.



# Take me as I am.

9

From THE GARNER, by per.

Melody by J. H. Stockton, har. by W. J. K.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un - less thou help me I must die ;  
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt,

Oh, bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!  
And thou can'st make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am!

*D.S. bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.*

REFRAIN.

Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,  
take me as I am, take me as I am;

3 No preparation can I make,  
My best resolves I only break,  
Yet save me for thine own name's sake,  
And take me as I am!

4 I thirst, I long to know thy love,  
Thy full salvation I would prove;  
But since to thee I cannot move,  
Oh, take me as I am!

5 If thou hast work for me to do,  
Inspire my will, my heart renew,  
And work both in and by me too,  
But take me as I am!

6 And when at last the work is done,  
The battle o'er, the vict'ry won,  
Still, still my cry shall be alone,  
Lord, take me as I am!

*JUST AS I AM.—Tune and Chorus above.*

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within, and fears without,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need in thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 6 Just as I am, thy love unknown  
Hath broken every barrier down;  
Now, to be thine, and thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

## Ere the Sun goes down.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I have work enough to do Ere the sun goes down, For myself and kindred  
 2. I must speak the loving word Ere the sun goes down; I must let my voice be  
 3. As I journey on my way, Ere the sun goes down, God's commands I must o-  
 Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down,

too, Ere the sun goes down. Every idle whisper stilling, With a  
 heard Ere the sun goes down; Every cry of pity heeding, For the  
 bey, Ere the sun goes down. There are sins that need confessing, There are

purpose firm and willing All my daily tasks fulfilling, Ere the sun goes down.  
 injured in-ter-ced-ing, To the light the lost ones leading, Ere the sun goes down!  
 wrongs that need redressing, If I would obtain the blessing Ere the sun goes down.  
 Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down.

## CHORUS.

Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down,

I must do my dai-ly du-ty Ere the sun goes down.  
 goes down.

By permission.

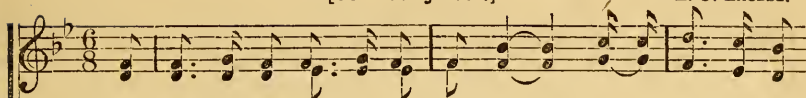
DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

# Say, is Your Lamp Burning?

11

[To W. B. Jacobs.]

E. O. EXCELL.

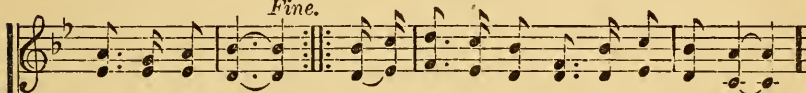


- |  |                         |
|--|-------------------------|
| 1. { Say, is your lamp burning, my broth - er?       | I pray you look         |
| 2. { For if it were burning, then sure - ly          | Some beams would fall   |
| 3. { Up - on the dark mountains they stumble,        | They are bruised on the |
| 4. { With white, pleading fac - es, turned up - ward | To the clouds and the   |
| 5. { If once all the lamps that are light - ed       | Should stead - i - ly   |
| 6. { Wide o - ver the land and the o - cean,         | What a gir - dle of     |



D. C.—Say, is your lamp burning, my broth - er? etc.

*Fine.*



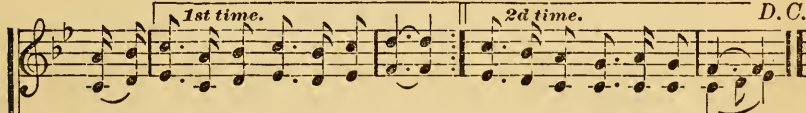
- |                         |  |
|-------------------------|--|
| quick-ly and see, }     | { There are many and ma - ny a - round you,      |
| bright-ly on me. }      | { If you thought that they walked in the shadow, |
| rocks and they lie }    | { There is ma - ny a lamp that is light - ed,    |
| pit - i - ful sky, }    | { But not ma - ny among them, my broth - er,     |
| blaze in a line }       | { How all the dark places would brighten,        |
| glo - ry would shine! } | { How the earth would laugh out in her gladness  |



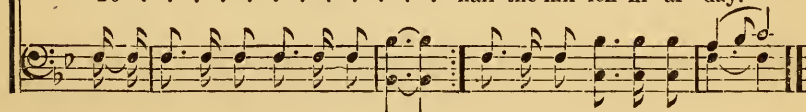
*1st time.*

*2d time.*

D. C.



- Who fol - low wherev - er you go.
- Your . . . . . lamp would burn brighter, I know.
- We behold them a - near and a - far.
- Shine . . . . . stead - i - ly on like a star.
- How the mists would roll up and away!
- To . . . . . hail the mil - len - ni - al day.



# Jesus is Passing this Way.

E. A. H.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Is there a sin-ner a-wait-ing Mer-cy and pardon to-day?  
 2. Brother, the Master is wait-ing, Waiting to free-ly for-give;  
 3. Yes, he is coming to bless you, While in con-tri-tion you bow;

Welcome the news that we bring him: "Je-sus is passing this way!"  
 Why not this moment accept him, Trust in his grace, and live?  
 Coming from sin to re-deem you, Read-y to save you now;

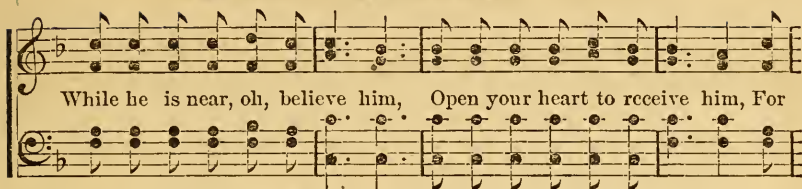
Coming in love and in mer-cy, Pardon and peace to be-stow,  
 He is so ten-der and pre-cious, He is so near you to-day;  
 Can you re-fuse the sal-va-tion Je-sus is of-fer-ing here?

Coming to save the poor sin-ner From his heart-anguish and woe.  
 Open your heart to re-ceive him While he is passing this way.  
 Open your heart to ad-mit him While he is coming so near.

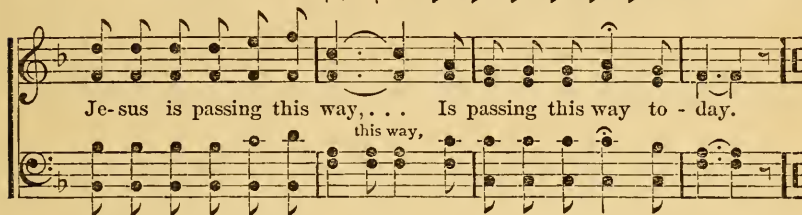
## CHORUS.

Je-sus is passing this way . . . To-day, . . . to-day! . . .  
 Je-sus is passing this way, To-day, is passing to-day!





While he is near, oh, believe him, Open your heart to receive him, For

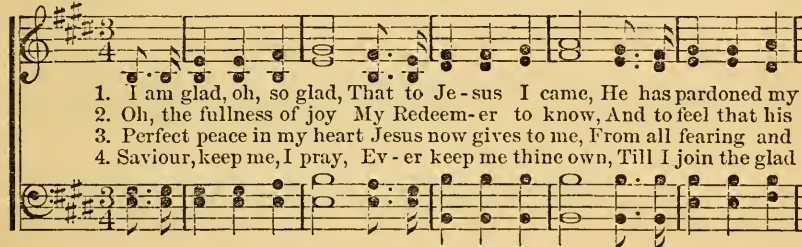


Je-sus is passing this way, . . . Is passing this way to - day.  
this way,

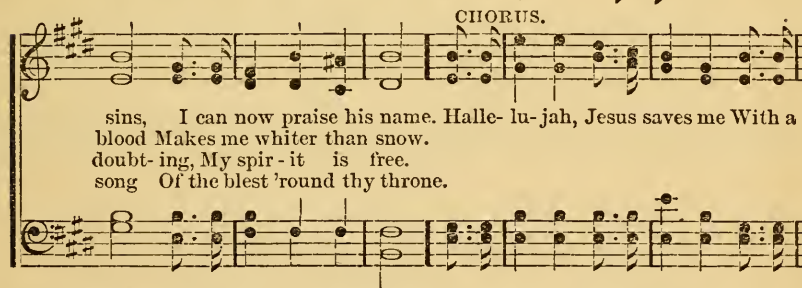
## Hallelujah.

WM. G. COLLINS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I am glad, oh, so glad, That to Je-sus I came, He has pardoned my
2. Oh, the fullness of joy My Redeem-er to know, And to feel that his
3. Perfect peace in my heart Jesus now gives to me, From all fearing and
4. Saviour, keep me, I pray, Ev-er keep me thine own, Till I join the glad



CHORUS.

sins, I can now praise his name. Halle-lu-jah, Jesus saves me With a  
blood Makes me whiter than snow.  
doubt-ing, My spir-it is free.  
song Of the blest 'round thy throne.



per-fect sal-va-tion, Hallelu-jah, halle-lu-jah, Jesus saves me just now.

## Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

E. O. EXCELL. 3

1. There's a stranger at the door, Let him in,  
 2. O - pen now to him your heart, Let him in,  
 3. Hear you now his loving voice? Let him in,  
 4. Now ad - mit the heavenly Guest, Let him in,  
 Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in,

He has been there oft be - fore, Let him in;  
 If you wait he will de - part, Let him in;  
 Now, oh, now make him your choice, Let him in,  
 He will make for you a feast, Let him in,  
 Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in,

Let him in ere he is gone, Let him in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus  
 Let him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend, He will  
 He is standing at the door, Joy to you he will re - store, And his  
 He will speak your sins forgiven, And when earth ties all are riven, He will

Christ, the Father's Son, Let him in.  
 keep you to the end, Let him in.  
 name you will a - dore, Let him in.  
 take you home to heaven, Let him in.  
 Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in.

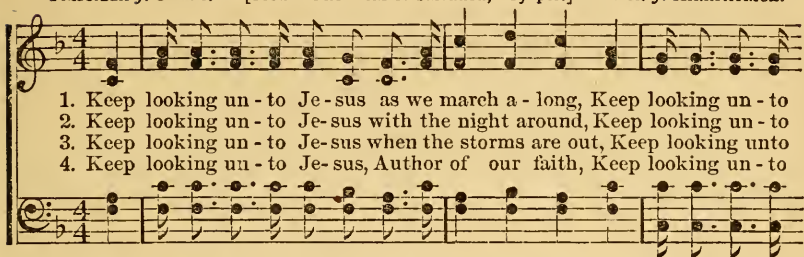
# Keep Looking unto Jesus.

15

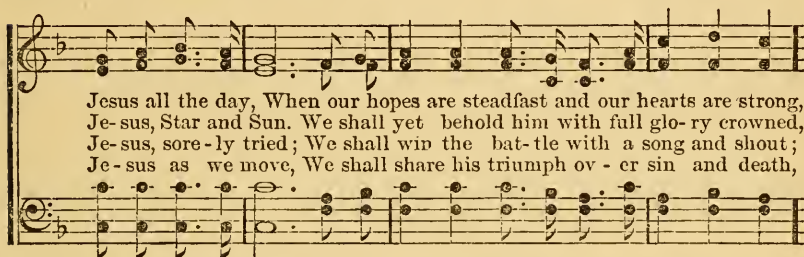
PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

[From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.]

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

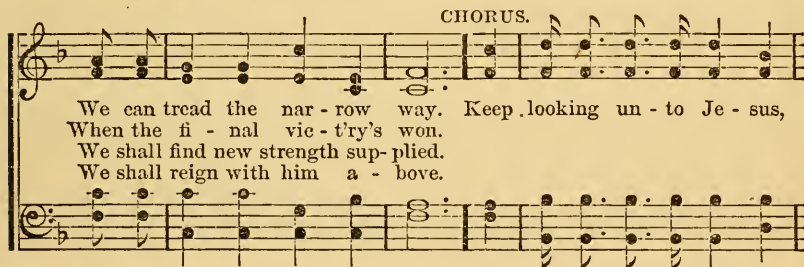


1. Keep looking un - to Je - sus as we march a - long, Keep looking un - to  
 2. Keep looking un - to Je - sus with the night around, Keep looking un - to  
 3. Keep looking un - to Je - sus when the storms are out, Keep looking unto  
 4. Keep looking un - to Je - sus, Author of our faith, Keep looking un - to

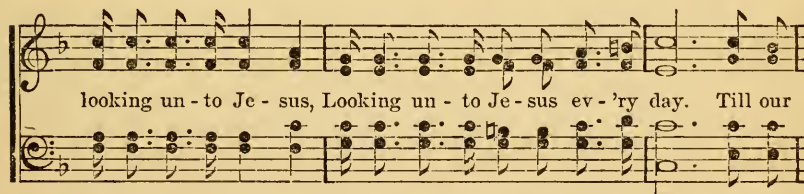


Jesus all the day, When our hopes are steadfast and our hearts are strong,  
 Je - sus, Star and Sun. We shall yet behold him with full glo - ry crowned,  
 Je - sus, sore - ly tried; We shall win the bat - tle with a song and shout;  
 Je - sus as we move, We shall share his triumph ov - er sin and death,

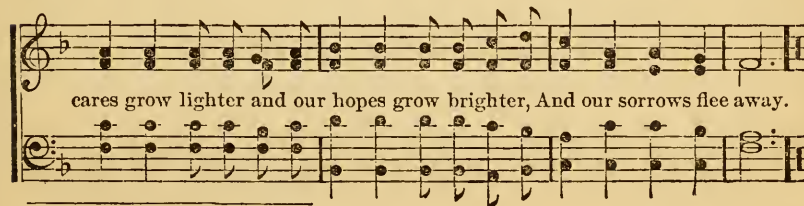
CHORUS.



We can tread the nar - row way. Keep looking un - to Je - sus,  
 When the fi - nal vic - tory's won.  
 We shall find new strength sup - plied.  
 We shall reign with him a - bove.



looking un - to Je - sus, Looking un - to Je - sus ev - 'ry day. Till our

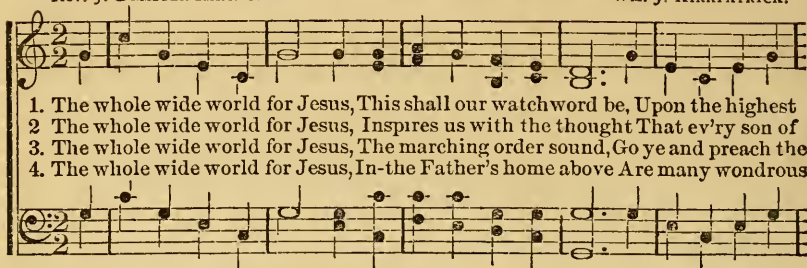


cares grow lighter and our hopes grow brighter, And our sorrows flee away.

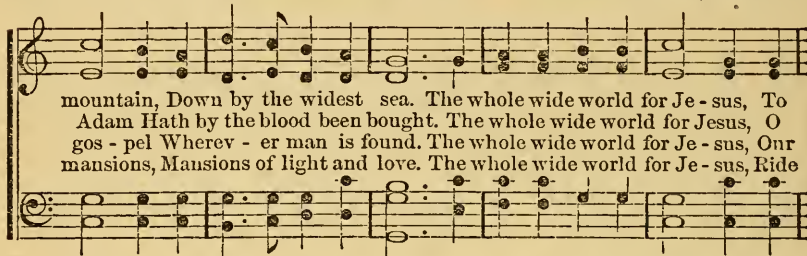
# The Whole Wide World.

Rev. J. DEMSTER HAMMOND

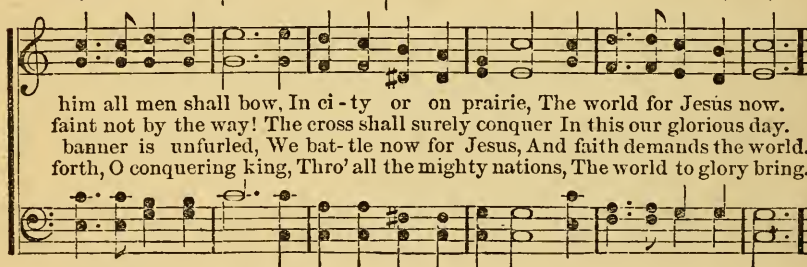
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. The whole wide world for Jesus, This shall our watchword be, Upon the highest  
 2. The whole wide world for Jesus, Inspires us with the thought That ev'ry son of  
 3. The whole wide world for Jesus, The marching order sound, Go ye and preach the  
 4. The whole wide world for Jesus, In-the Father's home above Are many wondrous

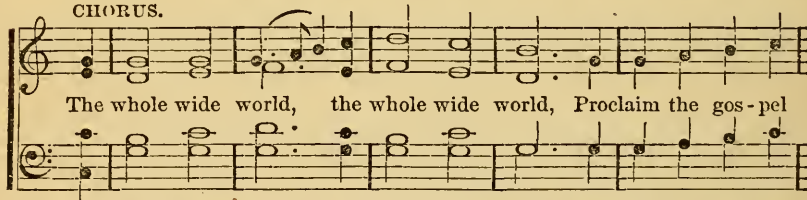


mountain, Down by the widest sea. The whole wide world for Je - sus, To  
 Adam Hath by the blood been bought. The whole wide world for Jesus, O  
 gos - pel Wherev - er man is found. The whole wide world for Je - sus, Our  
 mansions, Mausions of light and love. The whole wide world for Je - sus, Ride

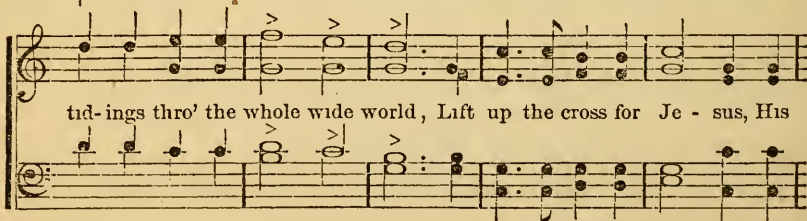


him all men shall bow. In ci - ty or on prairie, The world for Jesus now.  
 faint not by the way! The cross shall surely conquer In this our glorious day.  
 banner is unfurled, We bat - tle now for Jesus, And faith demands the world.  
 forth, O conquering king, Thro' all the mighty nations, The world to glory bring.

## CHORUS.



The whole wide world, the whole wide world, Proclaim the gos - pel



tid - ings thro' the whole wide world, Lift up the cross for Je - sus, His



# The Whole Wide World.—CONCLUDED. 17

banner be unfurled, Till ev'ry tongue confess him, thro' the whole wide world.

## From This Hour.

RACHEL ELLIOT.

JNO R SWENEY.

1. We are praying, bles - sed Saviour, For a clos - er walk with thee;
2. We are praying, bles - sed Saviour, That thy will in us be done,
3. We are praying, bles - sed Saviour, That our lives thy praise may show,
4. And at last, when all is ov - er, And our languid eyes we close,

*Fine.*

We are pray-ing that thy spir - it In our hearts may ev - er be.  
 We are ask-ing for a un - ion That in thee shall make us one.  
 And thy gracious hand di-rect us In the way that we should go.  
 May our souls a - wake re-joicing Where the crys - tal riv - er flows.

With a per - fect love a-dore thee, Con - se - crated through thy word.

CHORUS.

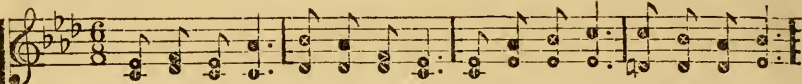
*D.S.*

From this hour, O gracious Lord, May each wak-ing heart be-fore thee


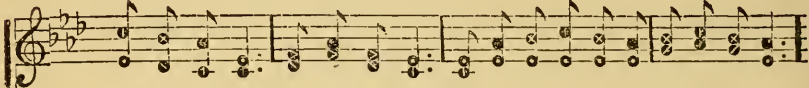
## Beautiful Day.

W. J. K.

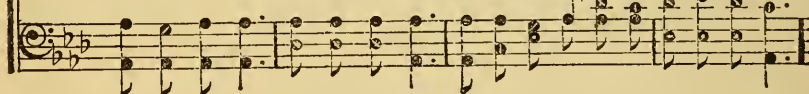
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.




1. Beau-ti-ful day, love-ly thy light; Ho-ly each ray, ban-ish-ing night;  
 2. Beau-ti-ful day, calm was thy dawn; Joyous the lay, blessed the morn,  
 3. Beau-ti-ful day, perfect-ly bright; Je-sus al-way, boundless delight,  
 4. Beau-ti-ful day, ha-ven of rest; Ev'ry one may come and be bless'd;

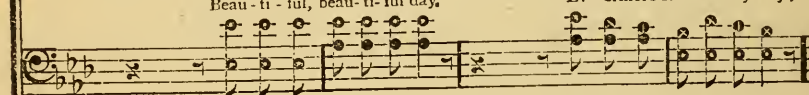

Cloudless thy sky; peaceful my stay Here in the sunlight of beautiful day.  
 When in my heart, over my way, First shone the noontide of beautiful day.  
 Bliss all around, heaven by the way, Shining in fulness, oh, beautiful day.  
 Glory to God! naught can dismay; Christ is the light of this beautiful day.



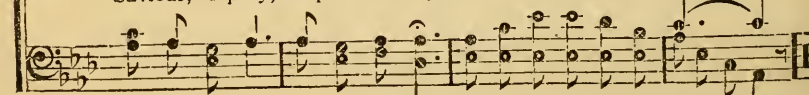
REFRAIN.



Beau-ti-ful, beauti-ful day, Evermore shine on my way;  
 Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful day, Ev-er more shine on my way;

Saviour, I pray, keep me al-way Safe in this beauti-ful day.



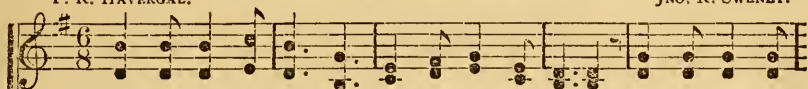
beauti-ful day.

# Looking unto Jesus.

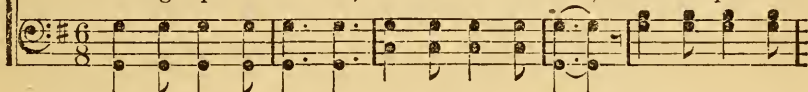
19

F. R. HAVERGAL.

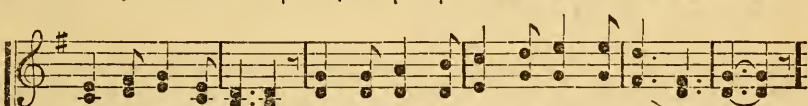
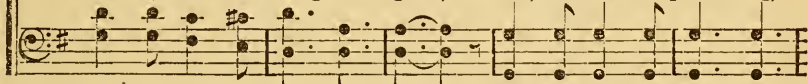
JNO. R. SWENEY.



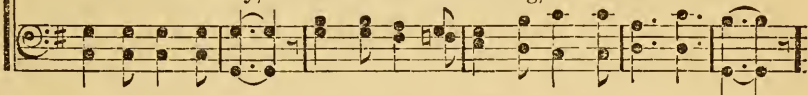
1. Looking un - to Je - sus, Nev - er need we yield, O - ver all the
2. Look a-way to Je - sus, Look a-way from all, Then we need not
3. Looking un - to Je - sus, Wond'ringly we trace Heights of power and
4. Looking up to Je - sus, On the em'rald throne, Faith shall pierce the



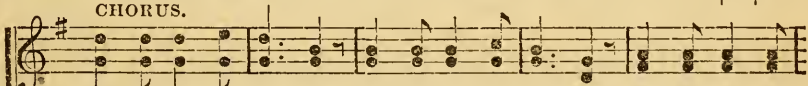
ar - mor Faith the bat - tle - shield; Stand-ard of sal - va - tion,  
stum - ble, Then we shall not fall; From each snare that lur - eth,  
glo - ry, Depths of love and grace; Vis - tas far un - fold - ing  
heavens, Where our King is gone; Lord, on thee de - pend - ing,



In our hearts unfurled; Let its el - e - va - tion O - vercome the world.  
Foe or phantom grim, Safe - ty this ensureth, — Look away to him.  
Ever stretch be - fore As we gaze, beholding Ev - er more and more.  
Now contin - ual - ly, Heart and mind ascending, Let us dwell with thee.



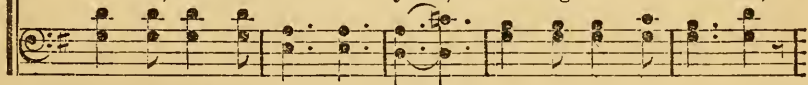
## CHORUS.



Look - ing un - to Je - sus, Looking un - to Je - sus, Looking un - to



Je - sus, Nev - er need we yield; Look - ing un - to Je - sus,

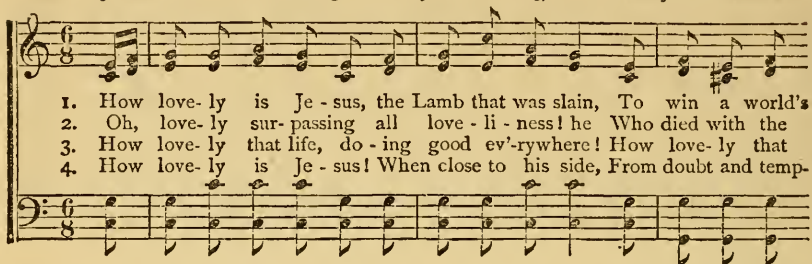


## How Lovely is Jesus.

REV. A. J. HOUGH.

"He is altogether lovely."—S. of Sol. 5, 16.

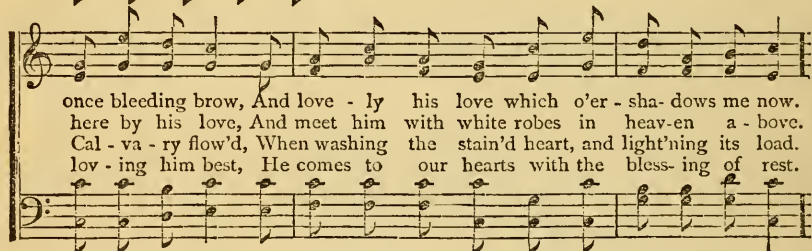
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



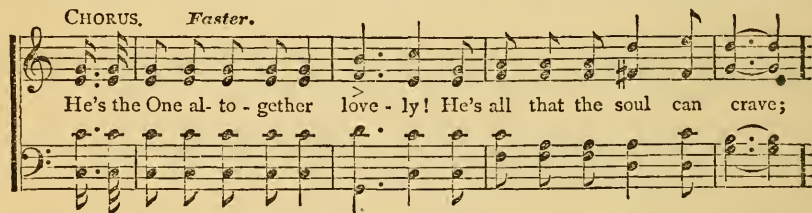
1. How love-ly is Je-sus, the Lamb that was slain, To win a world's  
 2. Oh, love-ly sur-passing all love-li-ness! he Who died with the  
 3. How love-ly that life, do-ing good ev'-rywhere! How love-ly that  
 4. How love-ly is Je-sus! When close to his side, From doubt and temp-



par-don by sor-row and pain; How love-ly that crown on his  
 thief for a lost world and me, That I might be per-fect-ed  
 death, with its mer-ci-ful prayer! And love-ly that blood which on  
 ta-tion se-cure-ly we hide! And love-ly his presence,—when



once bleeding brow, And love-ly his love which o'er-sha-dows me now.  
 here by his love, And meet him with white robes in heav-en a-bove.  
 Cal-va-ry flow'd, When washing the stain'd heart, and light'ning its load.  
 lov-ing him best, He comes to our hearts with the bless-ing of rest.

CHORUS. *Faster.*


He's the One al-to-gether love-ly! He's all that the soul can crave;



He's the One alto-gether love-ly! Je-sus, the mighty to save.

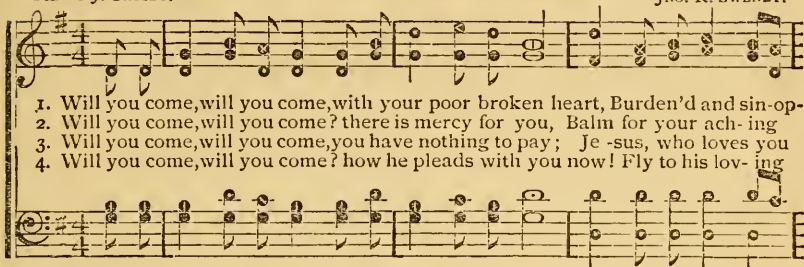


# Jesus will give you Rest.

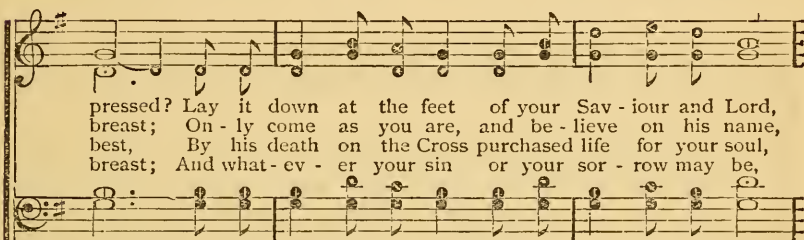
21

FANFY J. CROSEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

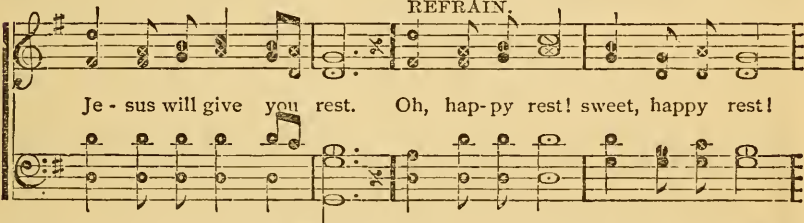


1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Burden'd and sin-op-
2. Will you come, will you come? there is mercy for you, Balm for your ach-ing
3. Will you come, will you come, you have nothing to pay; Je - sus, who loves you
4. Will you come, will you come? how he pleads with you now! Fly to his lov-ing

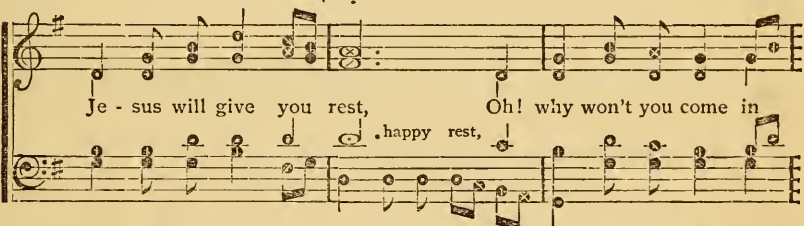


pressed? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav - iour and Lord,  
 breast; On - ly come as you are, and be - lieve on his name,  
 best, By his death on the Cross purchased life for your soul,  
 breast; And what - ev - er your sin or your sor - row may be,

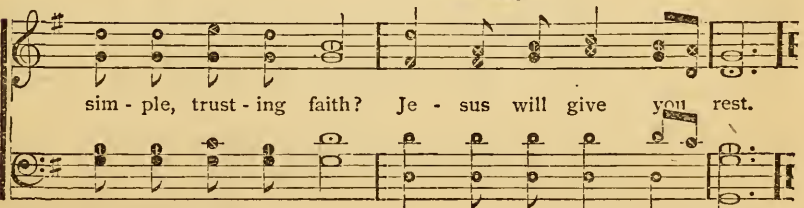
## REFRAIN.



Je - sus will give you rest. Oh, hap - py rest! sweet, happy rest!



Je - sus will give you rest, Oh! why won't you come in  
 .happy rest,



sim - ple, trust - ing faith? Je - sus will give you rest.

## In the King's Highway.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We are trav'ling on thro' a world of sin, There are foes without, there are  
 2. We are trav'ling on thro' a world of care, And for each and all there's a  
 3. We are trav'ling on to a hap - py rest, By the King prepared for the

fears with - in ; But our hearts grow strong as we march a - long, And our  
 cross to bear ; But a crown more bright then the stars of night, We can  
 pure and blest, And we soon shall stand at his own right hand, And his

D. S.—King's highway, in the King's highway, Oh,

*Fine. CHORUS.*

. steps keep time to the joy - ful song. We are going, going home to the  
 see by faith at the gates of life.  
 wel - come hear in the soul's fair land.

glo-ry be to God! in the King's highway.

*D. S.*

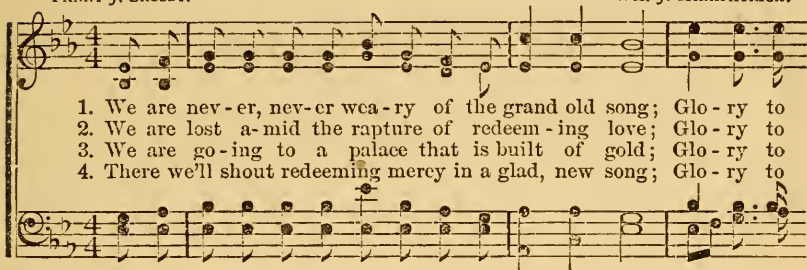
realms of day, We are going, going home in the King's highway ; In the

# Glory to God, Hallelujah!

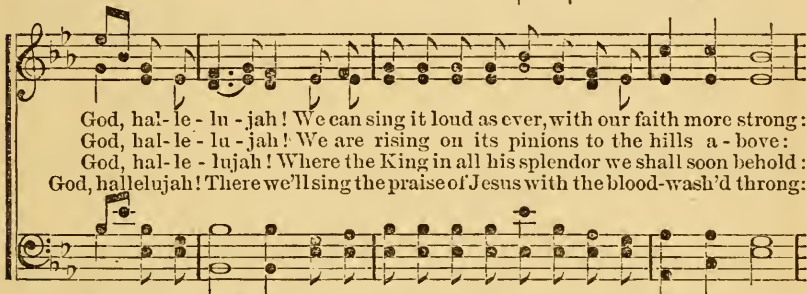
23

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

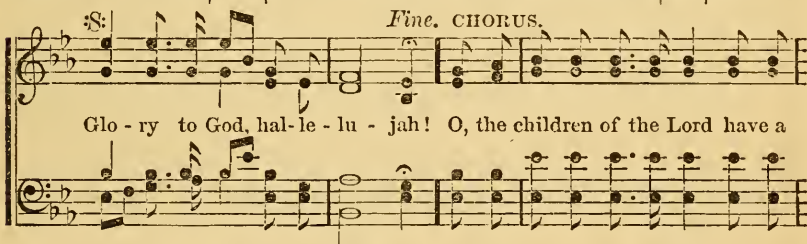


1. We are nev-er, nev-er wea-ry of the grand old song; Glo-ry to
2. We are lost a-mid the rapture of redeem-ing love; Glo-ry to
3. We are go-ing to a palace that is built of gold; Glo-ry to
4. There we'll shout redeeming mercy in a glad, new song; Glo-ry to

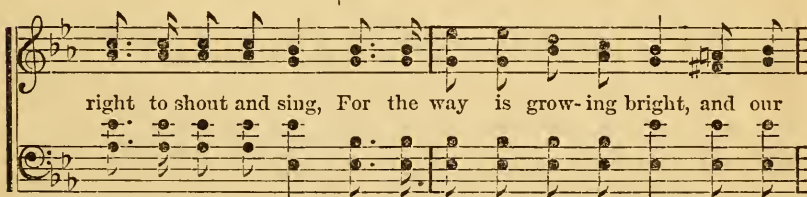


God, hal-le-lu-jah! We can sing it loud as ever, with our faith more strong:  
 God, hal-le-lu-jah! We are rising on its pinions to the hills a-bove:  
 God, hal-le-lujah! Where the King in all his splendor we shall soon behold:  
 God, hallelujah! There we'll sing the praise of Jesus with the blood-wash'd throng:

*Fine. CHORUS.*

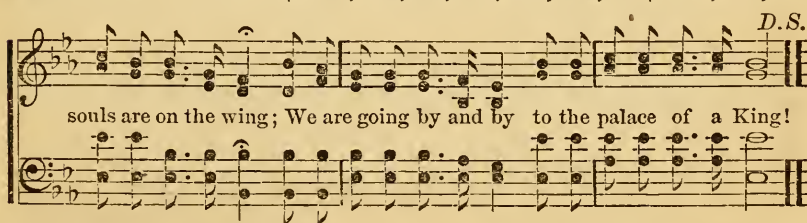


Glo-ry to God, hal-le-lu-jah! O, the children of the Lord have a



right to shout and sing, For the way is grow-ing bright, and our

*D.S.*



souls are on the wing; We are going by and by to the palace of a King!

## The great Judgment Day.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. You are un - der condem - na - tion, careless sin - ner, And the  
 2. There's a judgment fast approaching, careless sin - ner, And re -  
 3. There's a judgment fast approaching, careless sin - ner, If you  
 4. There's a world where all the righteous shall be gath - ered, And an -

judgment day is sure - ly draw - ing near; If you tram - ple un - der  
 member there's a death that nev - er dies; Oh, the wail - ing of the  
 sin a - way the pre - cious time of grace, You will call up - on the  
 oth - er of remorse and end - less pain; If you die with - out the

foot redeeming mer - cy, What a sentence then your guilty soul will hear.  
 lost who feel its an - guish; To its horror will you dare to close your eyes?  
 rocks to fall up - on you, And to hide you from a slighted Saviour's face.  
 cleansing blood of Je - sus, Then for - ev - er with the lost you must remain.

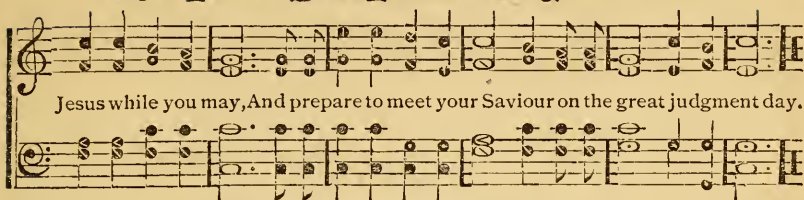
## CHORUS.

De - part from my presence, the Judge will proclaim, De - part from my

presence in - to ev - er - lasting flame! Oh, escape this aw - ful doom; cling to



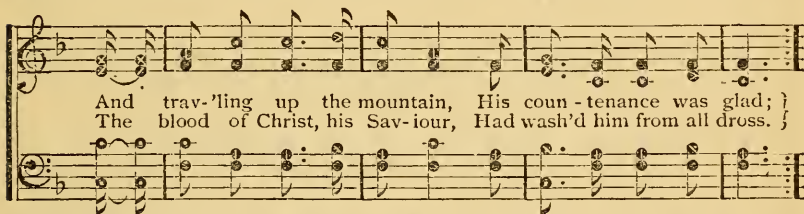
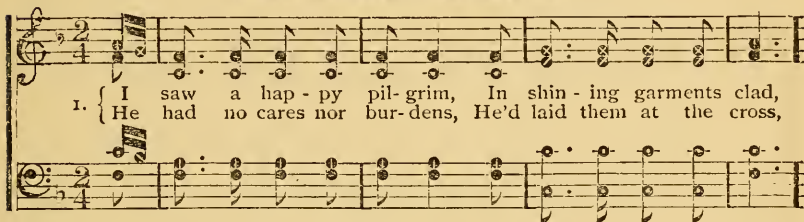
# The great Judgment Day.—CONCLUDED. 25



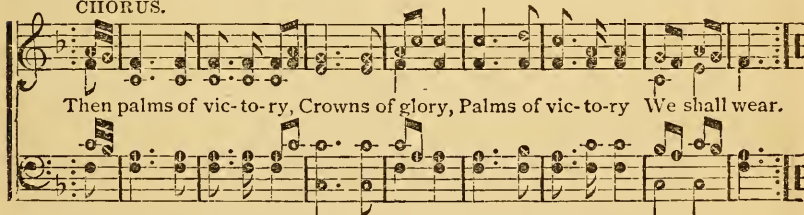
Words arranged.

## The happy Pilgrim.

By per.



CHORUS.



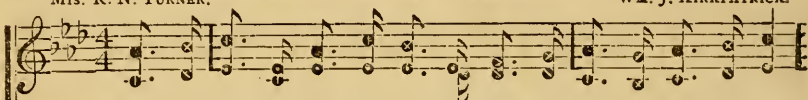
- 2 The summer sun was sinking,  
The sweat was on his brow;  
His garments worn and dusty,  
His step seemed very slow;  
But he kept pressing onward,  
For he was wending home,  
Still shouting as he journeyed,  
Deliverance will come.
- 3 I saw him in midsummer,  
Still happy on his way,  
He'd reached the land of Beulah,  
Where birds sing all the day.  
He found a store of honey  
And wine upon the lees,  
And fruit in rich abundance  
Upon life's living trees.

- 4 I saw him in the evening,  
The sun was bending low,  
He'd overtopped the mountain  
And reached the vale below;  
He saw the golden city,  
His everlasting home,  
And shouted loud, Hosanna!  
Deliverance will come.
- 5 I heard the song of triumph  
They sang upon that shore,  
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us,  
To suffer nevermore:  
Then casting his eyes backward  
On the race which he had run,  
He shouted loud, Hosanna!  
Deliverance has come!

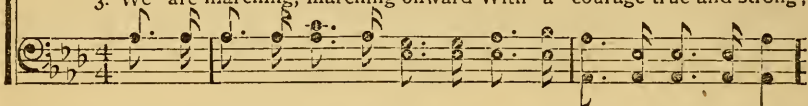
# Marching Onward.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

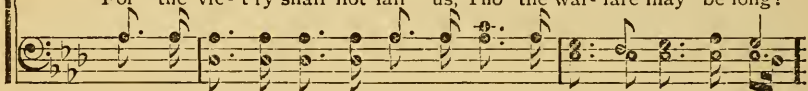
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



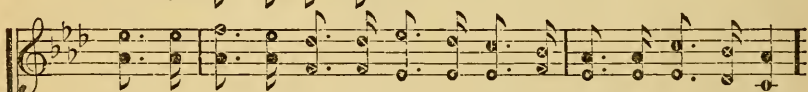
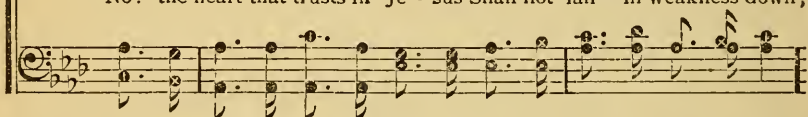
1. We are marching, marching onward, Strong to dare, and strong to do!
2. As he leads us, so we'll fol - low, For his light illumines our way;
3. We are marching, marching onward With a courage true and strong;



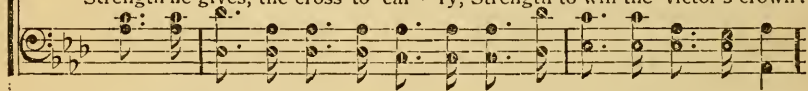
With our ban - ner float - ing o'er us, And our Leader, Christ in view!  
 Ev - er on - ward, ev - er on - ward, Step by step, and day by day!  
 For the vic - t'ry shall not fail us, Tho' the war - fare may be long!



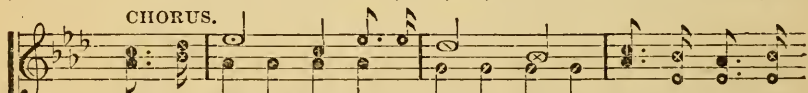
Sin, with all its tempting pleasures, Beckons us with lur - ing hand;  
 'Tis a grand and glorious ar - my; And the King whose name we bear,  
 No! the heart that trusts in Je - sus Shall not fall in weakness down;



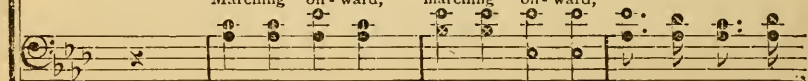
But with true and earnest purpose, For our Mas - ter we will stand.  
 Watches o'er us, and sustains us, With a strong and ten - der care!  
 Strength he gives, the cross to car - ry, Strength to win the victor's crown!



## CHORUS.



March - ing on - ward, marching on - ward, Bearing forth the  
 Marching on - ward, marching on - ward,



# Marching Onward.—CONCLUDED.

27

ban-ner of the pure and free; Marching on - ward, marching  
Marching on - ward,

on - ward; Christ our Leader prom- is - es the vic - to - ry.  
Marching on - ward;

## Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

"I will glorify thy name forevermore."

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from  
2. I am so won-drously sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweetly a-  
3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have  
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glory to his  
bides with-in; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo - ry to his  
entered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glory to his  
Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to his

*D.S.*—There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to his

*Fine.* CHORUS.

*D.S.*

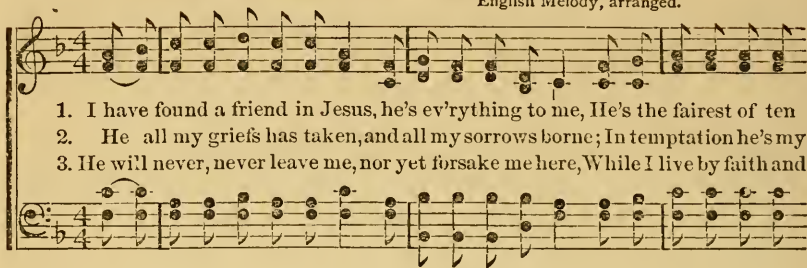
name. Glo - ry to his name, Glo - ry to his name;

By permission.

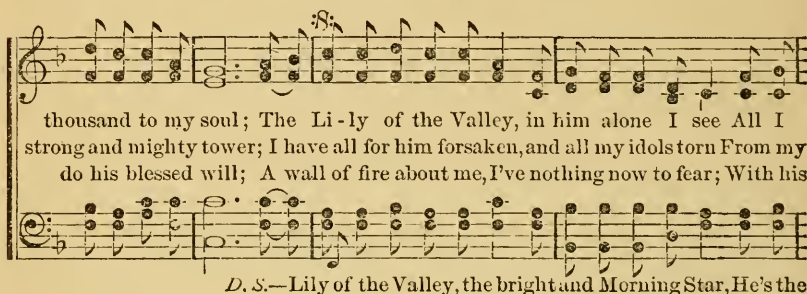
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

# The Lily of the Valley.

English Melody, arranged.

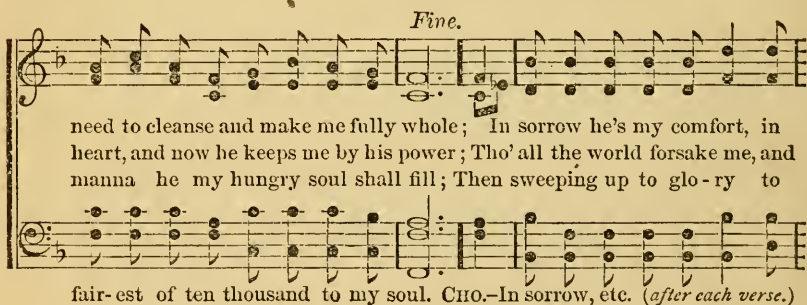


1. I have found a friend in Jesus, he's ev'rything to me, He's the fairest of ten  
 2. He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne; In temptation he's my  
 3. He will never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and



thousand to my soul; The Li-ly of the Valley, in him alone I see All I  
 strong and mighty tower; I have all for him forsaken, and all my idols torn From my  
 do his blessed will; A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear; With his

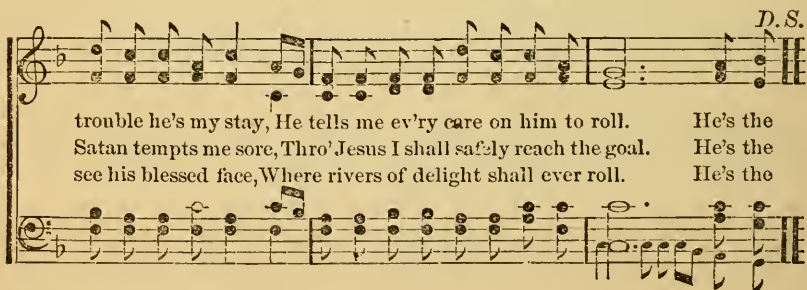
*D. S.*—Lily of the Valley, the bright and Morning Star, He's the



*Fine.*

need to cleanse and make me fully whole; In sorrow he's my comfort, in  
 heart, and now he keeps me by his power; Tho' all the world forsake me, and  
 manna he my hungry soul shall fill; Then sweeping up to glo-ry to

fair-est of ten thousand to my soul. *CHO.*—In sorrow, etc. (*after each verse.*)



*D. S.*

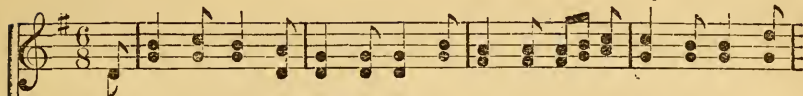
trouble he's my stay, He tells me ev'ry care on him to roll. He's the  
 Satan tempts me sore, Thro' Jesus I shall safely reach the goal. He's the  
 see his blessed face, Where rivers of delight shall ever roll. He's tho



# Dear Saviour, Cleanse Me Now. 29

FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



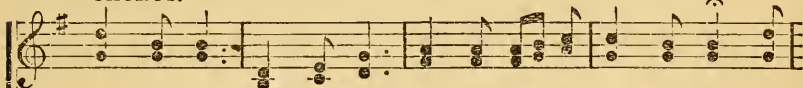
1. A trembling soul I come to thee, And, if there yet is room for me In
2. I come in sim-ple faith alone, To plead thy merits,—not my own; I
3. I long to feel thy power divine, To see thy light around me shine, And
4. My life and breath, my heart and soul, I gladly yield to thy control; Oh,



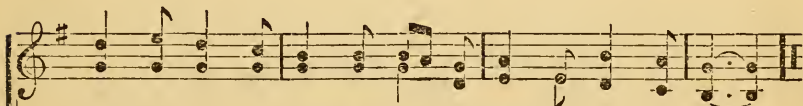
yon - der fount so full and free, Dear Saviour, cleanse me now.  
 lay my heart be-fore thy throne, Dear Saviour, cleanse me now.  
 know henceforth that I am thine, Dear Saviour, cleanse me now.  
 let the heal - ing wa - ters roll, Dear Saviour, cleanse me now.



## CHORUS.



Cleanse me now, cleanse me now, Bles-sed Saviour, cleanse me now; A



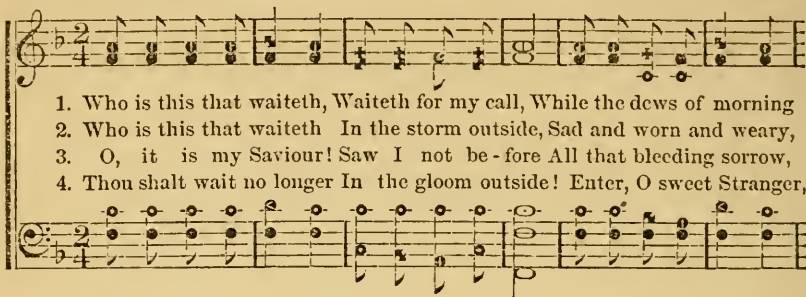
trembling soul I come to thee, Dear Saviour, cleanse me now.



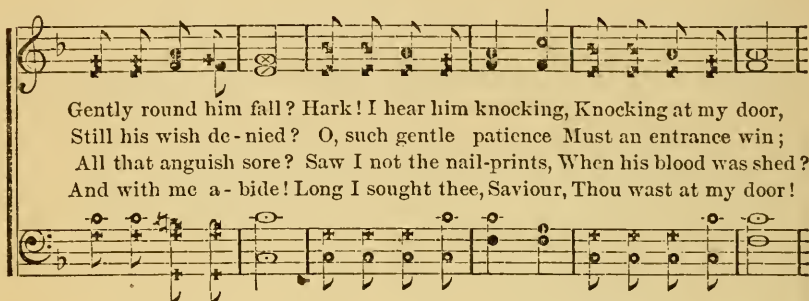
## The Waiting Guest.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

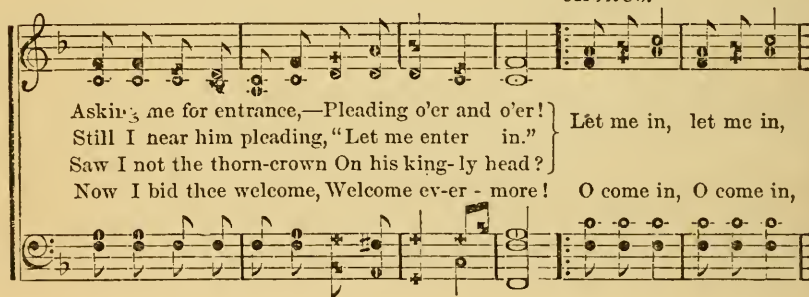


1. Who is this that waiteth, Waiteth for my call, While the dews of morning  
 2. Who is this that waiteth In the storm outside, Sad and worn and weary,  
 3. O, it is my Saviour! Saw I not be-fore All that bleeding sorrow,  
 4. Thou shalt wait no longer In the gloom outside! Enter, O sweet Stranger,

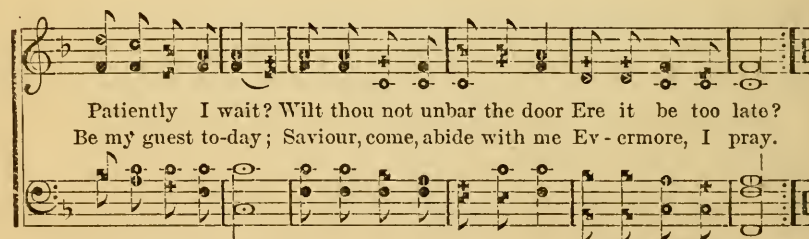


Gently round him fall? Hark! I hear him knocking, Knocking at my door,  
 Still his wish de-nied? O, such gentle patience Must an entrance win;  
 All that anguish sore? Saw I not the nail-prints, When his blood was shed?  
 And with me a-bide! Long I sought thee, Saviour, Thou wast at my door!

## CHORUS.



Asking me for entrance,—Pleading o'er and o'er! } Let me in, let me in,  
 Still I hear him pleading, "Let me enter in." }  
 Saw I not the thorn-crown On his king-ly head? }  
 Now I bid thee welcome, Welcome ev-er - more! O come in, O come in,



Patiently I wait? Wilt thou not unbar the door Ere it be too late?  
 Be my guest to-day; Saviour, come, abide with me Ev-ermore, I pray.

# Is not this the Land of Beulah.

31

ANON.

ARRANG. 2D.

1. I am dwell - ing on the mountain, Where the gold - en sunlight gleams  
 2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered wea - ry years,  
 3. I am drink - ing at the fountain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;

O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex - ceeds my fondest dreams;  
 Oft - en hin - d'ered in my jour - ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears,  
 For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;

Where the air is pure, e - the - real, Laden with the breath of flowers,  
 Brok - en vows and dis - appointments Thickly sprinkled all the way,  
 There's no thirst - ing for life's pleasures, Nor a - dorn - ing, rich and gay,

CHO.—Is not this the land of Beu - lah, Blessed, bles - sed land of light,

*D. S. Chorus.*

They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the am - a - ranthine bowers.  
 But the Spir - it led, un - er - ring, To the land I hold to - day.  
 For I've found a rich - er treasure, One that fad - eth not a - way.

Where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, And the sun is always bright.

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,  
 Nor the burdens hard to bear,  
 For I've found this great salvation  
 Makes each burden light appear;  
 And I love to follow Jesus,  
 Gladly counting all but dross,  
 Worldly honors all forsaking  
 For the glory of the Cross.

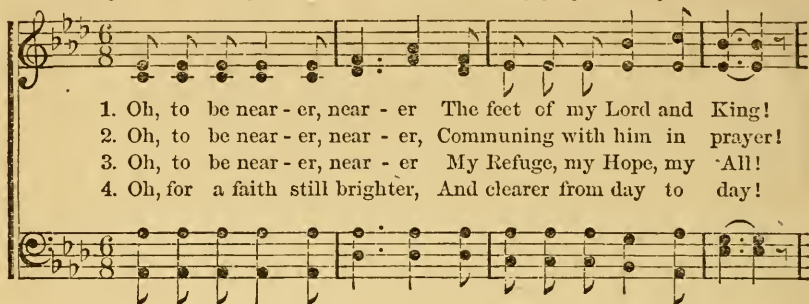
5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!  
 Oft I've proved this to be true;  
 When I'm in the way so narrow  
 I can see a pathway through;  
 And how sweetly Jesus whispers:  
 Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,  
 For I've tried this way before thee,  
 And the glory lingers near.

# Only His Love.

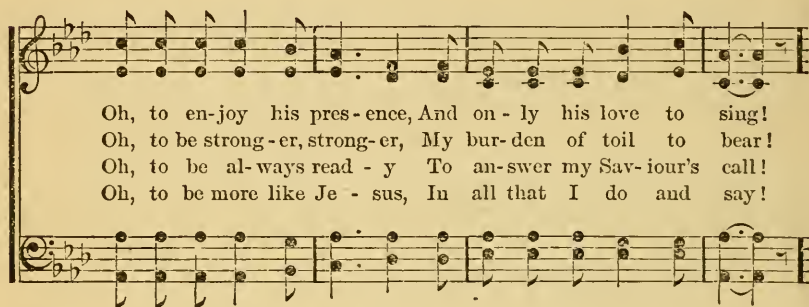
FANNY J. CROSEY.

[From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.]

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

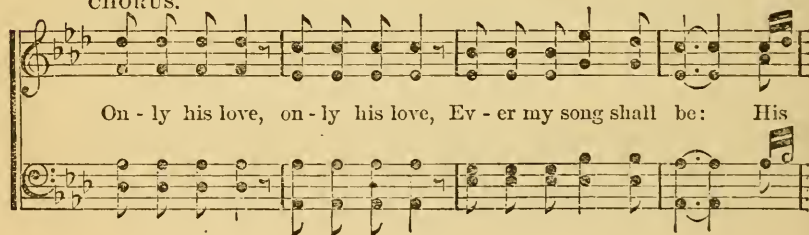


1. Oh, to be near - er, near - er The feet of my Lord and King!  
 2. Oh, to be near - er, near - er, Communing with him in prayer!  
 3. Oh, to be near - er, near - er My Refuge, my Hope, my All!  
 4. Oh, for a faith still brighter, And clearer from day to day!

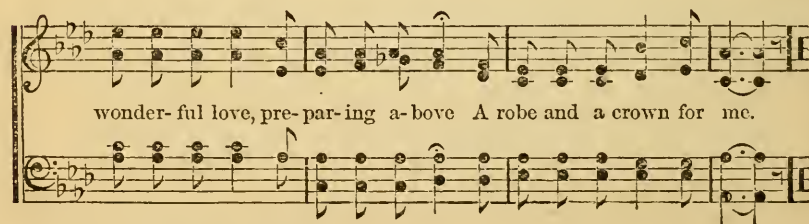


Oh, to en-joy his pres-ence, And on - ly his love to sing!  
 Oh, to be strong - er, strong - er, My bur - den of toil to bear!  
 Oh, to be al - ways read - y To an - swer my Sav - iour's call!  
 Oh, to be more like Je - sus, In all that I do and say!

## CHORUS.



On - ly his love, on - ly his love, Ev - er my song shall be: His



wonder - ful love, pre - par - ing a - bove A robe and a crown for me.



# Happy Tidings.

33

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! the sound! Hear the joyful e - cho
2. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! they say, Do not slight the warning,
3. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! a - gain! Rushing o'er the mountain,

Thro' the world resound; Christ the Lord proclaims them, Hear and heed the call,  
Come, oh, come to-day; Christ, our lov - ing Sav - iour, Still repeats the call,  
Sweeping o'er the plain; Onward goes the message, 'Tis the Saviour's call,

## REFRAIN.

Come, ye starving ones that perish, Room, room for all. Whoso - ev - er ask - eth,  
Come, ye weary, hea - vy - laden, Room, room for all.  
Come, for ev'rything is ready, Room, room for all.

Jesus will receive; Whosoever thirsteth, Jesus will relieve; See the living

waters, Flowing full and free; Oh, the blessed whosoever! That means me.

# Coming Home To-day.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

[From "Our Sabbath Home," by per.]

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. 'Tis the gospel message, Hark! we hear it say, Leave the world for Jesus,  
 2. Who-so-ev-er thirsteth, Let them now draw near To the waters flowing  
 3. Leave the world for Jesus, Cling to him a-lone: Oh, the tender mer-cy

Haste without delay; Leave the world for Jesus, Happy we shall be; We are coming,  
 Ever bright and clear, To the living waters Welcome all shall be: We are coming,  
 Thro' the Saviour shown; From the yoke of bondage He has made us free; We are, etc.,

CHORUS.

glad-ly coming, Lord, to thee. Coming home to-day, Coming home to-day,

We are coming, gladly coming, Coming, Lord, to thee: Coming home to-day,

Coming home to-day, We are coming, gladly coming, Singing all the way.

# Abiding.

35

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D.D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. My soul for light and love had earnest longings, Oh, how it longed for  
 2. Oh, how en-riching is this sacred treasure! En-riching to this  
 3. Oh, yes, I rest, how blessed is the rest-ing! I rest to-day, I'm

fellowship di-vine! I sought it here and there, I sought it ev'rywhere, At  
 soul, this soul of mine; There's nothing any where Can with this love compare, And  
 resting all the time; "Come," echoes thro' the air, "Come," and the resting share, And

CHORUS.

last, thro' faith, the holy boon was mine. I'm a-bid-ing, gracious  
 I henceforth, for-ev-er, Lord, am thine.  
 Je-sus will be yours as he is mine.

Sav-our, I'm a-bid-ing in thy precious love to-day; I'm a-

bid-ing, yes, a-bid-ing In thy love, thy precious love, to-day.

## Unbar the Door.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. A heav'nly guest is knocking, Poor sinner, at thy heart; How patient-ly he  
2. Benignant love and pi-ty A-dorn his sacred brow, He speaks in tones so

## CHORUS.

waiteth! Oh, let him not de-part. Arise, a-rise! . . . ad-mit him  
gen-tle,—Thou wilt not slight him now!

A-rise, a-rise!

quickly, Renounce thy ev'ry sin, Unbar the door, un-bar the  
Un-bar the door,

door, And he will en-ter in.  
unbar the door,

3  
Make haste to bid him welcome,  
And on his name believe;  
He comes to bring thee pardon,  
His precious gift receive.

4  
This heavenly guest, the Saviour,  
Thy dearest friend will be;  
This heavenly guest, the Saviour,  
Once died to ransom thee.

## Our Field is the World.

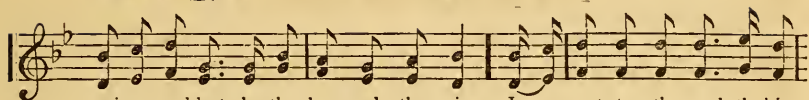
MRS. J. C. YULE.

J. E. HALL.

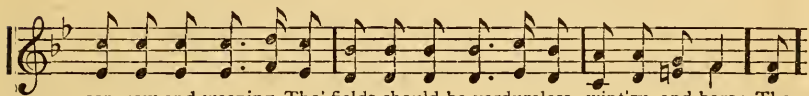
1. Our field is the world! let us forth to the sowing, O'er valley and mountain, o'er  
2. Our field is the world! let us forth to the reaping; The long day is wan-ing, the  
3. Our field is the world! let us forth to the glean-ing; The stores may be small that our  
4. Our field is the world! whether sowing or reaping, Or glean-ing the handfuls that

des-ert and plain; Be-side the still waters thro' cool meadows flow-ing, O r  
eve' draweth nigh; Faint omens of storm up the heavens are creep-ing, The  
labors re-ward; But One from the height of his glo-ry is lean-ing, At-  
others have passed; Or waiting the growth of the seed that, with weeping, On

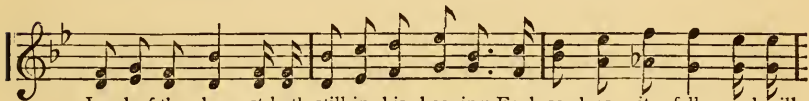




regions unblest by the dew and the rain: Let us scat- ter the seed, tho' in  
sigh of the tempest is heard in the sky; The work-hour is brief, and the  
tent to behold what we do for the Lord: Where hap- ly some reap- er has  
rock- y and des- o- late plains we have cast: Yet each for his weeping, and

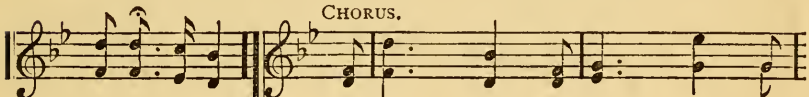


sor- row and weeping, Tho' fields should be verdureless, wint'ry, and bare; The  
rest is for- ev- er, Then stay not for wear- i- ness, languor or pain; But  
passed on with singing, O'er-laden with sheaves for the garner above, May  
each for his mourning, Shall sometime rejoice, when the harvest is done; And



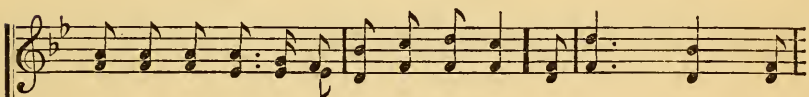
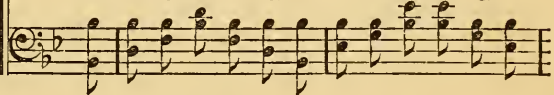
Lord of the harvest hath still in his keeping Each seed as it falls, and will  
forth to the harvest with earnest en- deavor, And gather with gladness the  
yet be some handfuls that wait for our bringing, To crown with completeness the  
know, in the flush of e- ter- ni- ty's morning, The toil, the re- ward, and the

## CHORUS.

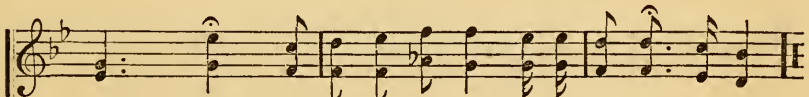


guard it with care.  
sheaves that remain.  
stores of his love.  
glo- ry are one!

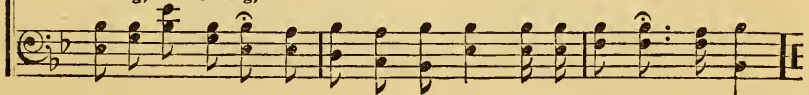
Then sow - ing, be sow - ing, O'er  
Then sowing, still sow-ing, then sowing, still sowing,



val- ley and mountain, o'er des- ert and plain; Be sow - ing, still  
sow-ing, still sowing, then



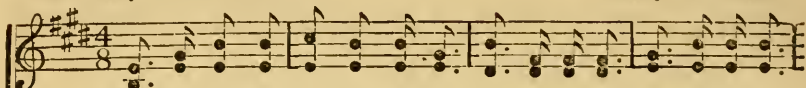
sow - ing, O'er regions un - blest by the dew and the rain.  
sowing, still sowing,



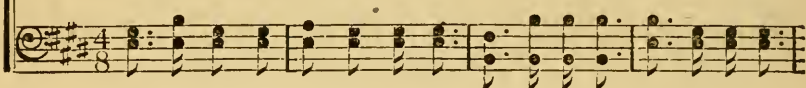
# Help Just a Little.

Music from "The Wells of Salvation,"  
new words by Rev. W. A. SPENCER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK



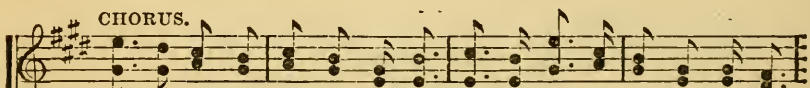
1. Brother for Christ's kingdom sighing, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;  
2. Is thy cup made sad by tri-al? Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;  
3. Though no wealth to thee is giv-en, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;



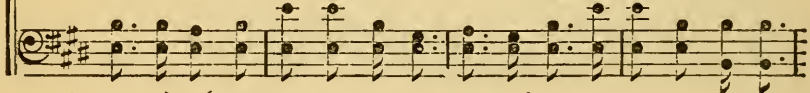
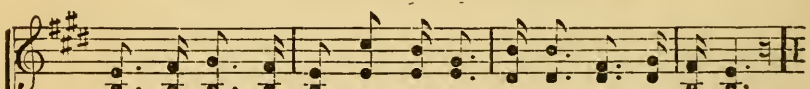

Help to save the mil-lions dy-ing, Help just a lit-tle.  
Sweet-en it with self-de-ni-al, Help just a lit-tle.  
Sac-ri-fice is gold in heav-en, Help just a lit-tle.



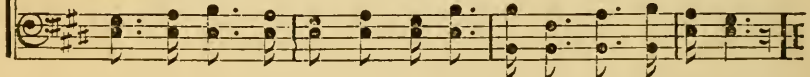
CHORUS.



Oh, the wrongs that we may righten! Oh, the hearts that we may lighten!

Oh, the skies that we may brighten! Helping just a lit-tle.



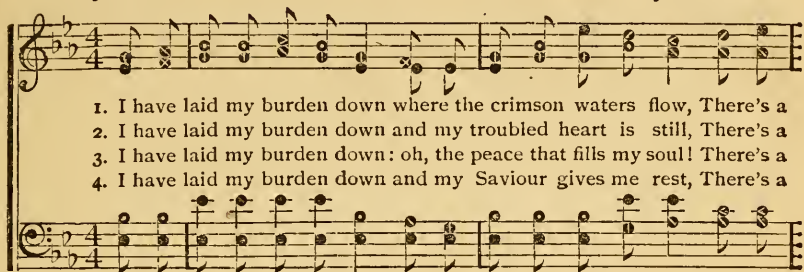
4 Let us live for one another,  
Help a little, help a little;  
Help to lift each fallen brother,  
Help just a little.

5 Tho' thy life is pressed with sorrow,  
Help a little, help a little;  
Bravely look t'ward God's to-morrow,  
Help just a little.

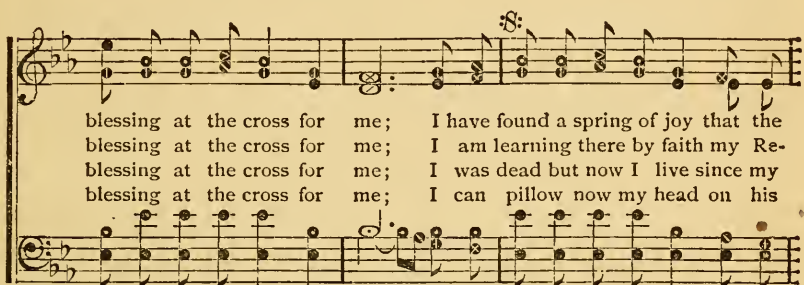
# There's a Blessing at the Cross for Me. 39

FANNY J. CROSEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



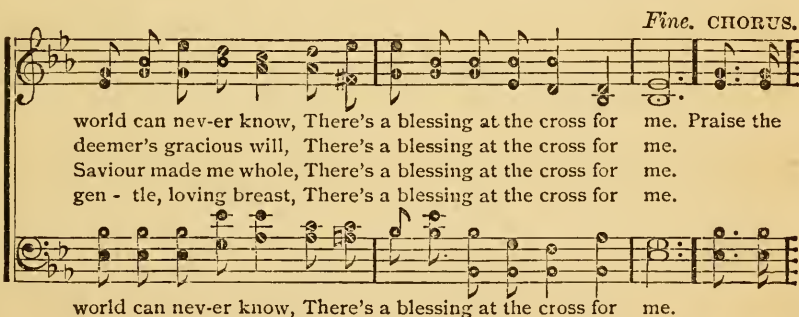
1. I have laid my burden down where the crimson waters flow, There's a  
 2. I have laid my burden down and my troubled heart is still, There's a  
 3. I have laid my burden down: oh, the peace that fills my soul! There's a  
 4. I have laid my burden down and my Saviour gives me rest, There's a



blessing at the cross for me; I have found a spring of joy that the  
 blessing at the cross for me; I am learning there by faith my Re-  
 blessing at the cross for me; I was dead but now I live since my  
 blessing at the cross for me; I can pillow now my head on his

*D.S.*—found a spring of joy that the

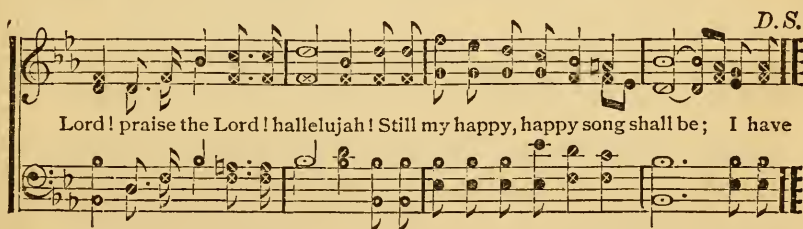
*Fine.* CHORUS.



world can nev-er know, There's a blessing at the cross for me. Praise the  
 deemer's gracious will, There's a blessing at the cross for me.  
 Saviour made me whole, There's a blessing at the cross for me.  
 gen - tle, loving breast, There's a blessing at the cross for me.

world can nev-er know, There's a blessing at the cross for me.

*D.S.*



Lord! praise the Lord! hallelujah! Still my happy, happy song shall be; I have

## It is Good to be Here.

Rev. I. N. WILSON

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

*S:*

1. { While we bow in thy name, Oh, meet us a-gain, Fill our  
May the Spir - it of grace, And the smiles of thy face, Gent - ly

*D. S.*—light streaming down makes the pathway all clear, It is

*Fine.* REFRAIN.

hearts with the light of thy love; } It is good to be here, it is  
fall on us now from a - bove. }

good for us, Lord, to be here.

*D. S.*

good to be here, Thy perfect love now drives a-way all our fear, And

2 Our souls long for thee;  
Oh, may we now see  
A sin-cleansing blood-wave appear;  
And feel, as it rolls  
In power o'er our souls,  
It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

3 Thou art with us, we know;  
We feel the sweet flow [tide;  
Of the sin-cleansing wave's gladd'ning  
We are washed from our sin,  
Made all holy within,  
And in Jesus we sweetly abide.

Copyright, 1879, by JNO. R. SWENEY.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

## OH, HOW HAPPY ARE THEY.

Tune and Chorus above.

OH, how happy are they  
Who the Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasures above;  
Tongue can never express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,  
When the favor divine  
I received thro' the blood of the Lamb;  
When my heart first believed,  
What a joy I received—  
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 'Twas a heaven below  
My Redeemer to know,  
And the angels could do nothing more  
Than to fall at his feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,  
Was my joy and my song;  
Oh, that all his salvation might see:  
He hath loved me, I cried,  
He hath suffered and died,  
To redeem even rebels like me.



# The Ransomed Singers.

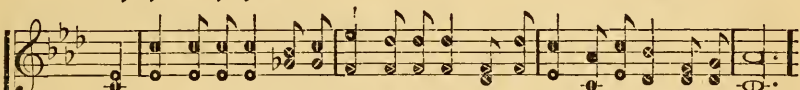
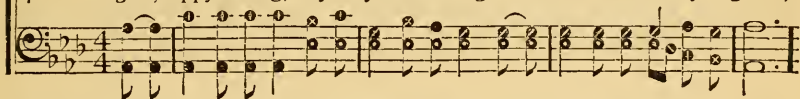
41

MARY E. JAMES.

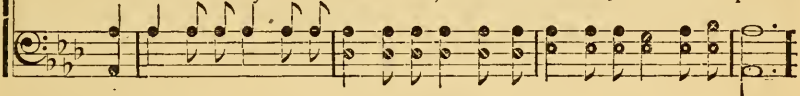
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



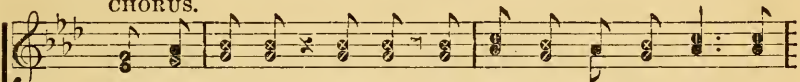
1. They are coming with songs, the victorious throngs, Lo! up to Mount Zion they come!
2. Tho' rough is their path, how unwav'ring their faith, Tho' fearful the foes in their way!
3. Oh, well may they sing, for the Spirit doth bring Rich foretastes of bliss as they go!
4. Sing on, happy throng, for your jubilant song Is the wonderful story of grace;



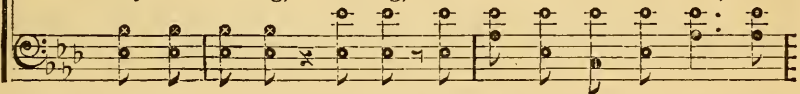
With joy they are crown'd; oh, what blessings abound In the way to their glorious home!  
Still singing they come up to Zion their home, And they triumph in Christ day by day.  
An earnest is given; the glory of heaven Makes bright all their pathway below!  
It tells of the blood of your Crucified Lord, And bestows on the Lamb all the praise.



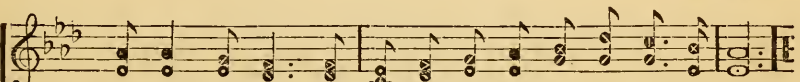
## CHORUS.



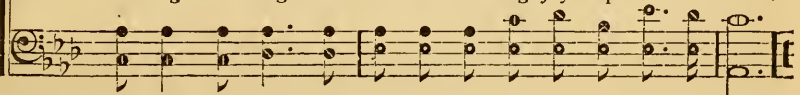
They are com-ing, com-ing, The ransomed of the Lord, And



Je - sus his banner o'er them spreads; They are coming, coming,



com-ing with songs And ev - er - last-ing joy up - on their heads.



## The New Song.

FLORA L. BEST.

JNO. R. SWENET.

*Moderato.*

1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing, When my heart was as blithe as a  
2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the

bird . . in spring ; But the song I have learned is so full of cheer, That the  
din . . of strife ; But I know of a home that is wondrous fair, And I

CHORUS. *Vivace.*

dawn shines out in the darkness drear. O, the new, new song ! O, the  
sing the psalm they are singing there. O, the new, new song !

new, O, the new, new song, I can sing it now With the  
O, the new, new song, I can sing just now With the

ran - som'd throng : . . Pow-er and do - min-ion to him that shall  
ransom'd, the ransom'd throng : . .

reign; that shall reign; Glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain.

- 3 Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad, When the gracious Master hath made me glad?  
 When he points where the many mansions And sweetly says, 'There is one for thee'?
- 4 I shall catch the gleam of its jasper wall When I come to the gloom of the evenfall, For I know that the shadows, dreary and dim, Have a path of light that will lead to him.

*From "Gems of Praise," by per.*

## Fill Me Now.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D.D.

JNO. R. SWENET.

1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;  
 2. Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spir - it, Tho' I can - not tell thee how;  
 3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At thy sa - cred feet I bow;  
 4. Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow!

*S:*

*Fine.*

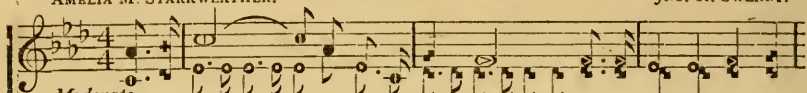
Fill me with thy hal - low'd presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.  
 But I need thee, great - ly need thee, Come, oh, come and fill me now.  
 Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with power, and fill me now.  
 Thou art comfort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

*D.S.* Fill me with thy hal-low'd presence,—Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHORUS.


*D.S.*

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come, and fill me now;

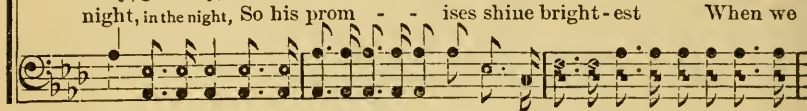
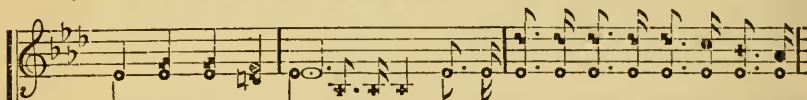


*Moderato.*

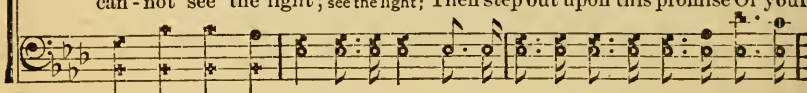
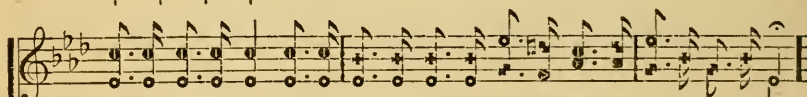
1. Has the day been dark with shadows, And the evening shut you  
 1. Has the day been dark with shadows, Has the day been dark with shadows,  
 2. Are you tempt - - ed and discouraged? Do the tri-als of the  
 3. If you fol - - low in His foot-steps, You can never go a-  
 4. As the stars that in the heav-ens Look like diamonds in the.



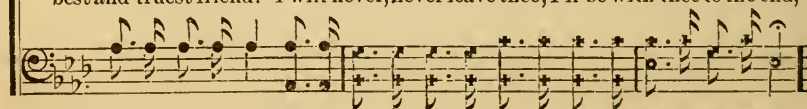
in, shut you in, Full of bit - - ter dis-appoint-ment For the  
 Full of bitter disappointment, Full of bit-ter disappointment,  
 hour of the hour Like a flood sweep in up-on you With an  
 stray, go astray, Tho' it be across the des - ert, He went  
 night, in the night, So his prom - - ises shine bright-est When we

place you hoped to win? hoped to win? Then step out upon this promise, For his  
 overwhelming power? mighty power? Then step out upon this promise; It was  
 all that lone-ly way; lone-ly way; Then step out upon this promise, On his  
 can-not see the light; see the light; Then step out upon this promise Of your

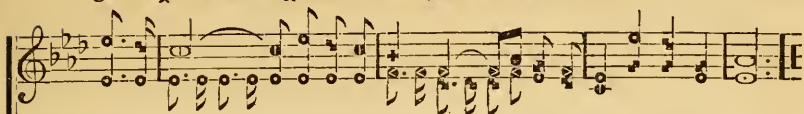



word is good and true: "If you love the blessed Master, All things work for good to you;"  
 tried by one of old: "I'll be with thee in all trouble, And will bring thee forth as gold;"  
 word you may rely: "In the right way I'll instruct thee, I will guide thee with mine eye;"  
 best and truest friend: "I will never, never leave thee; I'll be with thee to the end;"

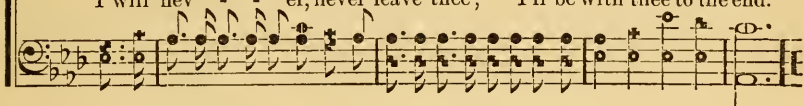




# Step out upon the Promises.—CONCLUDED. 45



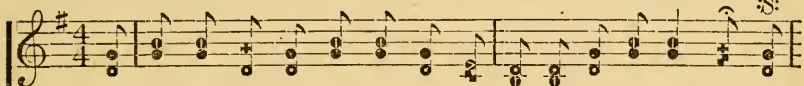
"If you love the blessed Mas - ter, All things work for good to you."  
 If you love the blessed Master, If you love the blessed Master,  
 "I'll be with thee in all trou - ble, And will bring thee forth as gold."  
 "In the right way I'll instruct thee, I will guide thee with mine eye."  
 "I will nev - er, never leave thee; I'll be with thee to the end."



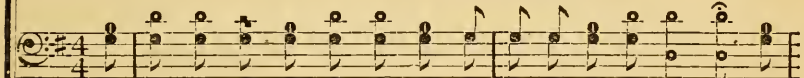
## More Faith in Jesus.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

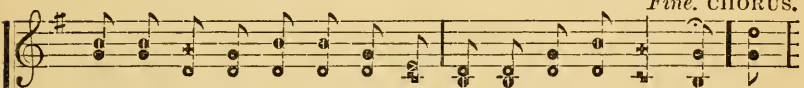


1. While struggling thro' this vale of tears I want more faith in Je - sus; A -
2. To war against the foes with-in I want more faith in Je - sus; To
3. To brave the storms that here I meet I want more faith in Je - sus; To
4. I want a faith that works by love, A constant faith in Je - sus; A

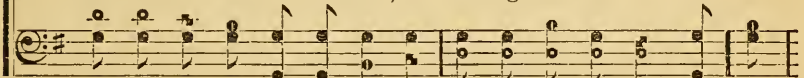


*D. S.*—And

*Fine.* CHORUS.



mid tempta - tions, cares, and fears, I want more faith in Je - sus. I  
 rise a - bove the powers of sin I want more faith in Je - sus.  
 rest con - fid - ing at his feet I want more faith in Je - sus.  
 faith that mountains can remove, A liv - ing faith in Je - sus.

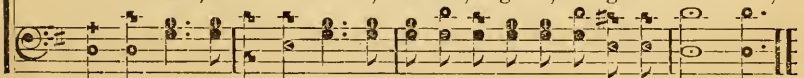


this my cry, as time rolls by, I want more faith in Je - sus.



*D. S.*

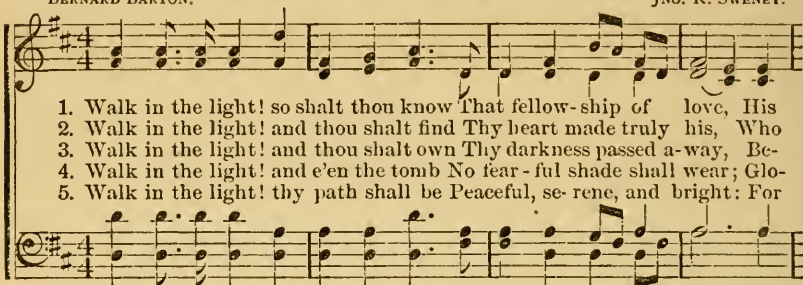
want more faith, I want more faith, A clearer, brighter, stronger faith in Jesus;



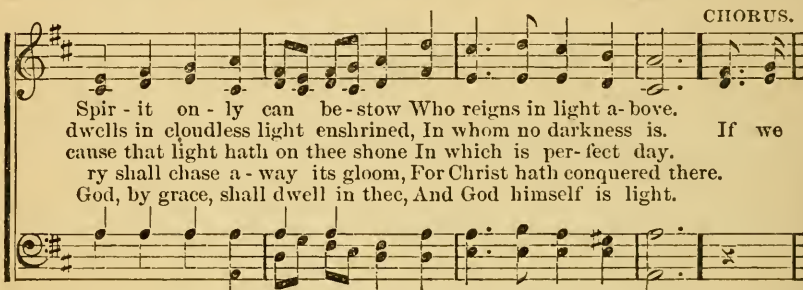
## Walk in the Light.

BERNARD BARTON.

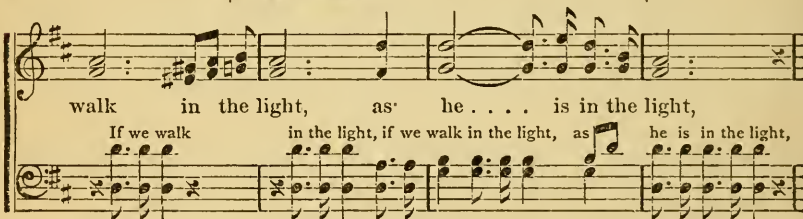
JNO. R. SWENEY.



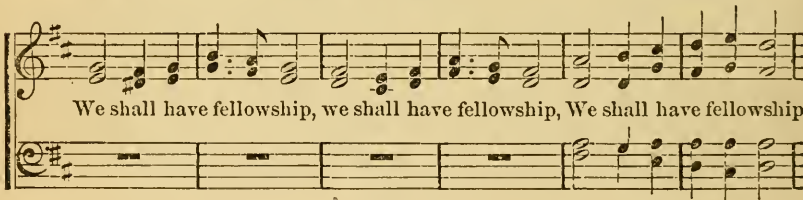
1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fellow-ship of love, His  
 2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made truly his, Who  
 3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed a-way, Be-  
 4. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear-ful shade shall wear; Glo-  
 5. Walk in the light! thy path shall be Peaceful, se-re-ne, and bright: For



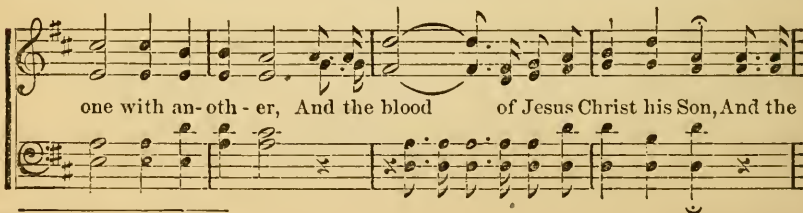
CHORUS.  
 Spir - it on - ly can be-stow Who reigns in light a-bove.  
 dwells in cloudless light enshrined, In whom no darkness is. If we  
 cause that light hath on thee shone In which is per-fect day.  
 ry shall chase a-way its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there.  
 God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God himself is light.



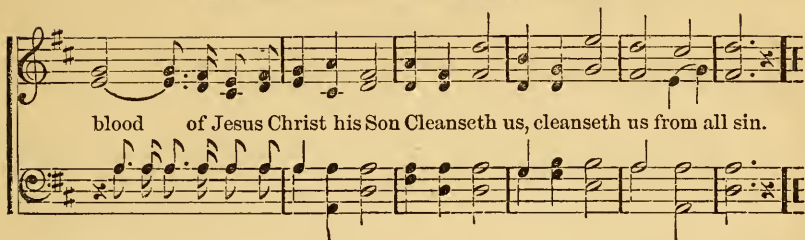
walk in the light, as he . . . is in the light,  
 If we walk in the light, if we walk in the light, as he is in the light,



We shall have fellowship, we shall have fellowship, We shall have fellowship



one with an-oth-er, And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son, And the

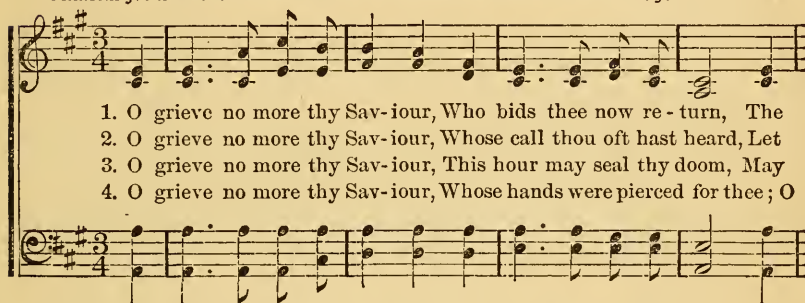


blood of Jesus Christ his Son Cleanseth us, cleanseth us from all sin.

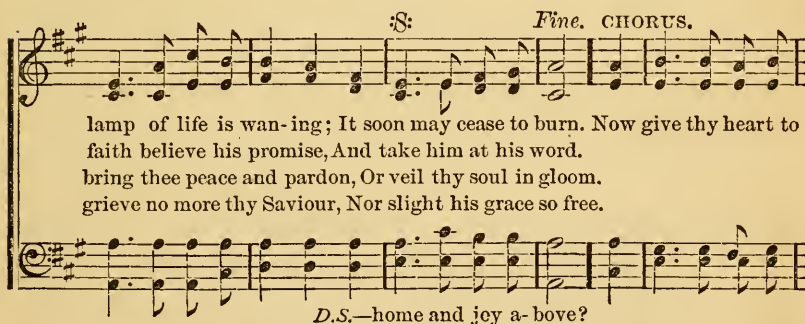
## O Grieve not thy Saviour.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

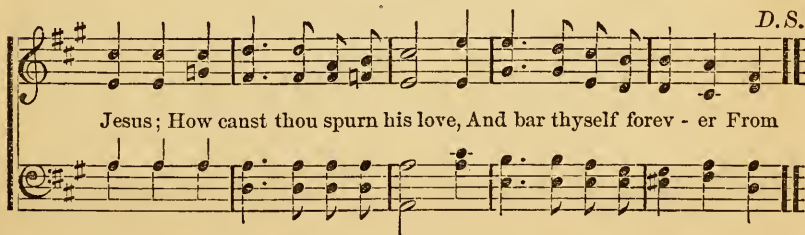


1. O grieve no more thy Sav-iour, Who bids thee now re - turn, The  
2. O grieve no more thy Sav-iour, Whose call thou oft hast heard, Let  
3. O grieve no more thy Sav-iour, This hour may seal thy doom, May  
4. O grieve no more thy Sav-iour, Whose hands were pierced for thee; O



lamp of life is wan-ing; It soon may cease to burn. Now give thy heart to  
faith believe his promise, And take him at his word.  
bring thee peace and pardon, Or veil thy soul in gloom.  
grieve no more thy Saviour, Nor slight his grace so free.

*D.S.*—home and joy a-bove?



Jesus; How canst thou spurn his love, And bar thyself fore-er From

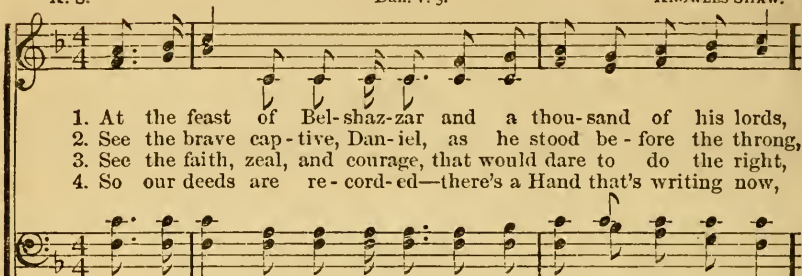
# The Handwriting on the Wall.

"And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."

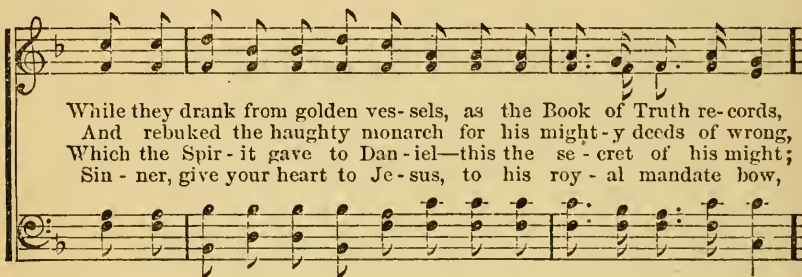
K. S.

Dan. v. 5.

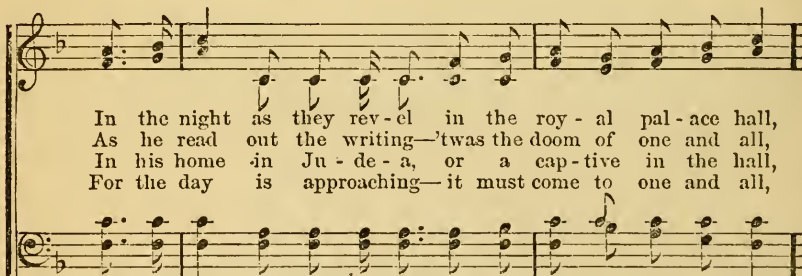
KNOWLES SHAW.



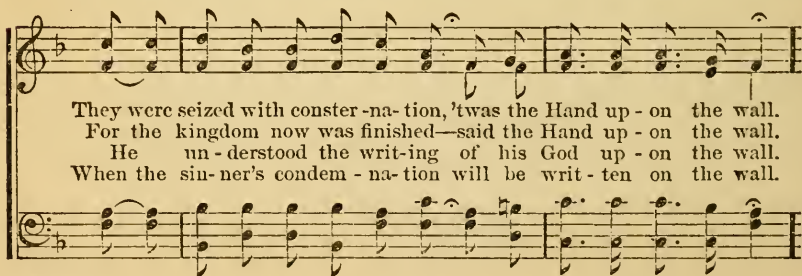
1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thou-sand of his lords,  
 2. See the brave cap-tive, Dan-iel, as he stood be-fore the throng,  
 3. See the faith, zeal, and courage, that would dare to do the right,  
 4. So our deeds are re-cord-ed—there's a Hand that's writing now,



While they drank from golden ves-sels, as the Book of Truth re-cords,  
 And rebuked the haughty monarch for his might-y deeds of wrong,  
 Which the Spir-it gave to Dan-iel—this the se-cret of his might;  
 Sin-ner, give your heart to Je-sus, to his roy-al mandate bow,



In the night as they rev-el in the roy-al pal-ace hall,  
 As he read out the writing—'twas the doom of one and all,  
 In his home in Ju-de-a, or a cap-tive in the hall,  
 For the day is approaching—it must come to one and all,



They were seized with conster-na-tion, 'twas the Hand up-on the wall.  
 For the kingdom now was finished—said the Hand up-on the wall.  
 He un-derstood the writ-ing of his God up-on the wall.  
 When the sin-ner's condem-nation will be writ-ten on the wall.



CHORUS.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall, 'Tis the  
writ - ing on the wall,

hand of God on the wall; Shall the record be, "Found wanting," or  
writ - ing on the wall;

shall it be, "Found trusting?" While that hand is writing on the wall.  
writing on the wall.

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O for a Closer Walk.

C. WESLEY.

Tune,  
ORTONVILLE.

1. O for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to  
2. Where is the blessedness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the

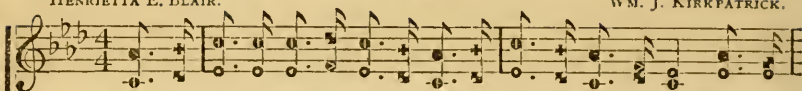
shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!  
soul-refreshing view Of Jesus and his word? Of Jesus and his word?

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!<br/>How sweet their memory still!<br/>But they have left an aching void<br/>The world can never fill.</p> <p>4 Return, O holy Dove, return,<br/>Sweet messenger of rest!<br/>I hate the sins that made thee mourn,<br/>And drove thee from my breast.</p> | <p>5 The dearest idol I have known,<br/>Whate'er that idol be,<br/>Help me to tear it from thy throne,<br/>And worship only thee.</p> <p>6 So shall my walk be close with God,<br/>Calm and serene my frame;<br/>So purer light shall mark the road<br/>That leads me to the Lamb.</p> |
|--|--|

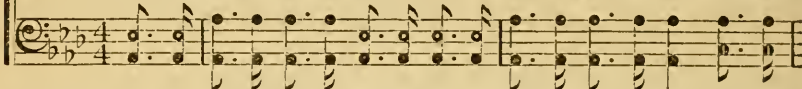
## Strive to Enter in.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

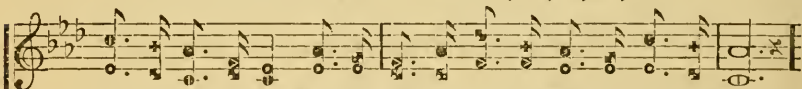
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



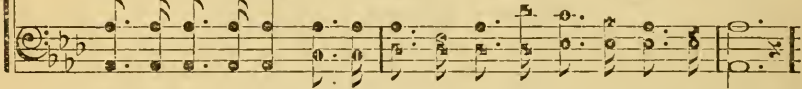
1. At the gate that leads to glory, from the rugged path of sin, Where the
2. At the gate that leads to glory there's a light that shineth still, 'Tis the
3. At the gate that leads to glory you will never knock in vain, There is
4. From the gate that leads to glory, oh, how man-y go astray! We are



joys that fill the soul are ever new, O ye weary, heav-y-laden, will you  
pure and holy light of promise true; Hear the blessed invi-tation to the  
room for ev'ry one, and welcome, too; Only give your heart to Jesus, life e-  
told that they that find it are but few; Then believe the words of Jesus, enter



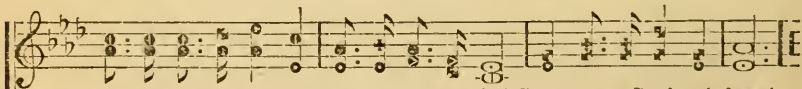
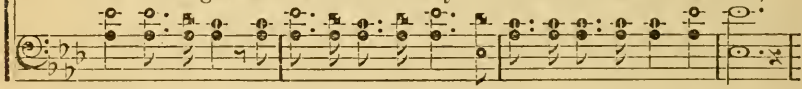
strive to ent-er in, While the Saviour now is waiting there for you?  
who-so-ev-er will, From the Saviour who is waiting now for you.  
ter-nal you will gain: He is call-ing, he is waiting now for you.  
quickly while you may: He is waiting now with o-pen arms for you.



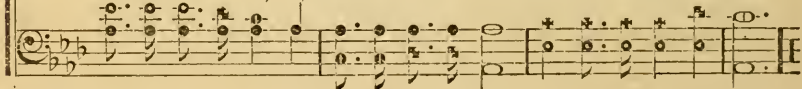
## CHORUS.

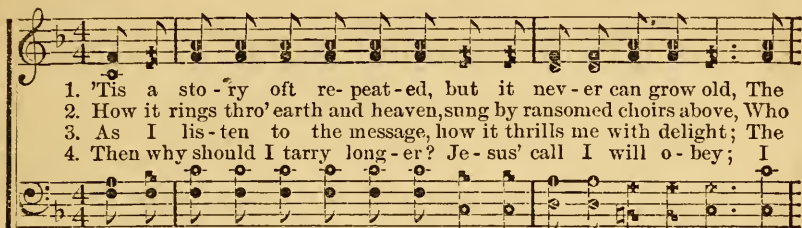


Straight is the gate and narrow is the way That leadeth unto life a-bove;



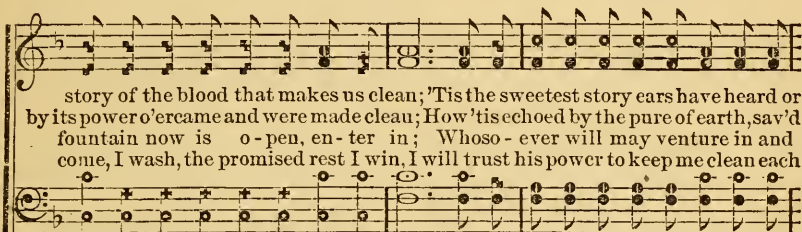
Strive to ent-er in, oh, strive to ent-er in! Come to a Saviour's love!





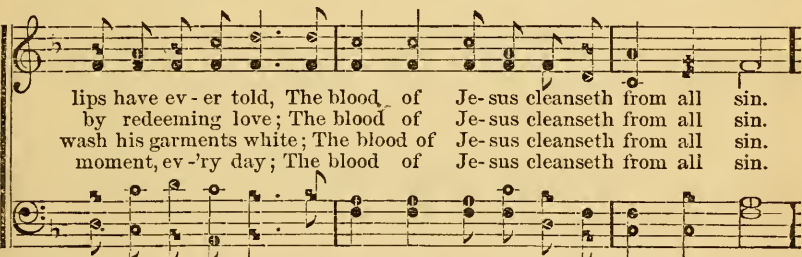
1. 'Tis a sto-ry oft re-peat-ed, but it nev-er can grow old, The  
 2. How it rings thro' earth and heaven, sung by ransomed choirs above, Who  
 3. As I lis-ten to the message, how it thrills me with delight; The  
 4. Then why should I tarry long-er? Je-sus' call I will o-bey; I

5. Oh, this wonder-ful sal-vation, praise the dear Redeemer's name, It



story of the blood that makes us clean; 'Tis the sweetest story ears have heard or  
 by its power o'ercome and were made clean; How 'tis echoed by the pure of earth, sav'd  
 fountain now is o-pen, en-ter in; Whoso-ever will may venture in and  
 come, I wash, the promised rest I win, I will trust his power to keep me clean each

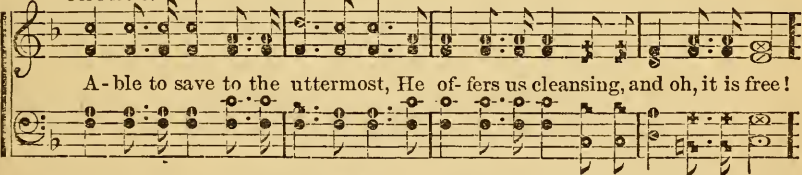
reaches me!—his praise I must begin; This my greatest joy, with all the saved for-



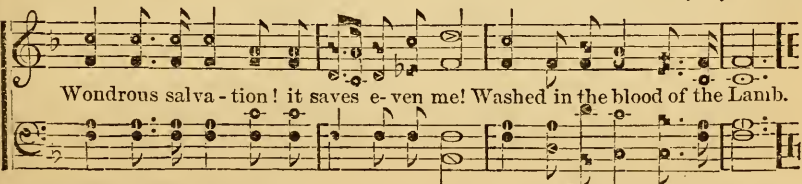
lips have ev-er told, The blood of Je-sus cleanseth from all sin.  
 by redeeming love; The blood of Je-sus cleanseth from all sin.  
 wash his garments white; The blood of Je-sus cleanseth from all sin.  
 moment, ev-ry day; The blood of Je-sus cleanseth from all sin.

ev-er to proclaim, The blood of Je-sus cleanseth from all sin.

## CHORUS.



A-ble to save to the uttermost, He of-fers us cleansing, and oh, it is free!



Wondrous salva-tion! it saves e-ven me! Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Mrs. E. CODNER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing, Thou art scatt'ring full and free—  
 2. Pass me not, O gracious Fa - ther! Sin - ful though my heart may be;  
 3. Pass me not, O tender Saviour! Let me live and cling to thee;

Show'rs, the thirsty land re - fresh - ing; Let some droppings fall on me.—  
 Thou mightst leave me, but the rath - er Let thy mer - cy fall on me.—  
 I am long - ing for thy fa - vor; Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.—

*mf* E - ven me, *p* Yes, e - ven me, *mf* e - ven me, *p* yes, e - ven me,—

Show'rs, the thirsty land re - fresh - ing; Let some droppings fall on me.—  
 Thou mightst leave me, but the rath - er Let thy mer - cy fall on me.—  
 I am long - ing for thy fa - vor; Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.—

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!  
 Thou can'st make the blind to see;  
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
 Speak the word of power to me,—  
 Even me, even me, etc.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;  
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free;  
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,  
 Magnify them all in me,—  
 Even me, even me, etc.

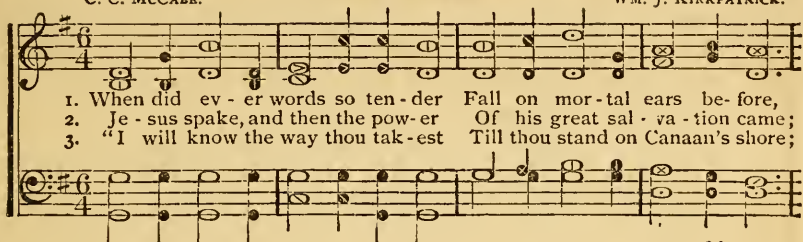


# Sin No More.

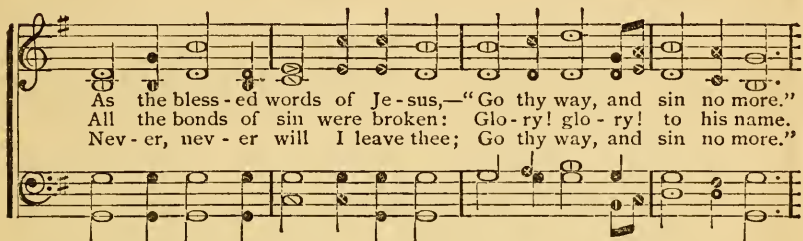
53

C. C. McCABE.

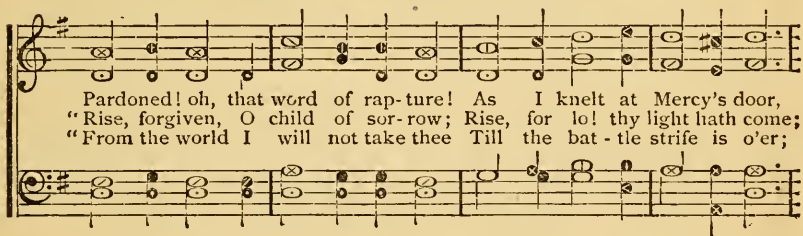
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



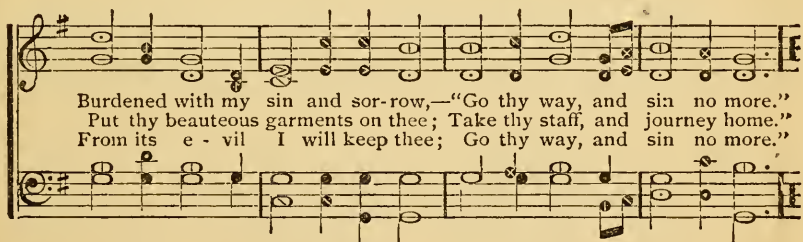
1. When did ev - er words so ten - der Fall on mor - tal ears be - fore,  
 2. Je - sus spake, and then the pow - er Of his great sal - va - tion came;  
 3. "I will know the way thou tak - est Till thou stand on Canaan's shore;



As the bless - ed words of Je - sus, "Go thy way, and sin no more."  
 All the bonds of sin were broken: Glo - ry! glo - ry! to his name.  
 Nev - er, nev - er will I leave thee; Go thy way, and sin no more."



Pardoned! oh, that word of rap - ture! As I knelt at Mercy's door,  
 "Rise, forgiven, O child of sor - row; Rise, for lo! thy light hath come;  
 "From the world I will not take thee Till the bat - tle strife is o'er;



Burdened with my sin and sor - row, "Go thy way, and sin no more."  
 Put thy beauteous garments on thee; Take thy staff, and journey home."  
 From its e - vil I will keep thee; Go thy way, and sin no more."

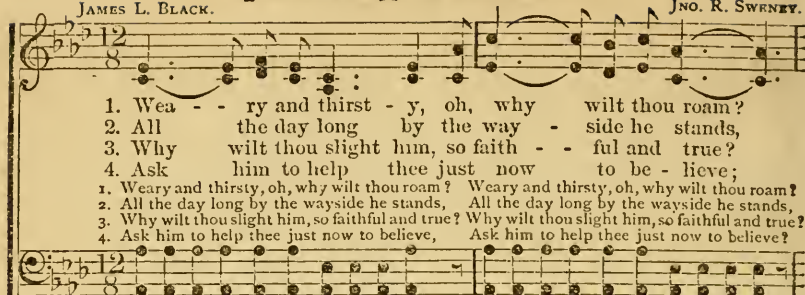
4 O the fight! I've learned to love it,  
 For the victory is mine;  
 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
 Triumphant in love divine.  
 O the dawn of heaven's glory!  
 O the day that has no night!  
 O the sun that finds no zenith!  
 O the host in raiment bright!

5 O, the King who dwells among them  
 In his beauty I shall see;  
 Heav'n shall ring with loud hosannas  
 Unto him who died for me.  
 But, 'mid all the joys of heaven,  
 I will ne'er forget the hour  
 When my Saviour said, "Forgiven!  
 Go thy way, and sin no more."

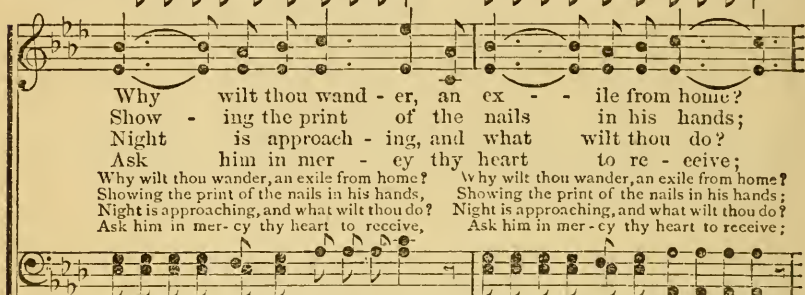
## Pleading with thee.

JAMES L. BLACK.

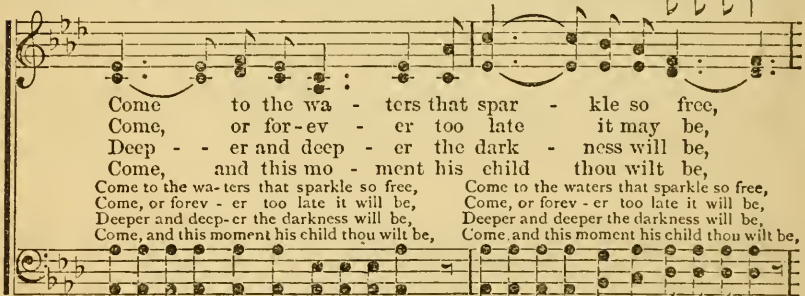
JNO. R. SWENEY.



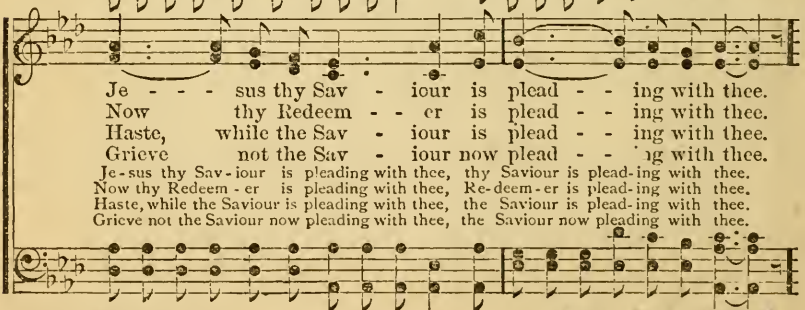
1. Wea - - ry and thirst - y, oh, why wilt thou roam?  
 2. All the day long by the way - side he stands,  
 3. Why wilt thou slight him, so faith - - ful and true?  
 4. Ask him to help thee just now to be - lieve;  
 1. Weary and thirsty, oh, why wilt thou roam? Weary and thirsty, oh, why wilt thou roam?  
 2. All the day long by the wayside he stands, All the day long by the wayside he stands,  
 3. Why wilt thou slight him, so faithful and true? Why wilt thou slight him, so faithful and true?  
 4. Ask him to help thee just now to believe, Ask him to help thee just now to believe?



Why wilt thou wand - er, an ex - - ile from home?  
 Show - ing the print of the nails in his hands;  
 Night is approach - ing, and what wilt thou do?  
 Ask him in mer - cy thy heart to re - ceive;  
 Why wilt thou wander, an exile from home? Showing the print of the nails in his hands;  
 Night is approaching, and what wilt thou do? Night is approaching, and what wilt thou do?  
 Ask him in mer - cy thy heart to receive, Ask him in mer - cy thy heart to receive;

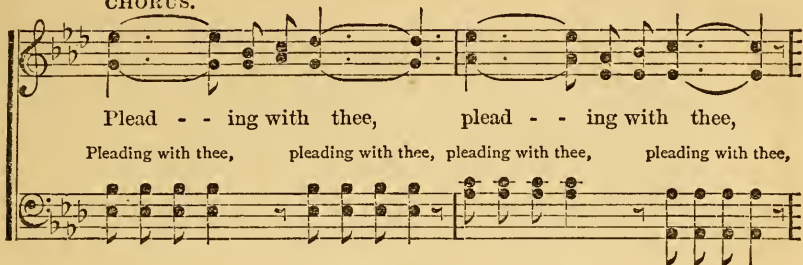


Come to the wa - ters that spar - kle so free,  
 Come, or for-ev - er too late it may be,  
 Deep - - er and deep - er the dark - ness will be,  
 Come, and this mo - ment his child thou wilt be,  
 Come to the wa-ters that sparkle so free, Come to the waters that sparkle so free,  
 Come, or forev - er too late it will be, Come, or forev - er too late it will be,  
 Deeper and deep-er the darkness will be, Deeper and deeper the darkness will be,  
 Come, and this moment his child thou wilt be, Come, and this moment his child thou wilt be,

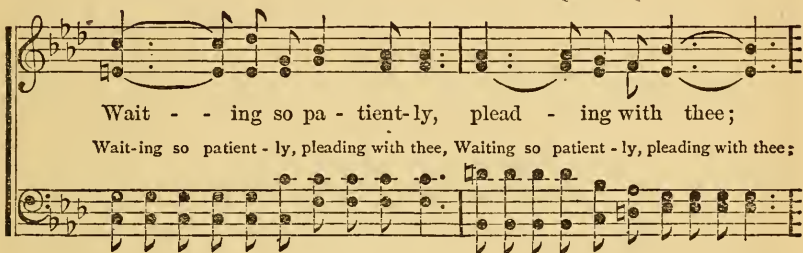


Je - - - sus thy Sav - iour is plead - - ing with thee.  
 Now thy Redeem - - er is plead - - ing with thee.  
 Haste, while the Sav - iour is plead - - ing with thee.  
 Grieve not the Sav - iour now plead - - ing with thee.  
 Je-sus thy Sav-iour is pleading with thee, thy Saviour is plead-ing with thee.  
 Now thy Redeem - er is pleading with thee, Re-deem-er is plead-ing with thee.  
 Haste, while the Saviour is pleading with thee, the Saviour is plead-ing with thee.  
 Grieve not the Saviour now pleading with thee, the Saviour now pleading with thee.

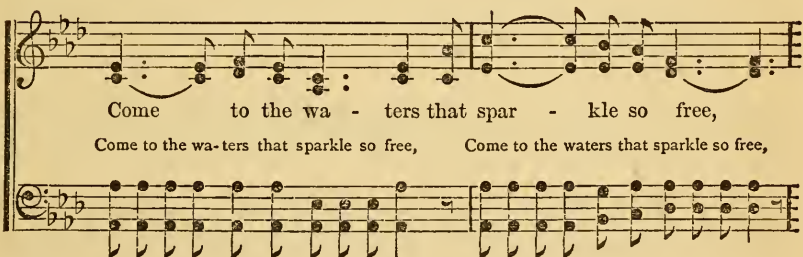
CHORUS.



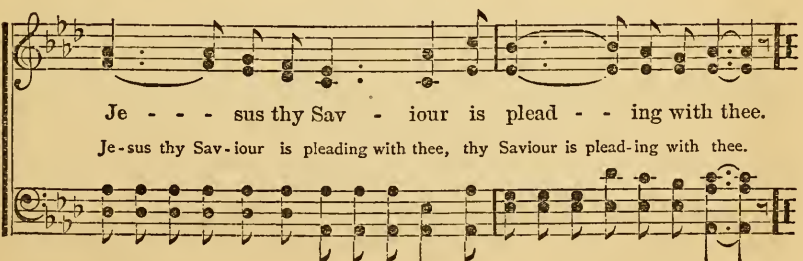
Plead - - ing with thee, plead - - ing with thee,  
Pleading with thee, pleading with thee, pleading with thee, pleading with thee,



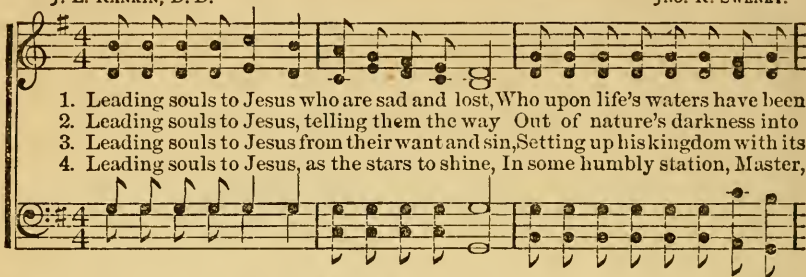
Wait - - ing so pa - tient-ly, plead - ing with thee;  
Wait-ing so patient - ly, pleading with thee, Waiting so patient - ly, pleading with thee;



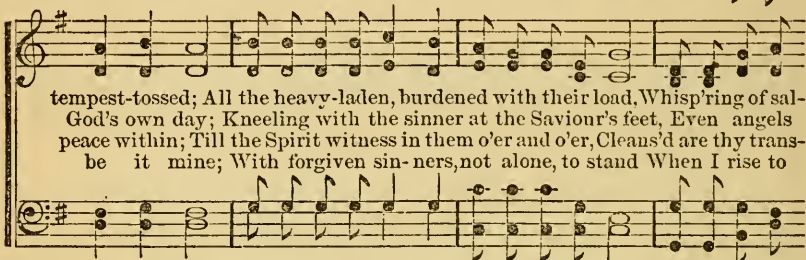
Come to the wa - ters that spar - kle so free,  
Come to the wa-ters that sparkle so free, Come to the waters that sparkle so free,



Je - - - sus thy Sav - iour is plead - - ing with thee.  
Je-sus thy Sav-iour is pleading with thee, thy Saviour is plead-ing with thee.

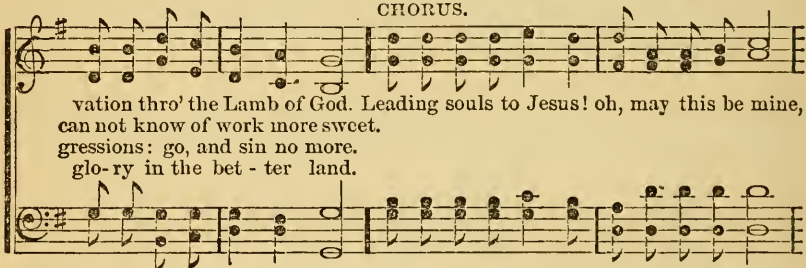


1. Leading souls to Jesus who are sad and lost, Who upon life's waters have been
2. Leading souls to Jesus, telling them the way Out of nature's darkness into
3. Leading souls to Jesus from their want and sin, Setting up his kingdom with its
4. Leading souls to Jesus, as the stars to shine, In some humbly station, Master,

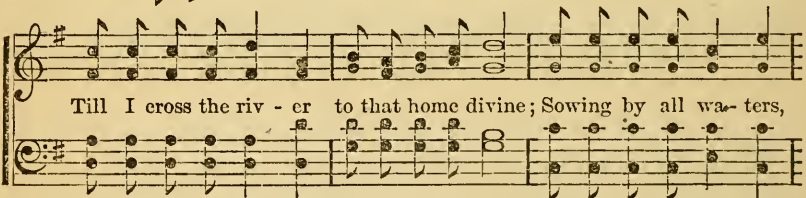


tempest-tossed; All the heavy-laden, burdened with their load, Whisp'ring of sal-  
 God's own day; Kneeling with the sinner at the Saviour's feet, Even angels  
 peace within; Till the Spirit witness in them o'er and o'er, Cleans'd are thy trans-  
 be it mine; With forgiven sin-ners, not alone, to stand When I rise to

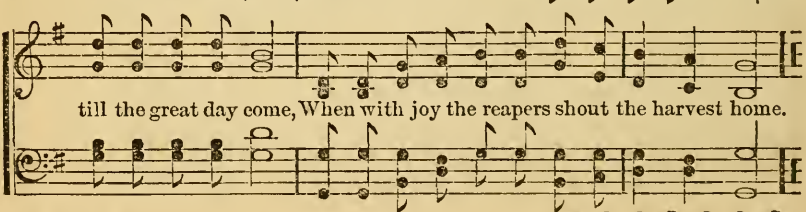
## CHORUS.



vation thro' the Lamb of God. Leading souls to Jesus! oh, may this be mine,  
 can not know of work more sweet.  
 gressions: go, and sin no more.  
 glo-ry in the bet-ter land.



Till I cross the riv-er to that home divine; Sowing by all wa-ters,



till the great day come, When with joy the reapers shout the harvest home.

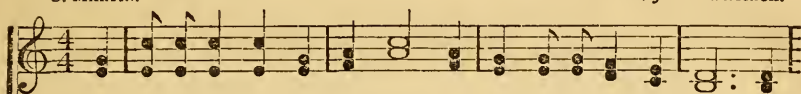


# I'll Never Let Go the Anchor.

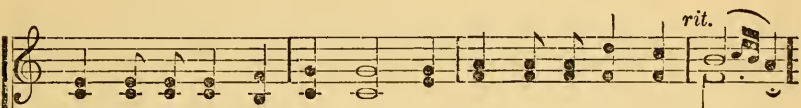
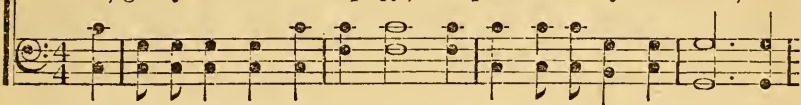
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S. MARTIN.

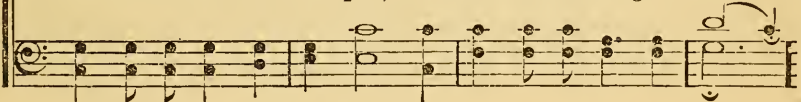
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I'll nev-er let go the anchor, Where Jesus hath brought my soul, But
2. My anchor that stood for ag - es, No changes nor time can move; 'Twill
3. Oh, glo-ry to God! I'm hap-py; My trust in his word is strong; I
4. Oh, glo-ry to God! I'm hap-py; I'll praise him on yonder shore; For

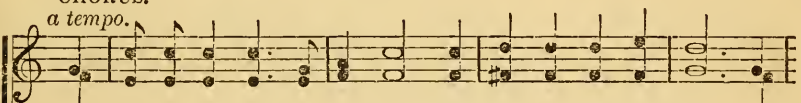


cling to it still with firm-ness, Though billows around me roll.  
 sure-ly a-bide for-ev-er; 'Tis fixed on a Sav-iour's love.  
 know that his hand up-holds me, And crowneth my life with song.  
 now I can brave the tem-pest, And smile when the surges roar.

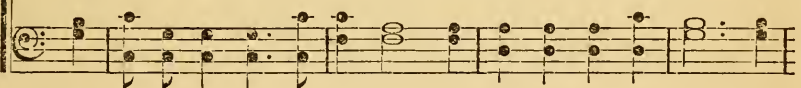


## CHORUS.

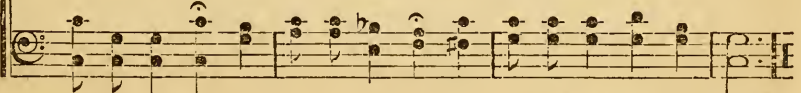
*a tempo.*



I'll nev-er let go the anchor, Though heart and strength may fail; I'll



nev-er let go, I'll nev-er let go, Till gathered within the vale.



## Ride Forth to Conquer.

GEO. K. THOMPSON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ride forth, ride forth to con-quer, Thou great and glo-rious King;  
 2. Ride forth, ride forth to con-quer! Thy cha-riot wheels draw near,  
 3. Ride forth, ride forth to con-quer, Thou sov'reign Lord of all,  
 4. The dis-tant isles of o-cean Shall stretch their hands to thee,

Thy arm shall bring sal - va - tion, Thy praise the earth shall sing.  
 And shouts of joy and glad-ness On ev - 'ry side we hear.  
 Till mountain un - to mountain And deep to deep shall call.  
 And to thy roy - al scap - tre All na - tions bend the knee.

CHORUS.

Ride forth, ride forth, In ma - jes - ty and might,  
 ride forth, ride forth, in might,

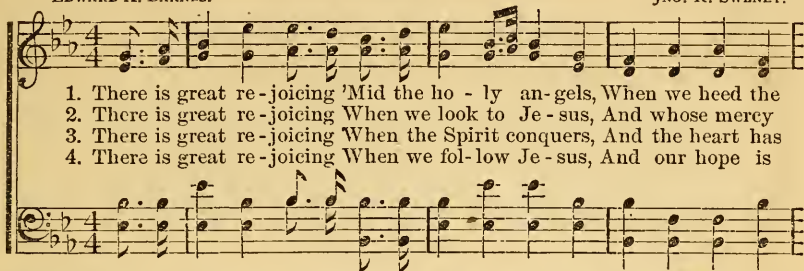
Till truth shall spread from pole to pole, And all shall hail its light.

# Great Rejoicing.

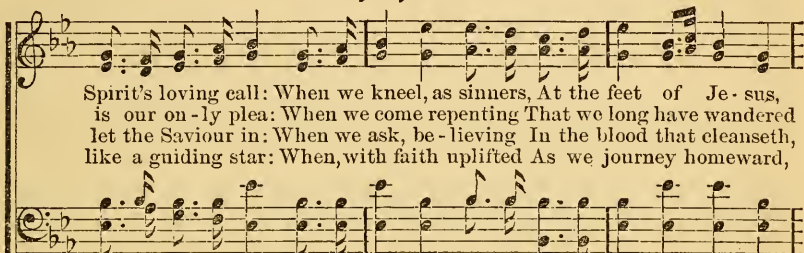
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EDWARD A. BARNES.

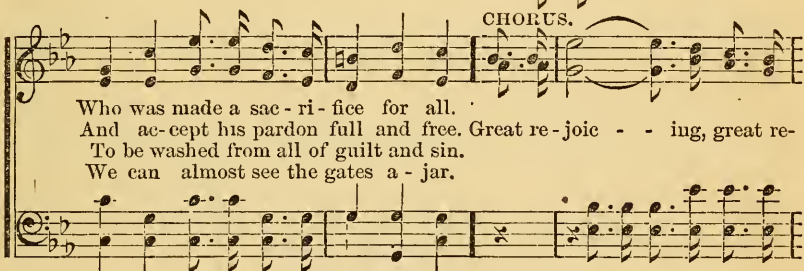
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. There is great re-joicing 'Mid the ho - ly an-gels, When we heed the
2. There is great re-joicing When we look to Je - sus, And whose mercy
3. There is great re-joicing When the Spirit conquers, And the heart has
4. There is great re-joicing When we fol-low Je - sus, And our hope is

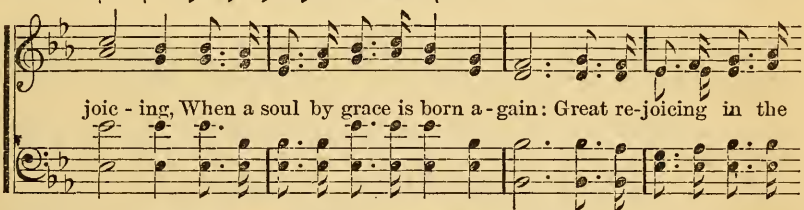


Spirit's loving call: When we kneel, as sinners, At the feet of Je - sus,  
is our on - ly plea: When we come repenting That we long have wandered  
let the Saviour in: When we ask, be - lieving In the blood that cleanseth,  
like a guiding star: When, with faith uplifted As we journey homeward,

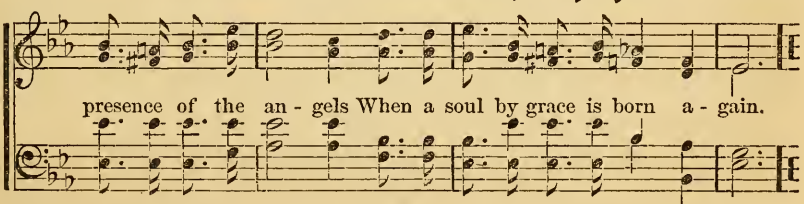


CHORUS.

Who was made a sac - ri - fice for all.  
And ac - cept his pardon full and free. Great re - joic - - ing, great re -  
To be washed from all of guilt and sin.  
We can almost see the gates a - jar.



joic - ing, When a soul by grace is born a - gain: Great re-joicing in the

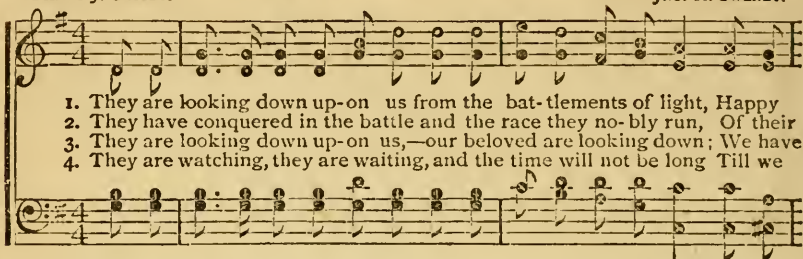


presence of the an - gels When a soul by grace is born a - gain.

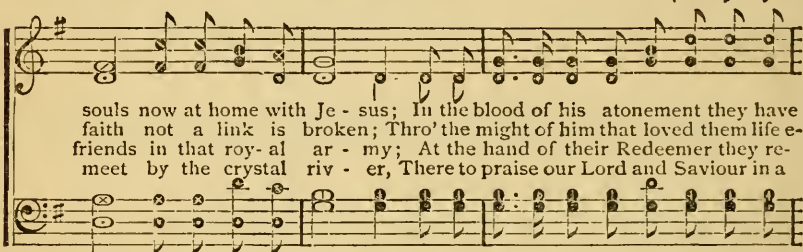
## In Glory Evermore.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

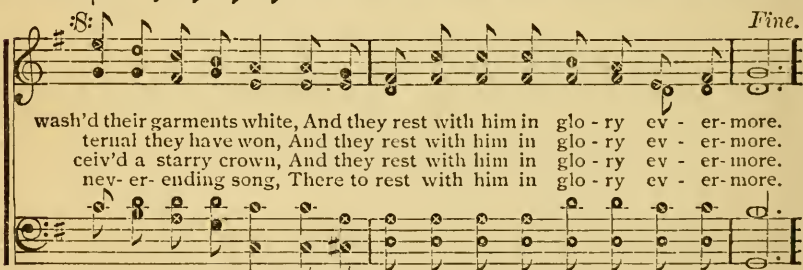
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. They are looking down up-on us from the bat-tlements of light, Happy
2. They have conquered in the battle and the race they no-bly run, Of their
3. They are looking down up-on us,—our beloved are looking down; We have
4. They are watching, they are waiting, and the time will not be long Till we



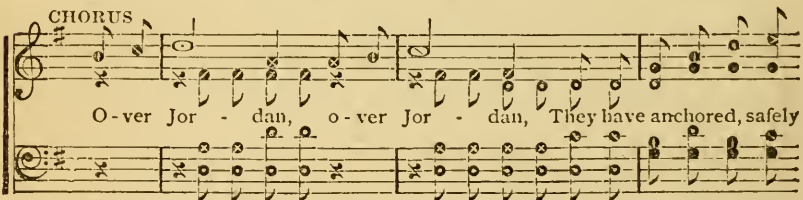
souls now at home with Je - sus; In the blood of his atonement they have  
 faith not a link is broken; Thro' the might of him that loved them life e-  
 friends in that roy-al ar-my; At the hand of their Redeemer they re-mee-  
 meet by the crystal riv-er, There to praise our Lord and Saviour in a



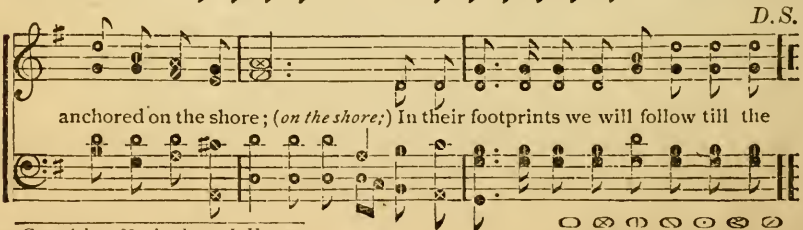
wash'd their garments white, And they rest with him in glo-ry ev-er-more.  
 terual they have won, And they rest with him in glo-ry ev-er-more.  
 ceiv'd a starry crown, And they rest with him in glo-ry ev-er-more.  
 nev-er-ending song, There to rest with him in glo-ry ev-er-more.

*D.S.*—Saviour calls us home, There to rest with him in glo-ry ev-er-more.

CHORUS



O-ver Jor-dan, o-ver Jor-dan, They have anchored, safely



anchored on the shore; (*on the shore;*) In their footprints we will follow till the

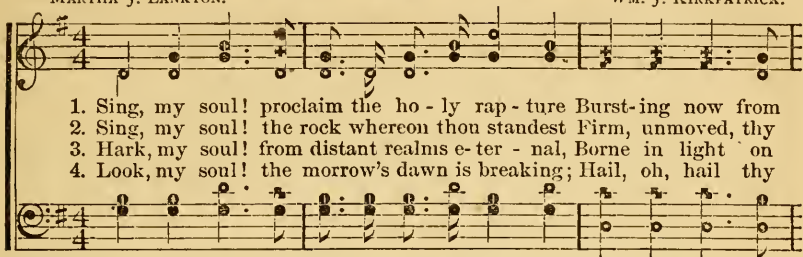


# Sing, My Soul!


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MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

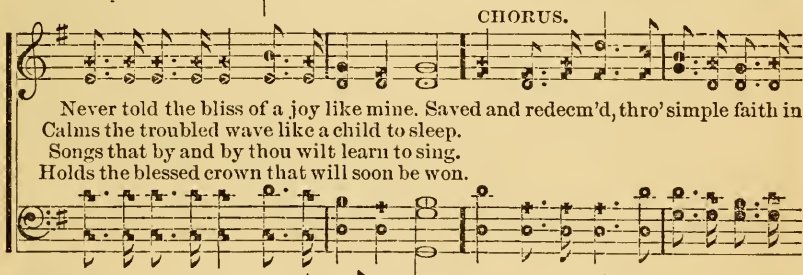


1. Sing, my soul! proclaim the ho - ly rap - ture Burst-ing now from  
 2. Sing, my soul! the rock whereon thou standest Firm, unmoved, thy  
 3. Hark, my soul! from distant realms e - ter - nal, Borne in light on  
 4. Look, my soul! the morrow's dawn is breaking; Hail, oh, hail thy

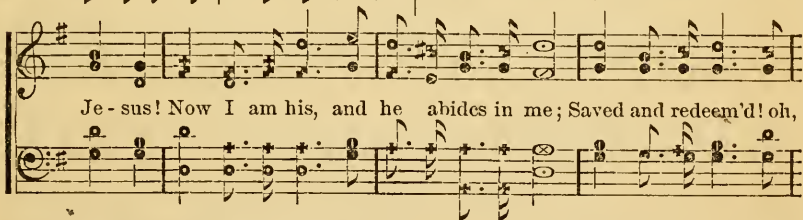


ev - 'ry chord of thine; An - gel choirs, their highest numbers wak-ing,  
 anchored hope shall keep; He, thy Lord, still walking on the bil - low,  
 faith's ce - les - tial wing, Love's glad songs to thee are gent - ly waft - ed,  
 heaven on earth be-gun! He, the Lord, such heights of joy re - veal - ing,

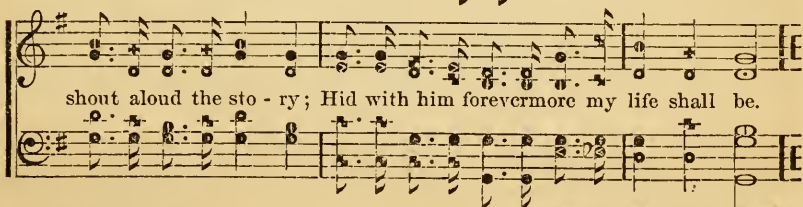
CHORUS.



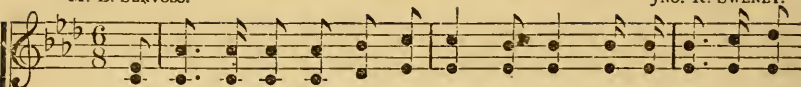
Never told the bliss of a joy like mine. Saved and redeem'd, thro' simple faith in  
 Calms the troubled wave like a child to sleep.  
 Songs that by and by thou wilt learn to sing.  
 Holds the blessed crown that will soon be won.



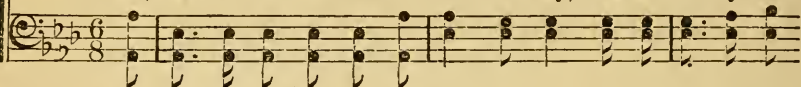
Je - sus! Now I am his, and he abides in me; Saved and redeem'd! oh,



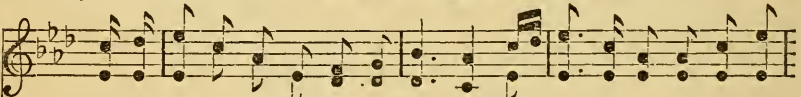
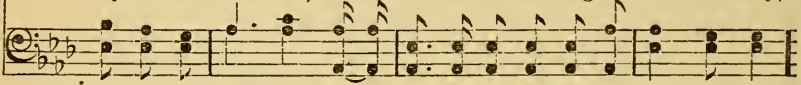
shout aloud the sto - ry; Hid with him forevermore my life shall be.



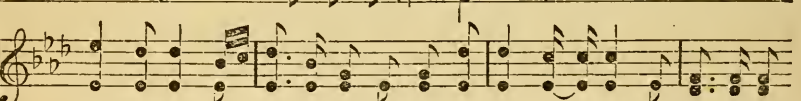
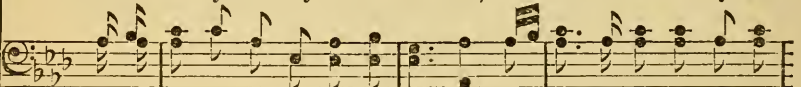
1. Oh, ye who would journey to Canaan's land, There is on - ly one  
 2. Then take the sure staff of pure faith in hand, There is on - ly one  
 3. Oh, fear - ful his end who finds not the way, There is on - ly one



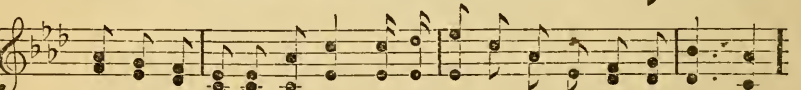
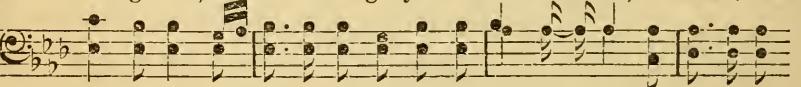
way o - ver Jor - dan; You may follow its waters from strand to strand,  
 way o - ver Jor - dan; Pass joy - ful - ly o - ver the shin - ing sand,  
 way o - ver Jor - dan; But the heart that is trusting will nev - er stray,



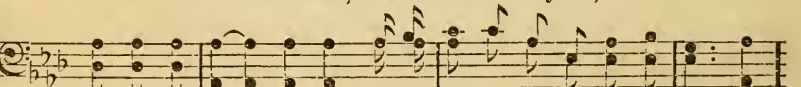
There is on - ly one way o - ver Jor - dan; 'Twas Jesus who rolled back the  
 There is on - ly one way o - ver Jor - dan; No ford can a - vail thee, nor  
 There is on - ly one way o - ver Jor - dan; The milk and the honey are



swelling tide, And he who the path for our feet hath dried, We're safe from all  
 bridge, nor bark, But Jesus before thee has gone with the Ark, And stands in the  
 waiting there; Its rich - es of glory who would not share, In Canaan, than



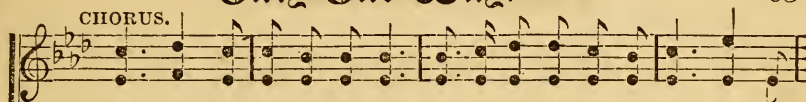
danger when close by his side, There is on - ly one way o - ver Jor - dan.  
 midst while the wa - ters dark Make a wall for thy way o - ver Jor - dan.  
 all oth - er lands more fair, That invites us beyond, o - ver Jor - dan.



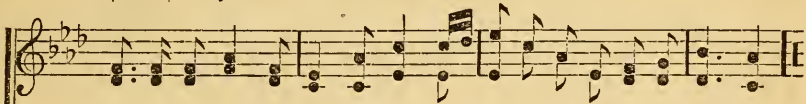
# Only One Way.—CONCLUDED.

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CHORUS.



Pil - grim, there's only one way, On - ly one way o - ver Jor - dan, 'Tis

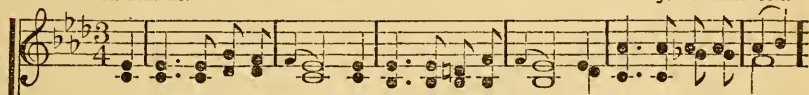


Je - sus, the true and liv - ing way, Our on - ly sure way over Jor - dan.

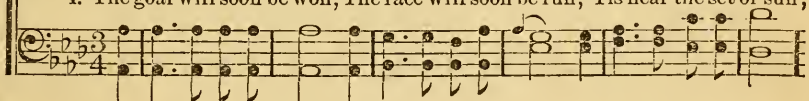
## Then, oh! then.

EDW. A. BARNES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



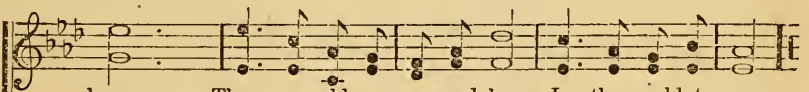
1. The day will soon be past; The light is fading fast; The call will come at last;
2. The voyage will soon be o'er; The billows rage no more; 'Tis near the peaceful shore;
3. The sands are running low; The tide will cease to flow; The final trump will blow;
4. The goal will soon be won; The race will soon be run; 'Tis near the set of sun;



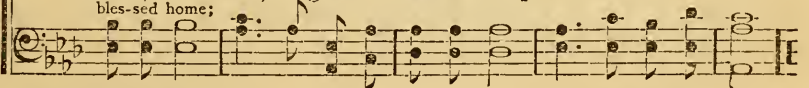
REFRAIN.



And then, oh! then: Then, a perfect day; Then, a blessed  
perfect day;

home; Then, a golden crown and harp In the world to come.  
bles-sed home;



## Healing for Thee.

FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je - sus the Sav-iour is pass-ing this way, Come, there is  
 2. Je - sus is pa-tient-ly call-ing to-day, Come, there is  
 3. Je - sus is pass-ing, oh, fall at his feet, Come, there is  
 4. Je - sus will save thee if thou wilt be-lieve, Come, there is

healing for thee; . . . Rise at his bidding: oh, why wilt thou stay?  
 healing for thee; . . . Now he is waiting, no long-er de-lay,—  
 healing for thee; . . . Fly to thy refuge, thy on-ly re-treat,  
 healing for thee; . . . Haste, and the rapture of pardon re-ceive,  
 yes, healing for thee;

Come, there is healing for thee. . . . Healing for thee, sin-ner, for thee,  
 yes, healing for thee.

Now there is healing for thee; . . . Jesus the Saviour is passing this way,  
 yes, healing for thee;



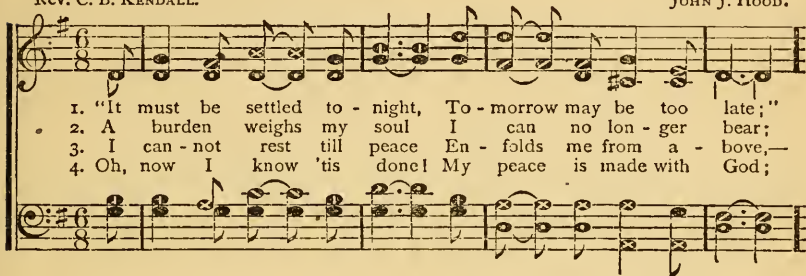
# It must be Settled to-night.

65

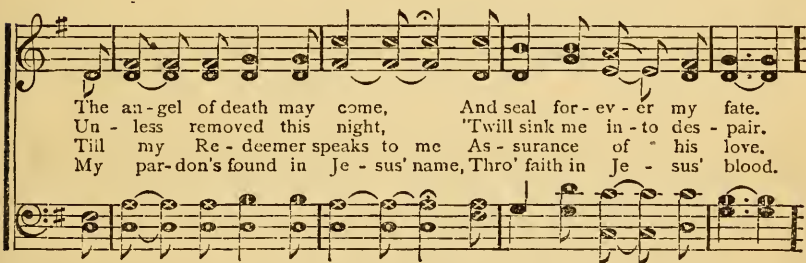
A miner in England went to church one night and became deeply concerned for the salvation of his soul. When the services were ended he refused to leave the house, although the minister told him it was late, and he must go home and seek the Saviour there, and come again the next night. "No," said the miner, "It must be settled to-night, to-morrow night may be too late." So the minister stayed with him until he found peace. The next day while at work in the mines a mass of rock fell upon him, and he was killed. His last words were, "Thank God, it was settled last night, to-night it would have been too late."

Rev. C. B. KENDALL.

JOHN J. HOOD.

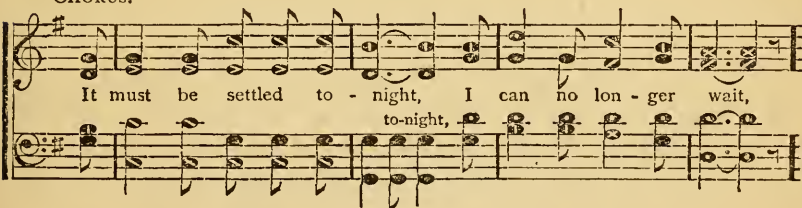


1. "It must be settled to - night, To - morrow may be too late;"  
 2. A burden weighs my soul I can no lon - ger bear;  
 3. I can - not rest till peace En - folds me from a - bove,—  
 4. Oh, now I know 'tis done! My peace is made with God;

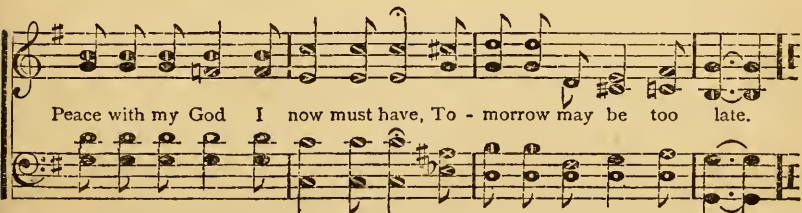


The an - gel of death may come, And seal for - ev - er my fate.  
 Un - less removed this night, 'Twill sink me in - to des - pair.  
 Till my Re - deemer speaks to me As - surance of ' his love.  
 My par - don's found in Je - sus' name, Thro' faith in Je - sus' blood.

## CHORUS.



It must be settled to - night, I can no lon - ger wait,  
 to-night,



Peace with my God I now must have, To - morrow may be too late.

# 

Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE.

JNO R. SWENEY.

1. The King, as he stood by his char-iot one day, In pi-ty re-  
 2. How oft we had met in the jour-ney of life, How oft he had  
 3. The char-iot of love, on its way to the sky, Is bear-ing me  
 4. And when to the riv-er of Jor-dan we come, And cross to the

gard-ed my sin; Then, tak-ing my hand with a kind, gentle smile, Ho  
 knocked at my door; Though much I have lost by re-ject-ing his call, From  
 swift-ly a - long, While joy-ful I sing of my Lord and my King, Be-  
 green, sunny shore; Oh, still will I sing of my Lord and my King, Till

CHORUS.

said, wouldst thou like to step in? May I en-ter? I cried, may I  
 him I will wan-der no more.  
 guil-ing each moment with song.  
 safe at his own pal-ace door.

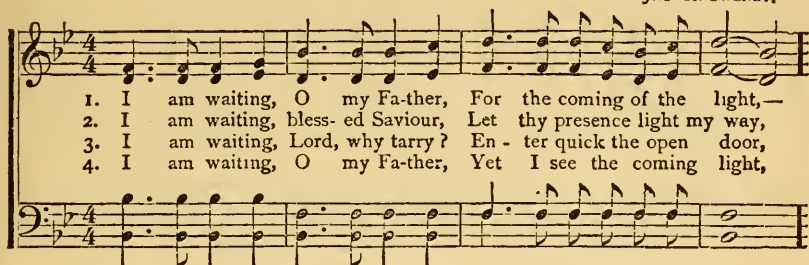
sit by thy side? Is it mine such an honor to know? Then he opened mine

eyes and I gazed with surprise, For my garments were white as the snow.

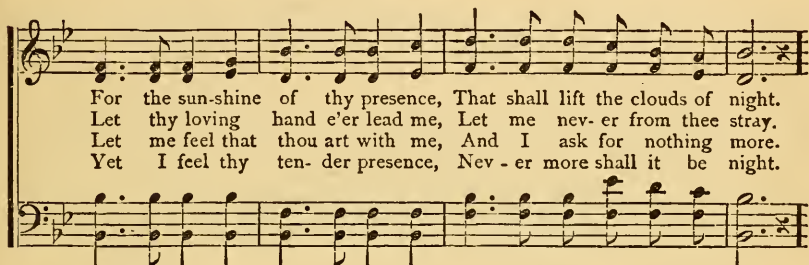
# Waiting for the Light.

67

JNO R. SWENEY.

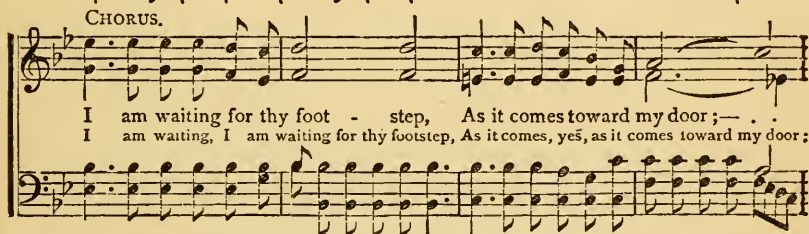


1. I am waiting, O my Fa-ther, For the coming of the light,—  
 2. I am waiting, bless- ed Saviour, Let thy presence light my way,  
 3. I am waiting, Lord, why tarry? En- ter quick the open door,  
 4. I am waiting, O my Fa-ther, Yet I see the coming light,

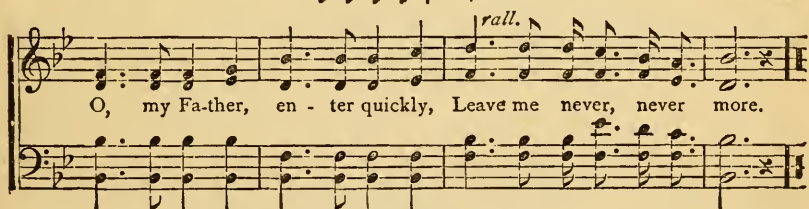


For the sun- shine of thy presence, That shall lift the clouds of night.  
 Let thy loving hand e'er lead me, Let me nev- er from thee stray.  
 Let me feel that thou art with me, And I ask for nothing more.  
 Yet I feel thy ten- der presence, Nev- er more shall it be night.

## CHORUS.



I am waiting for thy foot - step, As it comes toward my door;—  
 I am waiting, I am waiting for thy footstep, As it comes, yes, as it comes toward my door;



O, my Fa-ther, en - ter quickly, Leave me never, never more.

## That Beautiful Land.

Key Bb.

1 A BEAUTIFUL land by faith I see,  
 A land of rest from sorrow free:  
 The home of the ransomed, bright and fair,  
 And beautiful angels, too, are there.

Cho.—Will you go? will you go?  
 Go to that beautiful land with me?  
 Will you go? will you go?  
 Go to that beautiful land.

2 That land is called the City of Light;  
 It never has known the shades of night:

The glory of God, the light of day,  
 Hath driven the darkness far away.

3 In vision I see its streets of gold,  
 Its gates of pearl I, too, behold,  
 The river of life, the crystal sea,  
 The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.

4 The ransomed throng, arrayed in white.  
 In rapture range the plains of light;  
 In one harmonious choir they praise  
 Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.

## The Prodigal.

J. G. R.

J. G. ROBINSON.

*Andante.*

1. Why stand I here, a - mid this gloom? What brought me to this place?  
 2. Once I en-joyed a Father's love, A Father's ten - der care;  
 3. Yet I a-bused that ten - der - ness, And left that hap - py home,  
 4. Now here in deep dis - tress I lie, With none to com - fort me,

Is this, be-cause of sin, my doom? Does sin bring such dis-grace?  
 Who sought in ev - ry way to prove That love, so rich and rare.  
 And lived in ri - ot - ous ex - cess, Till all my wealth was gone.  
 Poor, na - ked, wretched, starv - ing, I Am full of mis - er - y.

*Moderato.*

Hark! I hear, a gentle voice, Sweet - ly saying, "Come to  
 CHORUS.  
 List - en, list - en, Come, come, come to me, Sweetly say - ing,  
 Cho. to last v. - I will hear - ken to that gentle voice; Bles - sed Je - sus,

me; I will make your heart rejoice;  
 Come, come, come to me; List - en, list - en, Come, come, come to me, -  
 I now come to thee; Take, oh, take me! Let me now re-joice



I will give you lib-er - ty."

Sweet-ly say - ing, Come, come to me.  
In this pro - mis'd full lib-er - ty.

While in my Father's house, at  
Is plenty and to spare, [home,  
And servants there in numbers  
come,

His bounteous store to share.

6

I'll go at once and seek his face,  
I'll tell him all my woe;  
Not fit to fill my former place,—  
I'll with his servants go.

7

The Father sees him far away,  
And runs to his embrace;  
And gloomy midnight turns to  
As they meet face to face. [day

## Pentecost.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O give us, Lord, a pen - te - cost, This wait - ing throng in - spire;  
2. O give us, Lord, a pen - te - cost, Our faith takes hold on thee,—  
3. O give us, Lord, a pen - te - cost,—An unc - tion from a - bove,—

And, as thou did'st in times of old, Bap - tize us all with fire.  
A faith that can - not be de - nied, When thou art all its plea,  
A power that sweeps through ev' - ry heart, And fills it with thy love.

CHORUS.

Come, dear - est Lord, bap - tize us now, Now let us feel thy power;

Oh, con - se - crate us all thine own, And seal us from this hour.

# Jesus Saves Me Now.

T. B. STEPHENSON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. This is the glo-rious gospel word—Our God his heav'ns doth bow,  
 2. God speaks, who cannot lie; why then One doubt should I al - low?  
 3. I trust not self; 'twould throw me back In-to despond's deep slough;

And says to each be-liev-ing heart, Je - sus saves thee now!  
 I doubt him not, but take his word— Je - sus saves me now!  
 From self I look to Christ, and find, Je - sus saves me now!

## CHORUS.

Je - sus saves me now, . . . Je - sus saves me now; . . .  
 saves me now, saves me now;

Yes, Je - sus saves me all the time, Je - sus saves me now.


4 Temptations hard upon me press:  
 No strength is mine, I know:  
 Yet more than conqueror am I—  
 Jesus saves me now!

5 Whate'er my future may require,  
 His grace will sure allow;  
 I live one moment at a time,  
 Jesus saves me now!

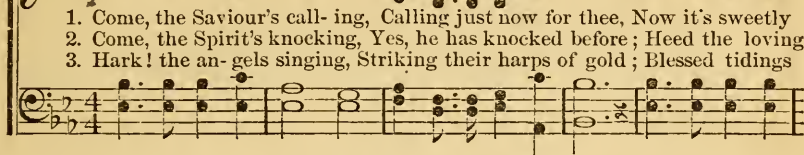
6 Why doubt him? He who died now  
 The crown is on his brow; [lives;  
 The Son of Man hath power on earth:  
 Jesus saves me now.

7 And when within the pearly gates  
 I at his feet shall bow.  
 The heaven of heavens itself will be:  
 Jesus saves me now.

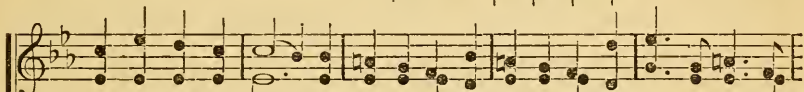
FRY.



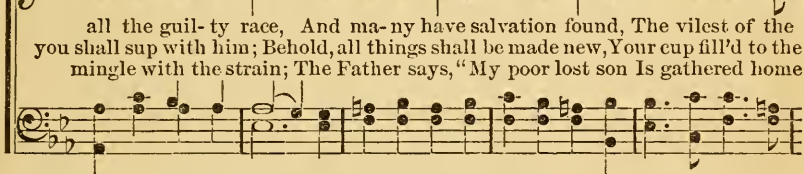
1. Come, the Saviour's call- ing, Calling just now for thee, Now it's sweetly  
2. Come, the Spirit's knocking, Yes, he has knocked before; Heed the loving  
3. Hark! the an- gels singing, Striking their harps of gold; Blessed tidings



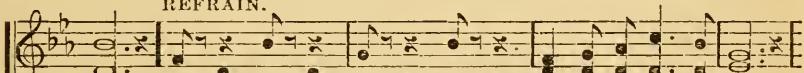

stealing, "Come, sinner, come to me." There's love and mercy in the sound For  
warning, Throw open wide the door, He'll spread the feast and sup with you, And  
bringing, Lost sheep brought back to fold, The joy bells ring around the throne, We

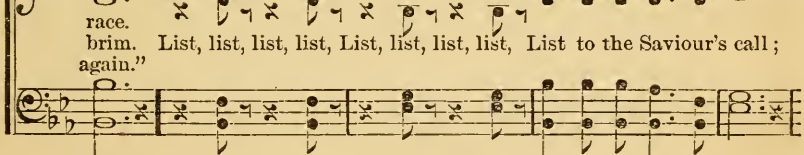
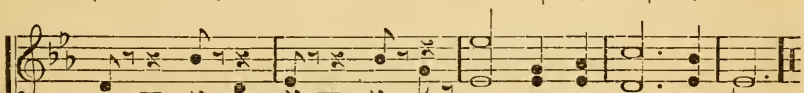
all the guilt- y race, And ma- ny have salvation found, The vilest of the  
you shall sup with him; Behold, all things shall be made new, Your cup fill'd to the  
mingle with the strain; The Father says, "My poor lost son Is gathered home



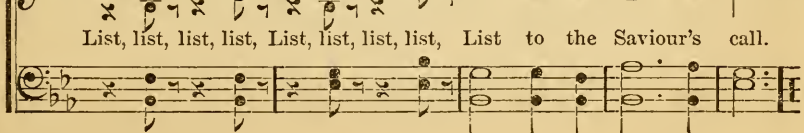
## REFRAIN.



race.  
brim. List, list, list, list, List, list, list, list, List to the Saviour's call;  
again."

List, list, list, list, List, list, list, list, List to the Saviour's call.



## Wilt thou be made whole?

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hear the foot-steps of Je-sus, He is now passing by, Bearing balm for the  
 2. 'Tis the voice of that Saviour, Whose mer-ci-ful call Freely off-ers sal-  
 3. Are you halting and struggling, O'erpowered by your sin, While the waters are  
 4. Bless-ed Saviour, as-sist us To rest on thy word; Let the soul-healing

wounded, Healing all who ap-ply; As he spake to the suff'rer Who  
 va-tion To one and to all; He is now beck'ning to him Each  
 troubled Can you not en-ter in? Lo, the Saviour stands waiting To  
 pow-er On us now be out-poured: Wash away ev-'ry sin-spot, Take

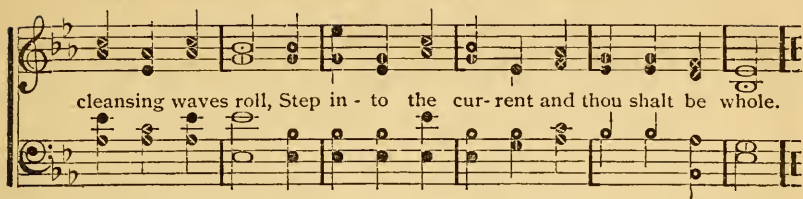
lay at the pool, He is say-ing this moment, "Wilt thou be made whole?"  
 sin tainted soul, And lov-ing-ly asking, "Wilt thou be made whole?"  
 strengthen your soul, He is earnest-ly pleading, "Wilt thou be made whole?"  
 per-fect con-trol, Say to each trusting spirit, "Thy faith makes thee whole."

## REFRAIN.

Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be made whole? O come, wea-ry

suff'rer, O come, sin-sick soul; See, the life-stream is flow-ing, See, the



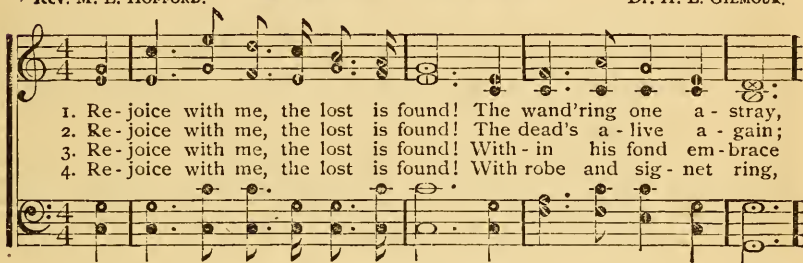


cleansing waves roll, Step in - to the cur - rent and thou shalt be whole.

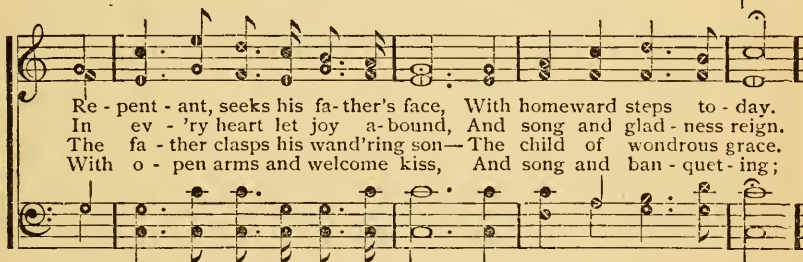
## Rejoice with me.

Rev. M. L. HOFFORD.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

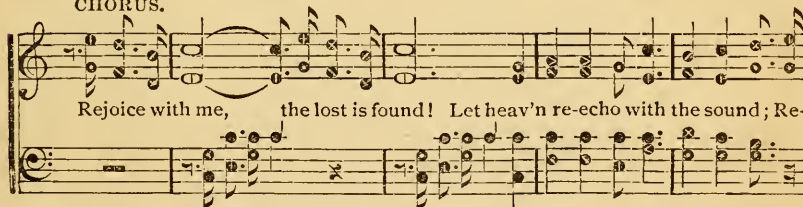


1. Re-joice with me, the lost is found! The wand'ring one a - stray,
2. Re-joice with me, the lost is found! The dead's a - live a - gain;
3. Re-joice with me, the lost is found! With - in his fond em - brace
4. Re-joice with me, the lost is found! With robe and sig - net ring,

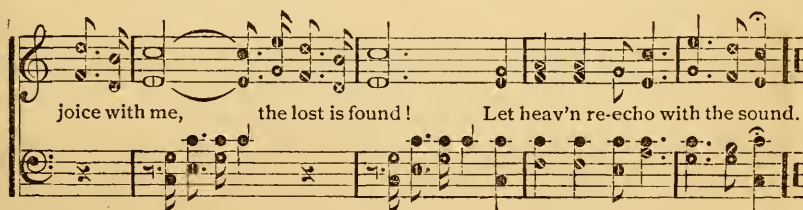


Re - pent - ant, seeks his fa - ther's face, With homeward steps to - day.  
In ev - 'ry heart let joy a - bound, And song and glad - ness reign.  
The fa - ther clasps his wand'ring son—The child of wondrous grace.  
With o - pen arms and welcome kiss, And song and ban - quet - ing;

CHORUS.



Rejoice with me, the lost is found! Let heav'n re-echo with the sound; Re-



joice with me, the lost is found! Let heav'n re-echo with the sound.

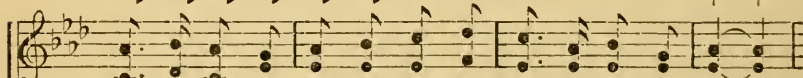
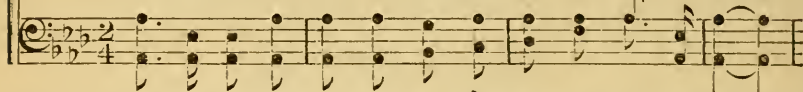
## Come, Come To-day.

R. KELSEY CARTER.

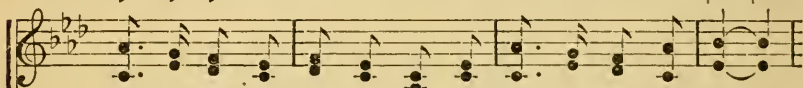
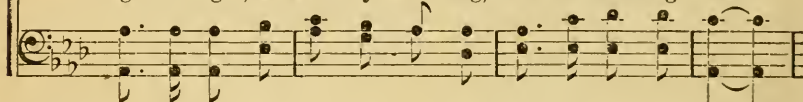
D. S. ALLAN.



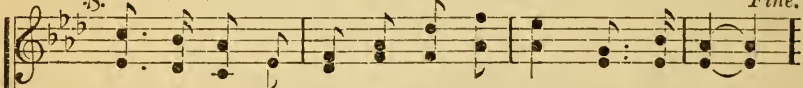
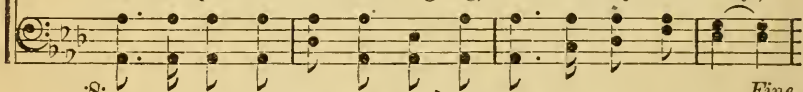
1. Come and see the flow-ing fountain, Broth-er, come to-day,
2. Lis-ten to the wondrous sto-ry, Tell it o'er and o'er,
3. Je-sus paid the debt of sin-ning, In the fear-ful fall;



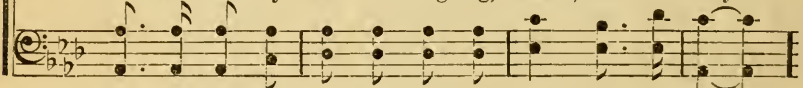
Opened wide in Calv'ry's mountain, Cleansing sin a-way.  
Of the home in end-less glo-ry, On the heavenly shore.  
Fought the fight, the vict-'ry win-ning, Hear his lov-ing call.



Plunge beneath the crim-son riv-er, Life and health re-ceive;  
Hear the gos-pel trumpets blow-ing, Clear from pole to pole;  
Peace and par-don now he's bring-ing, Do not stay a-way;

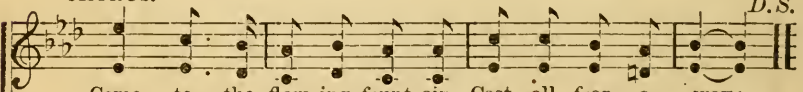


Je-sus is the might-y Giv-er, Just now be-lieve  
See the pre-cious fount-ain flow-ing, Just for thy soul.  
Set the heavenly ech-oes ring-ing,—Saved, saved to-day!

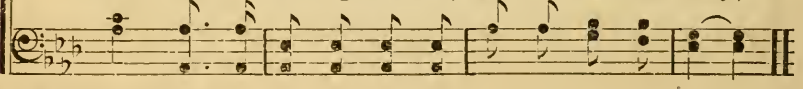


*D.S.*—You will find the life e-ter-nal, Come, come to-day.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

Come to the flow-ing fount-ain, Cast all fear a-way;

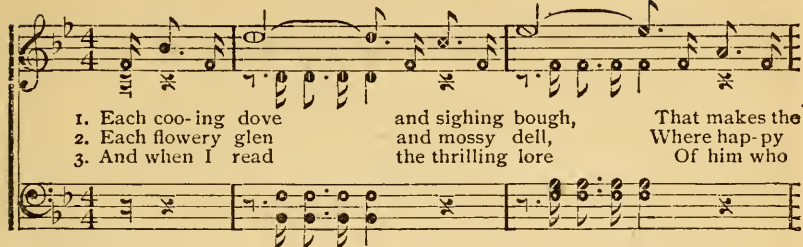


# Memories of Galilee.

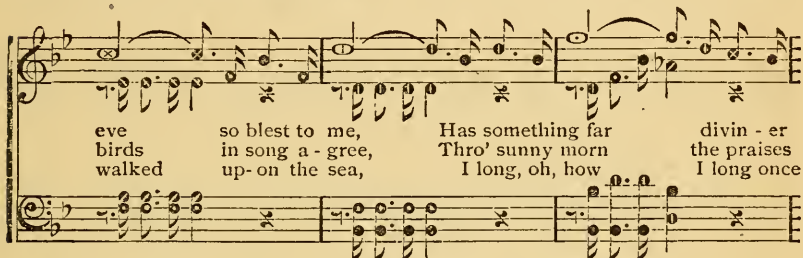
75

ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D. "Jesus walked in Galilee."—John vii, 1.

H. R. PALMER.



1. Each coo-ing dove      and sighing bough,      That makes the  
2. Each flowery glen      and mossy dell,      Where hap-py  
3. And when I read      the thrilling lore      Of him who

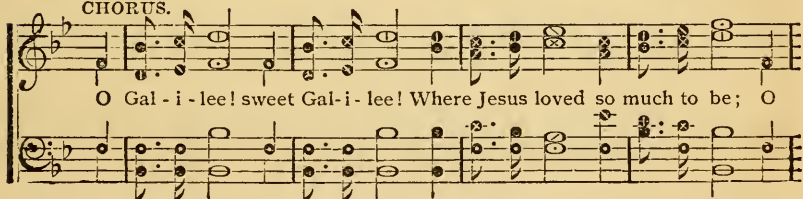


eye      so blest to me,      Has something far      divin - er  
birds      in song a - gree,      Thro' sunny morn      the praises  
walked      up-on the sea,      I long, oh, how      I long once

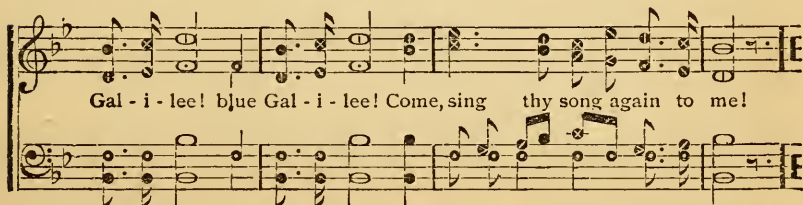


now,      It bears me back      to Gal - i - lee.  
tell      Of sights and sounds      in Gal - i - lee.  
more      To follow him      in Gal - i - lee.

## CHORUS.



O Gal - i - lee! sweet Gal-i- lee! Where Jesus loved so much to be; O



Gal - i - lee! blue Gal - i - lee! Come, sing thy song again to me!

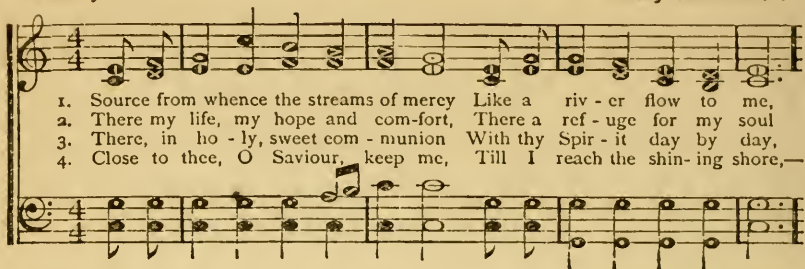
By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

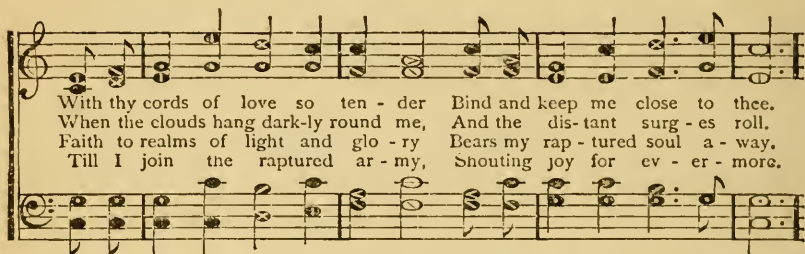
# Keep me ever close to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

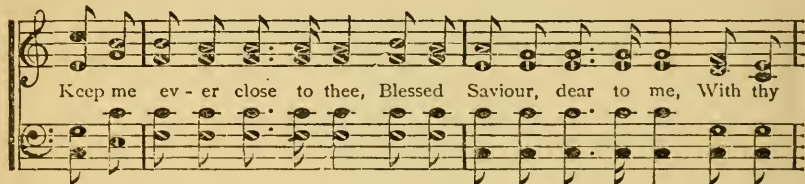


1. Source from whence the streams of mercy Like a riv - er flow to me,  
 2. There my life, my hope and com-fort, There a ref - uge for my soul  
 3. There, in ho - ly, sweet com - munion With thy Spir - it day by day,  
 4. Close to thee, O Saviour, keep me, Till I reach the shin - ing shore, —

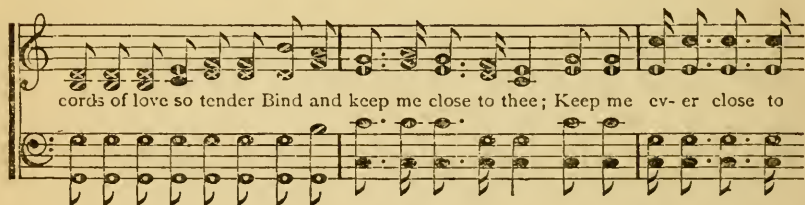


With thy cords of love so ten - der Bind and keep me close to thee.  
 When the clouds hang dark - ly round me, And the dis - tant surg - es roll.  
 Faith to realms of light and glo - ry Bears my rap - tured soul a - way.  
 Till I join the raptured ar - my, Shouting joy for ev - er - more.

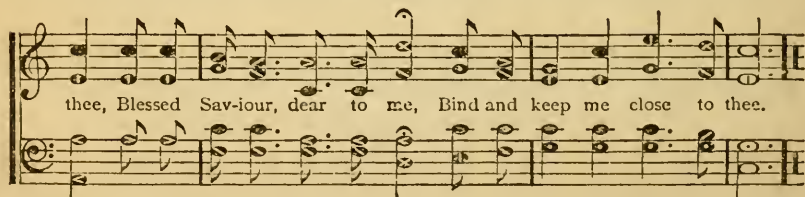
## REFRAIN.



Keep me ev - er close to thee, Blessed Saviour, dear to me, With thy



cords of love so tender Bind and keep me close to thee; Keep me ev - er close to



thee, Blessed Sav - iour, dear to me, Bind and keep me close to thee.



# Will You Meet Me.

77

E. O. E.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. Will you meet me in the morn - ing, On that bright and golden shore?  
 2. Oh, to meet on that bright morning, When the clouds have passed away;  
 3. When we meet our loving Sav - iour, What a hap - py hour 'twill be,  
 4. Oh, this thought should make us happy, And we all should love him more,

Will your lamp be trimmed and burning When he comes to take you o'er?  
 Oh, to walk and talk with Je - sus, There to dwell with him for aye.  
 When we're gathered with our loved ones, And their hap - py fa - ces see,  
 For he'll come, and will not tar - ry, Come to bear us safe - ly o'er.

CHORUS.

Yes, I'll meet . . . you in the morn - ing, When I  
 I'll meet you there, that morning fair,

hear . . . the Saviour's call, . . . "Come, ye bless - - ed of my  
 the Saviour's call, the Saviour's call, ye blessed, come,

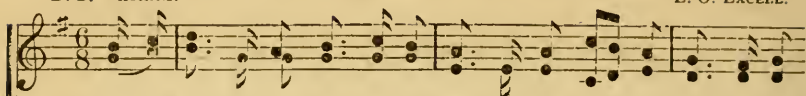
*rit.*

Fath - er, To a home . . . prepared for all.  
 ye blessed, come, To a home prepared for all, prepared for all.

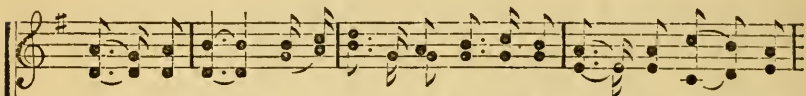
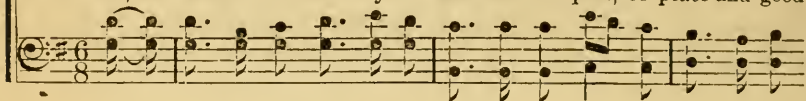
## That Old, Old Story is True.

D. B. WATKINS.

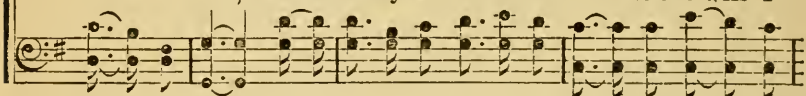
E. O. EXCELL.



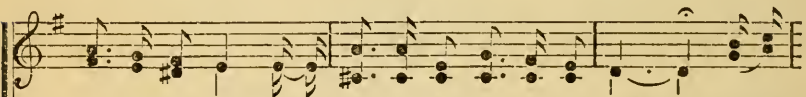
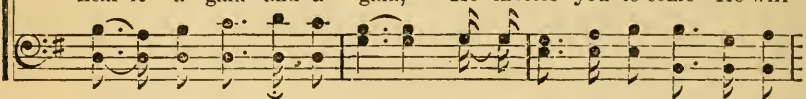
1. There's a wonder - ful sto - ry I've heard long a - go, 'Tis called "The sweet
2. They told of a Be - ing so love - ly and pure, That came to the
3. He a - rose and as - cend - ed to heav - en, we're told, Triumphant o'er
4. Oh, that wonder - ful sto - ry I have to re - peat, Of peace and good



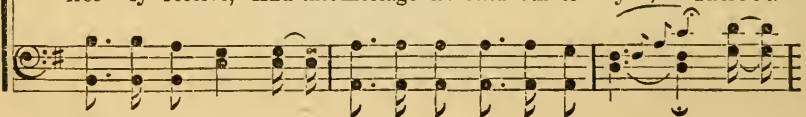
sto - ry of old;" I hear it so oft - en, where ever I go That  
earth to dwell, To seek for his lost ones, and make them secure From  
death and hell; He's prepar - ing a place in that ci - ty of gold, Where  
will to men; There's no story to me that is half so sweet, As I



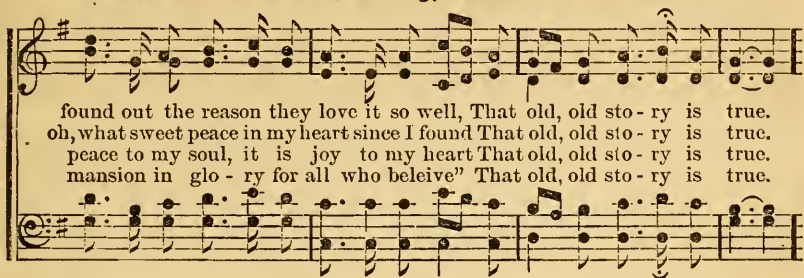
same old sto - ry is told; And I've thought it was strange that so  
death and the power of hell; That he was despised, and with  
loved ones for - ev - er may dwell, Where our kindred we'll meet, and we'll  
hear it a - gain and a - gain, He invites you to come—He will



oft - en they'd tell That sto - ry, as if it were new; But I've  
thorns he was crowned, On the cross was extended to veiw, But  
nev - er more part, And oh, while I tell it to you, It is  
free - ly receive, And this message he send - eth to you, "There's a

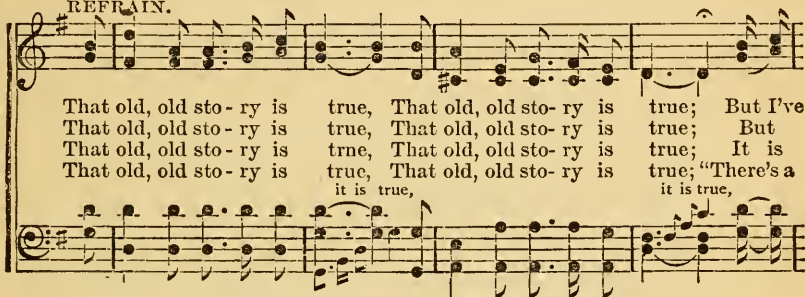


# That Old, Old Story is True.—CONCLUDED. 79

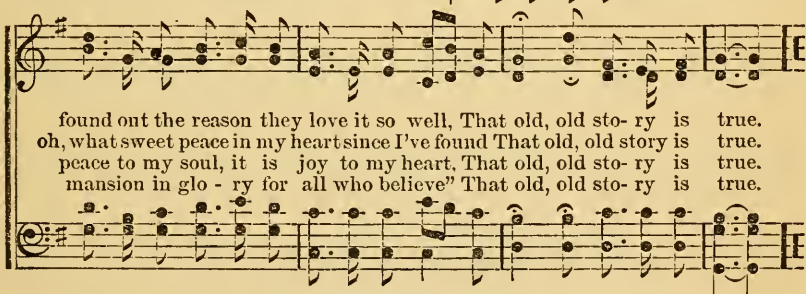


found out the reason they love it so well, That old, old sto-ry is true.  
oh, what sweet peace in my heart since I found That old, old sto-ry is true.  
peace to my soul, it is joy to my heart That old, old sto-ry is true.  
mansion in glo-ry for all who beleave" That old, old sto-ry is true.

## REFRAIN.



That old, old sto-ry is true, That old, old sto-ry is true; But I've  
That old, old sto-ry is true, That old, old sto-ry is true; But  
That old, old sto-ry is true, That old, old sto-ry is true; It is  
That old, old sto-ry is true, That old, old sto-ry is true; "There's a  
it is true, it is true,



found out the reason they love it so well, That old, old sto-ry is true.  
oh, what sweet peace in my heart since I've found That old, old sto-ry is true.  
peace to my soul, it is joy to my heart, That old, old sto-ry is true.  
mansion in glo-ry for all who believe" That old, old sto-ry is true.

## I Love to Tell the Story.

- 1 I LOVE to tell the Story  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and his glory,  
Of Jesus and his love!  
I love to tell the story!  
Because I know it's true;  
It satisfies my longings  
As nothing else can do.
- CHO.—I love to tell the story!  
'Twill be my theme in glory,  
To tell the Old, Old Story  
Of Jesus and his love.
- 2 I love to tell the Story!  
More wonderful it seems

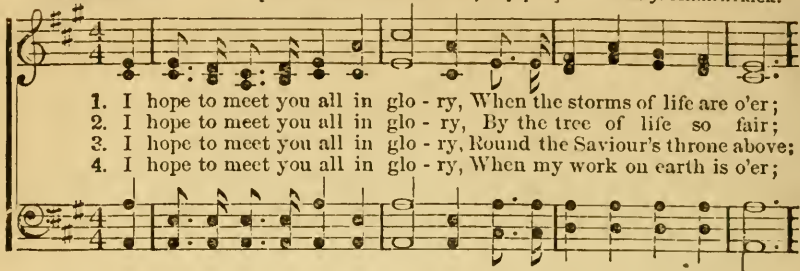
- Than all the golden fancies  
Of all our golden dreams;  
I love to tell the Story!  
It did so much for me!  
And that is just the reason  
I tell it now to thee.
- 3 I love to tell the Story!  
For those who know it best  
Seem hungering and thirsting  
To hear it like the rest.  
And when, in scenes of glory,  
I sing the New, New Song,  
'Twill be—the Old, Old Story  
That I have loved so long.

# 80 I Hope to Meet You All in Glory.

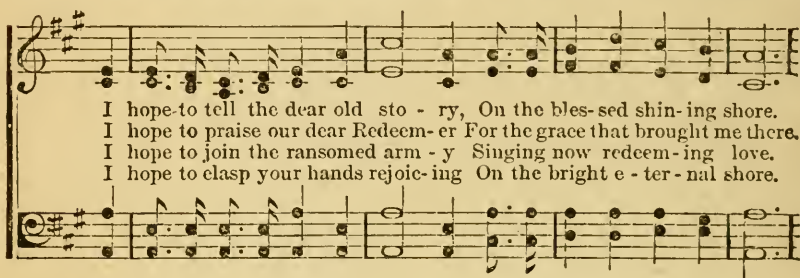
EMMA PITT.

[From "Our Sabbath Home," by per.]

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

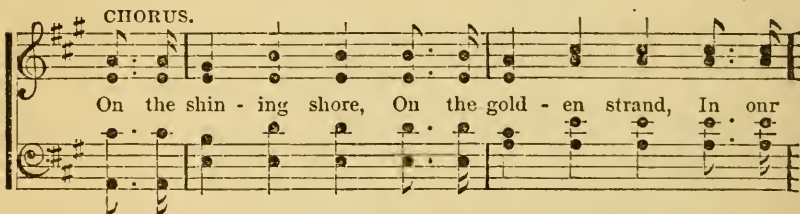


1. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When the storms of life are o'er;  
 2. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, By the tree of life so fair;  
 3. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, Round the Saviour's throne above;  
 4. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When my work on earth is o'er;

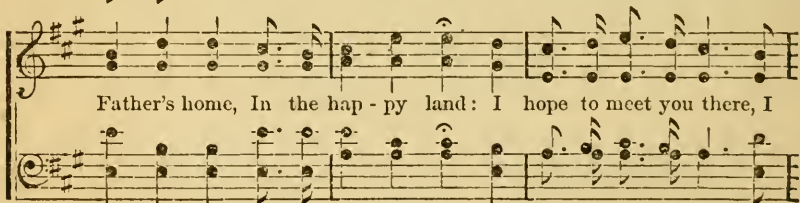


I hope to tell the dear old sto - ry, On the bles - sed shin - ing shore.  
 I hope to praise our dear Redeem - er For the grace that brought me there.  
 I hope to join the ransomed arm - y Singing now redeem - ing love.  
 I hope to clasp your hands rejoic - ing On the bright e - ter - nal shore.

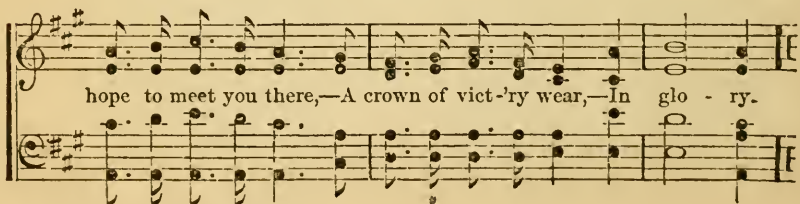
CHORUS.



On the shin - ing shore, On the gold - en strand, In our



Father's home, In the hap - py land: I hope to meet you there, I



hope to meet you there,—A crown of vict - ry wear,—In glo - ry.

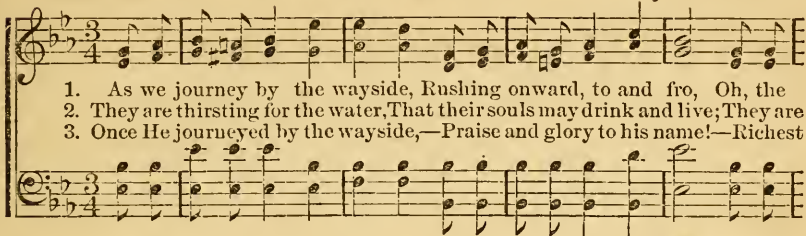


# To the Rescue.

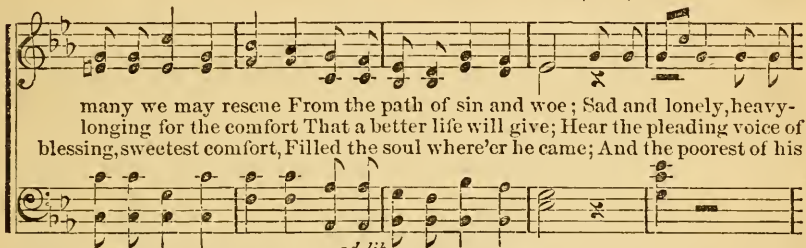
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LIZZIE EDWARDS.

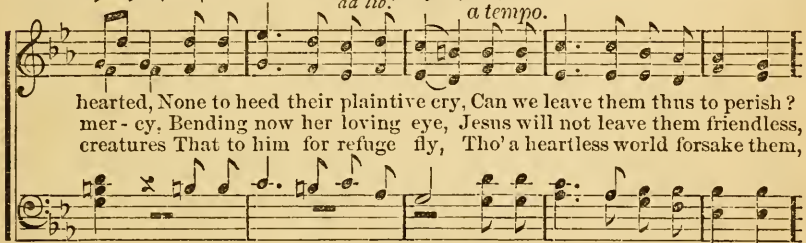
JNO. R. SWENEY.



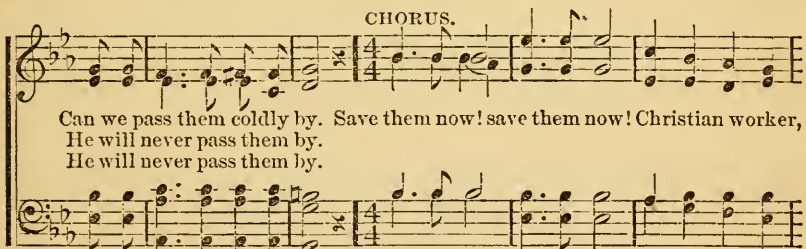
1. As we journey by the wayside, Rushing onward, to and fro, Oh, the  
 2. They are thirsting for the water, That their souls may drink and live; They are  
 3. Once He journeyed by the wayside,—Praise and glory to his name!—Richest



many we may rescue From the path of sin and woe; Sad and lonely, heavy-  
 longing for the comfort That a better life will give; Hear the pleading voice of  
 blessing, sweetest comfort, Filled the soul where'er he came; And the poorest of his

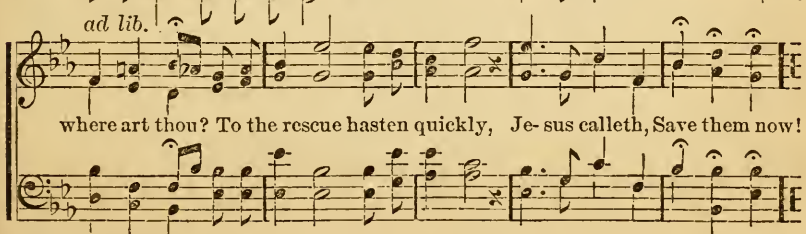


hearted, None to heed their plaintive cry. Can we leave them thus to perish?  
 mer- cy, Bending now her loving eye, Jesus will not leave them friendless,  
 creatures That to him for refuge fly, Tho' a heartless world forsake them,



CHORUS.

Can we pass them coldly by. Save them now! save them now! Christian worker,  
 He will never pass them by.  
 He will never pass them by.



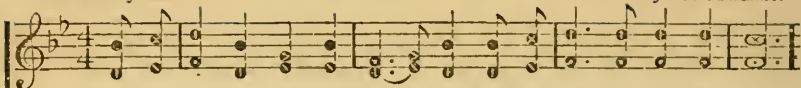
ad lib.

where art thou? To the rescue hasten quickly, Je- sus calleth, Save them now!

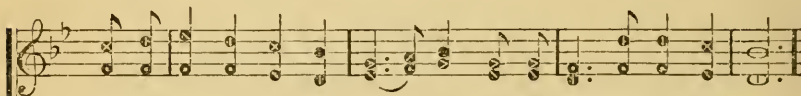
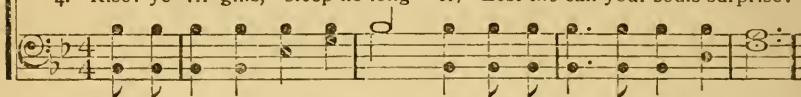
## Are You Ready?

MARY D. JAMES.

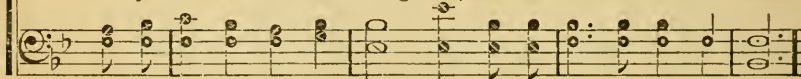
JNO. R. SWENEY.



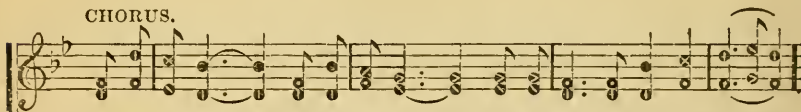
1. Should the summons, quickly fly - ing, On the slumb'ring nations fall,—
2. What if now the startling man - date Should the sleeping virgins hear,—
3. Is there oil in all your ves - sels? Are your garments pure and white?
4. Rise! ye vir - gins,—sleep no long - er,—Lest the call your souls surprise!



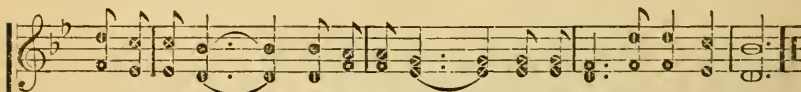
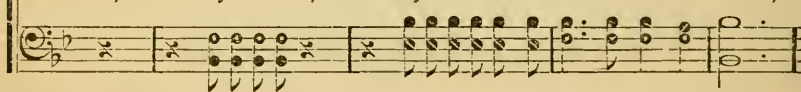
Lo! the heavenly Bridegroom com - eth, Would the sound your souls appal?  
 Are your lamps all trimm'd and burning? Should the Bridegroom now appear?  
 Are they wash'd in-the cleansing fountain, Fit to stand in Je - sus' sight?  
 Lest ye fail to meet the Bridegroom, When he cometh from the skies.



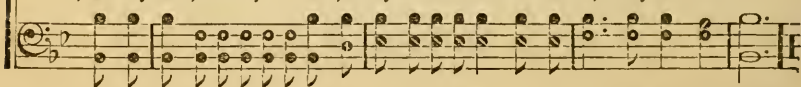
## CHORUS.



Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Should you hear the midnight call?  
 Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Now to see your Lord ap - pear!  
 Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are your lamps all clear and bright?  
 Oh, be read - y! Oh, be read - y! When he cometh from the skies;



Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Should you hear the midnight call?  
 Are you ready? Are you ready? Should you hear the midnight call? Should you hear the midnight call?  
 Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Now to see your Lord appear?  
 Are you ready? Are you ready? Now to see your Lord appear? Now to see your Lord ap - pear?  
 Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are your lamps all clear and bright?  
 Are you ready? Are you ready? Are your lamps all clear and bright? Are your lamps all clear and bright?  
 Oh, be read - y! Oh, be read - y! Hasten, from your slumbers rise!  
 Oh, be ready! Oh, be ready! Hasten, from your slumbers rise! Hasten, from your slumbers rise!

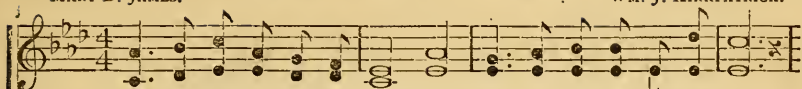


# Divine Guidance.

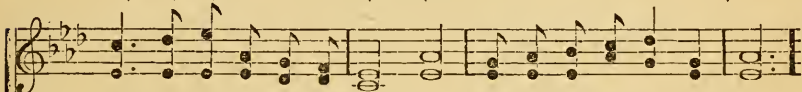
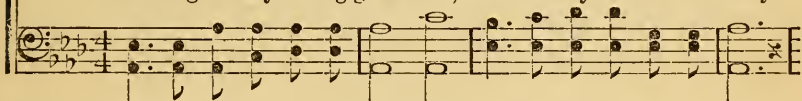
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MARY D. JAMES.

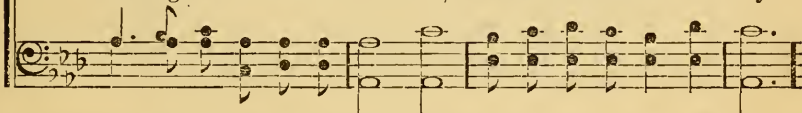
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



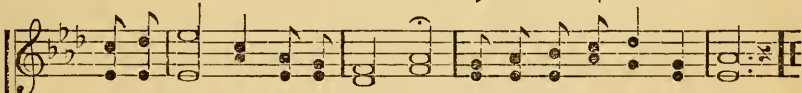
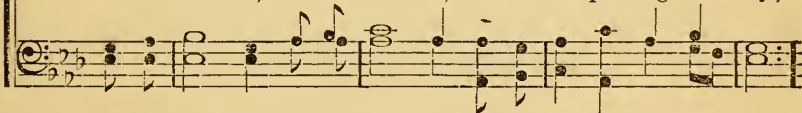
1. In this world of sin and dan-ger, How I need a constant guide!
2. While thy mighty hands shall hold me,—Weak and helpless tho' I be,—
3. Trusting in thy loving guid-ance, Peace-ful-ly I tread the way!



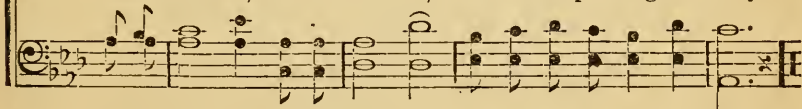
Wi - ly foes are all around me,—Je-sus, keep me near thy side.  
Safe - ly I shall pass thro' dangers, Fearless of the foes I see.  
Looking ev - er un - to Je - sus, Thou wilt never let me stray.



Bless-ed Sav-iour, Blessed Sav - iour, Let me in thy love a - bide;  
Dear Redeem - er, Dear Re-deem-er, All my trust is stayed on thee;  
Great Pro-ect- or, Great Pro-ect- or, Thou wilt keep me night and day;



Blessed Sav-iour, Blessed Sav-iour, Let me in thy love a - bide.  
Dear Redeem-er, Dear Redeem - er, All my trust is stayed on thee.  
Great Protect - or, Great Protect- or, Thou wilt keep me night and day.



4 Under thy blest wing of mercy  
How securely do I rest;  
Clouds may come, and fearful tempest,  
But I'm leaning on thy breast.  
Blessed shelter,  
Here no enemies molest.

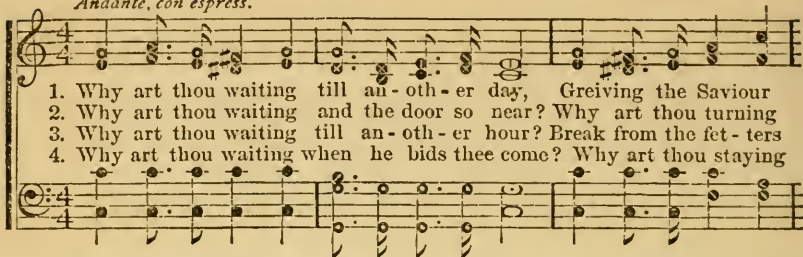
5 Jesus, how thy loving kindness  
Hedges all my onward path,  
How thy mercy doth inclose me!  
"Thou wilt guide me unto death."  
I will praise thee,  
Praise thee with my latest breath.



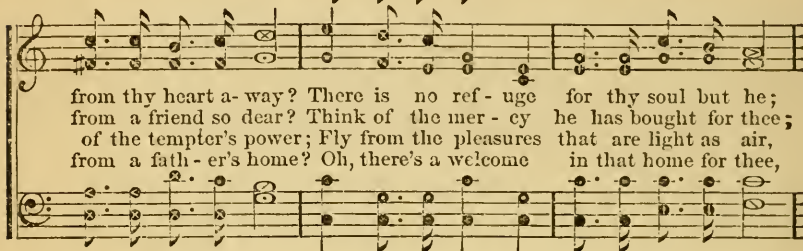
# Why art thou Waiting?

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

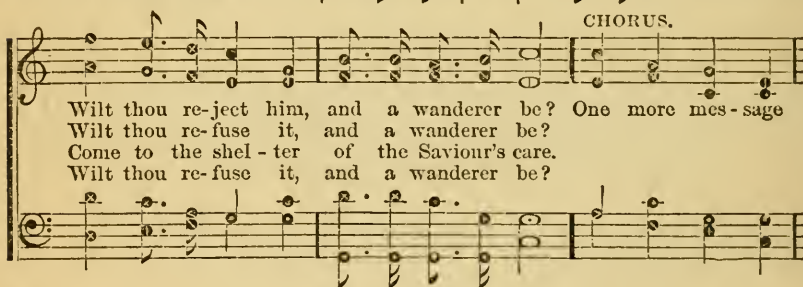
JNO. R. SWINNEY.

*Andante, con espress.*


1. Why art thou waiting till an-oth-er day, Greiving the Saviour  
 2. Why art thou waiting and the door so near? Why art thou turning  
 3. Why art thou waiting till an-oth-er hour? Break from the fet-ters  
 4. Why art thou waiting when he bids thee come? Why art thou staying

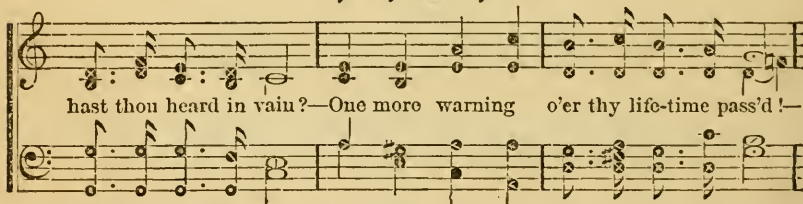


from thy heart a-way? There is no ref-uge for thy soul but he;  
 from a friend so dear? Think of the mer-cy he has bought for thee;  
 of the tempter's power; Fly from the pleasures that are light as air,  
 from a fath-er's home? Oh, there's a welcome in that home for thee,

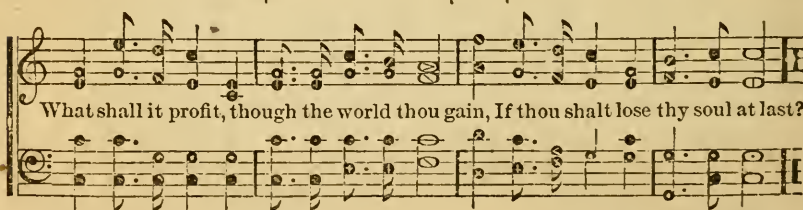


CHORUS.

Wilt thou re-ject him, and a wanderer be? One more mes-sage  
 Wilt thou re-fuse it, and a wanderer be?  
 Come to the shel-ter of the Saviour's care.  
 Wilt thou re-fuse it, and a wanderer be?



hast thou heard in vain?—One more warning o'er thy life-time pass'd!—



What shall it profit, though the world thou gain, If thou shalt lose thy soul at last?



# Jesus Saves.

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PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves,  
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves,

Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,  
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, E - cho back, ye o - cean caves,  
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,  
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves,

Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.  
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.  
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.  
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

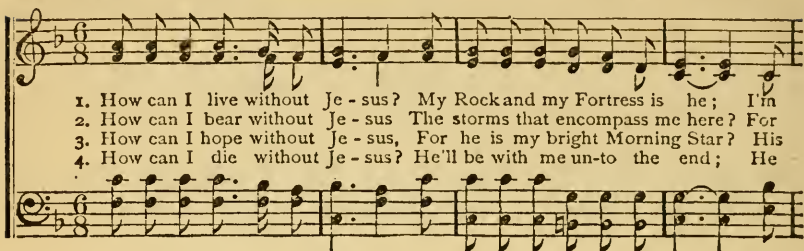
# How can I live without Jesus.

"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."—MARK xxviii. 20.

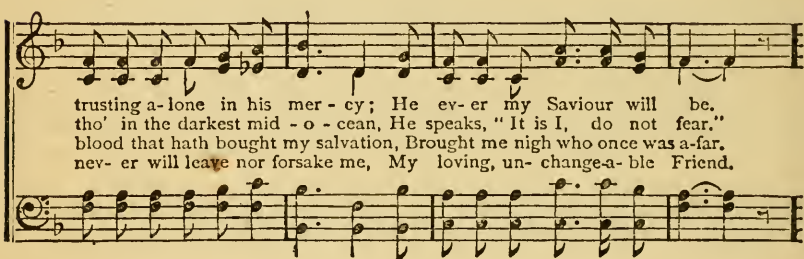
"Without me ye can do nothing."—JN. xv. 5.

Mrs. EMMA PITT.

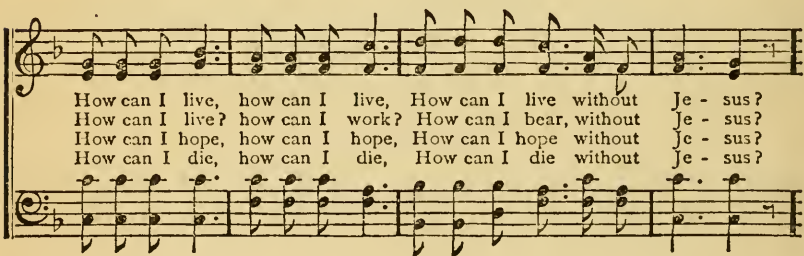
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



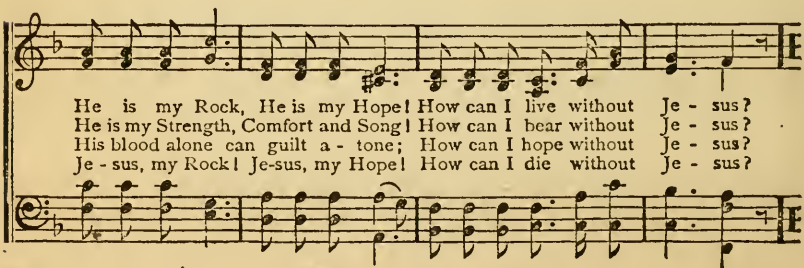
1. How can I live without Je - sus? My Rock and my Fortress is he; I'm  
 2. How can I bear without Je - sus The storms that encompass me here? For  
 3. How can I hope without Je - sus, For he is my bright Morning Star? His  
 4. How can I die without Je - sus? He'll be with me un-to the end; He



trusting a-lone in his mer - cy; He ev - er my Saviour will be,  
 tho' in the darkest mid - o - cean, He speaks, "It is I, do not fear."  
 blood that hath bought my salvation, Brought me nigh who once was a-far,  
 nev - er will leave nor forsake me, My loving, un - change - a - ble Friend.



How can I live, how can I live, How can I live without Je - sus?  
 How can I live? how can I work? How can I bear, without Je - sus?  
 How can I hope, how can I hope, How can I hope without Je - sus?  
 How can I die, how can I die, How can I die without Je - sus?



He is my Rock, He is my Hope! How can I live without Je - sus?  
 He is my Strength, Comfort and Song! How can I bear without Je - sus?  
 His blood alone can guilt a - tone; How can I hope without Je - sus?  
 Je - sus, my Rock! Je - sus, my Hope! How can I die without Je - sus?

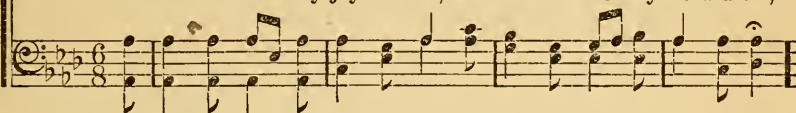
# Saves me Through and Through. 87

FANNY J. CROSBY.

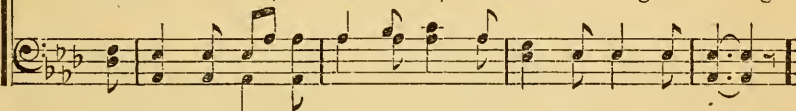
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. The blood that Je- sus shed for me When groaning, dying on the tree,
2. In per- fect trust I now re- sign My all to him whose will is mine;
3. No angel tongue such praise can bring, Nor learn the song that now I sing
4. I know not what my joy will be, When face to face my Lord I see,



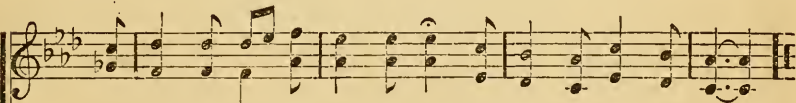
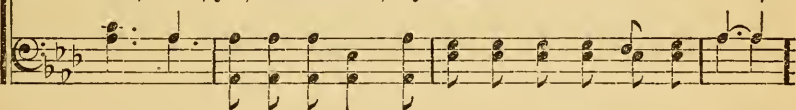
From all transgres- sion cleanseth me, And saves me through and through.  
 He fills my soul with love divine, And saves me through and through.  
 To him, my Prophet, Priest and King, Who saves me through and through.  
 But this I know, he cleanseth me, And saves me through and through.



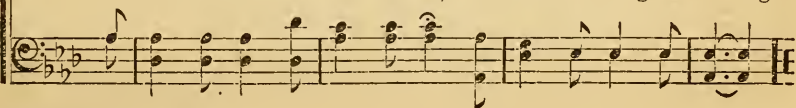
## CHORUS.



Saved, saved, yes, I am saved, My heart is cre - a - ted a - new;



The blood of Je - sus cleanseth me, And saves me through and through.



## Tell it Out.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Tell it out a-mong the heathen that the Lord is King, Tell it  
 2. Tell it out a-mong the na-tions that the Sav - iour reigns, Tell it  
 3. Tell it out a-mong the heathen, Je - sus reigns a - bove, Tell it

out, tell it out, Tell it out among the nations, bid them  
 out, tell it out, Tell it out among the heathen, bid them  
 out, tell it out, Tell it out among the nations that his

Tell it out, tell it out,

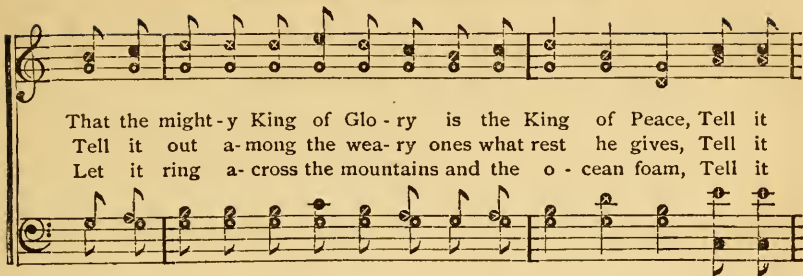
shout and sing, Tell it out, tell it out; Tell it out with ad - ò -  
 burst their chains, Tell it out, tell it out; Tell it out among the  
 name is love, Tell it out, tell it out; Tell it out among the

Tell it out,

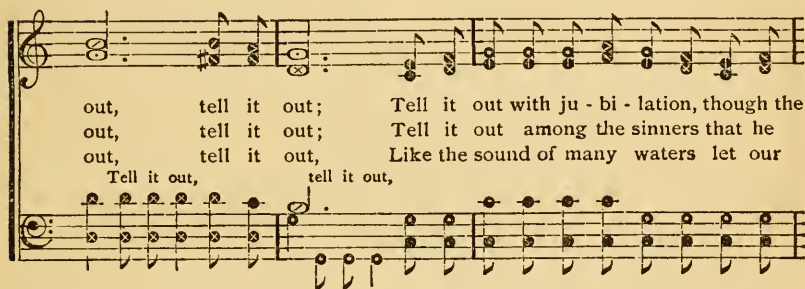
ration, that he shall increase, Tell it out, tell it out,  
 weeping ones that Je - sus lives, Tell it out, tell it out,  
 highways and the lanes at home, Tell it out, tell it out,

Tell it out, tell it out,

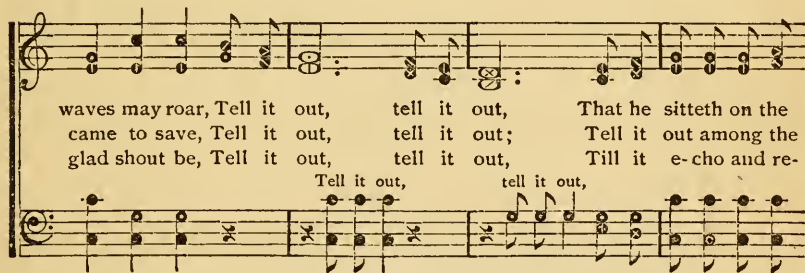




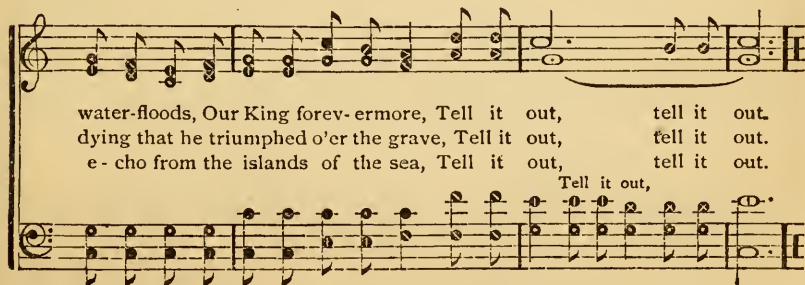
That the might-y King of Glo-ry is the King of Peace, Tell it  
 Tell it out a-mong the wea-ry ones what rest he gives, Tell it  
 Let it ring a-cross the mountains and the o - cean foam, Tell it



out, tell it out; Tell it out with ju - bi - lation, though the  
 out, tell it out; Tell it out among the sinners that he  
 out, tell it out, Like the sound of many waters let our  
 Tell it out, tell it out,



waves may roar, Tell it out, tell it out, That he sitteth on the  
 came to save, Tell it out, tell it out; Tell it out among the  
 glad shout be, Tell it out, tell it out, Till it e-cho and re-  
 Tell it out, tell it out,

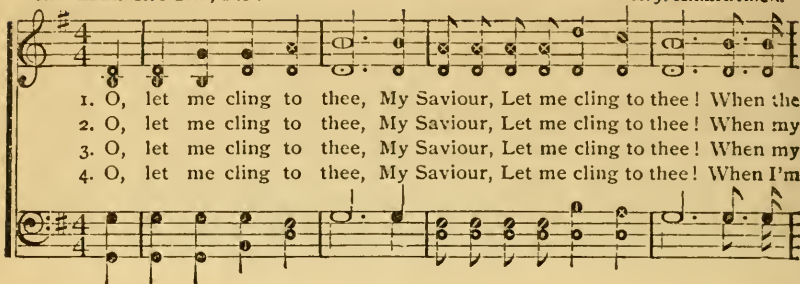


water-floods, Our King forev-ermore, Tell it out, tell it out.  
 dying that he triumphed o'er the grave, Tell it out, tell it out.  
 e - cho from the islands of the sea, Tell it out, tell it out.  
 Tell it out,

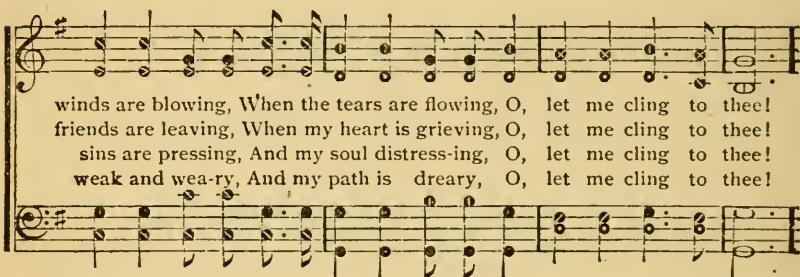
# Let me Cling to Thee.

Rev EDWIN H. NEVIN, D.D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

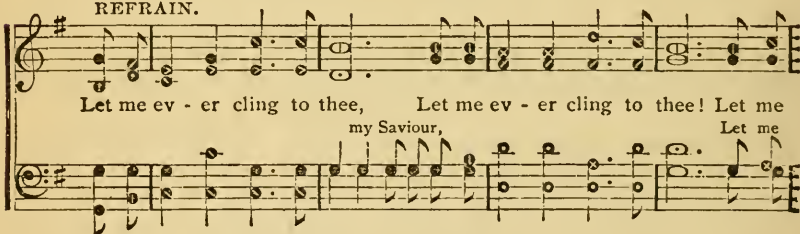


1. O, let me cling to thee, My Saviour, Let me cling to thee! When the  
 2. O, let me cling to thee, My Saviour, Let me cling to thee! When my  
 3. O, let me cling to thee, My Saviour, Let me cling to thee! When my  
 4. O, let me cling to thee, My Saviour, Let me cling to thee! When I'm

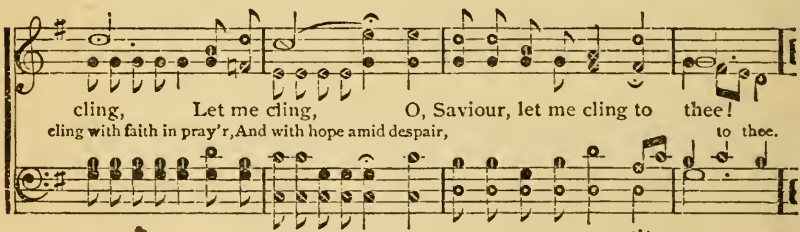


winds are blowing, When the tears are flowing, O, let me cling to thee!  
 friends are leaving, When my heart is grieving, O, let me cling to thee!  
 sins are pressing, And my soul distress-ing, O, let me cling to thee!  
 weak and wea-ry, And my path is dreary, O, let me cling to thee!

## REFRAIN.



Let me ev - er cling to thee, my Saviour, Let me



cling, Let me cling, O, Saviour, let me cling to thee!  
 cling with faith in pray'r, And with hope amid despair, to thee.

5 O, let me cling to thee,  
 My Saviour,  
 Let me cling to thee!  
 When the cloud is o'er me,  
 And the storm before me,  
 O, let me cling to thee!

6 O, let me cling to thee,  
 My Saviour,  
 Let me cling to thee!  
 When I cross the river,  
 Which from earth doth sever,  
 O, let me cling to thee!

# Keep Step Ever.

91

C. R. BLACKALL.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Would you gain the best in life? Win the prize 'mid all the strife? Hold your  
 2. Life is more than i - dle play; It will quickly pass away; Use a -  
 3. Look beyond the present hour; Nev - er yield to Satan's power; Tho' a -

place thro' troubles rife? With the right keep step! Know the world is watching you;  
 right each golden day; With the good keep step! There are earnest pressing needs,  
 bove the clouds may lower, With the truth keep step! Onward press! nor, on the way,

Be sincere in all you do; With the good, the pure, and true, Ever firm keep step!  
 Filled alone by purest deeds; Happy he the call who heeds—With the true keep step!  
 Loiter once or waste the day: God and truth and right all say, Strong in faith, keep step!

CHORUS.

Keep step, keep step ev - er, Keep step, keep step ev - er,

Keep step, keep step, Keep step, keep step ev - er.

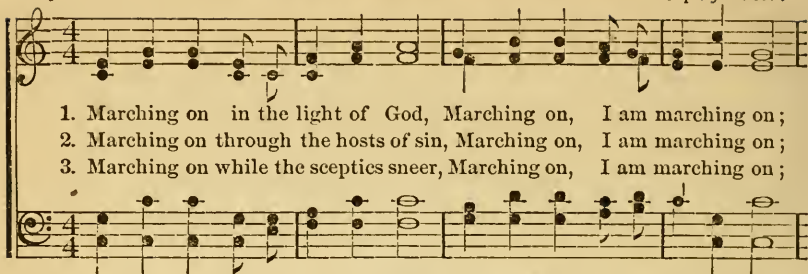
By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA TI

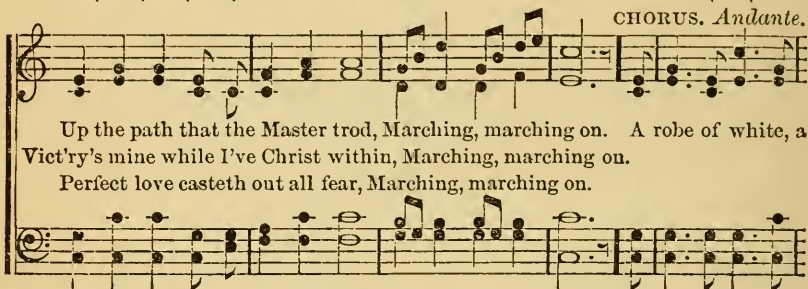
## Marching Song.

J.

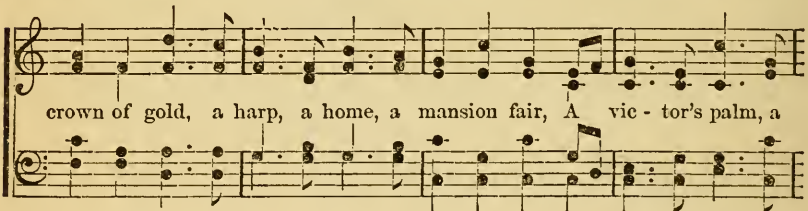
Capt. JOHNSON.



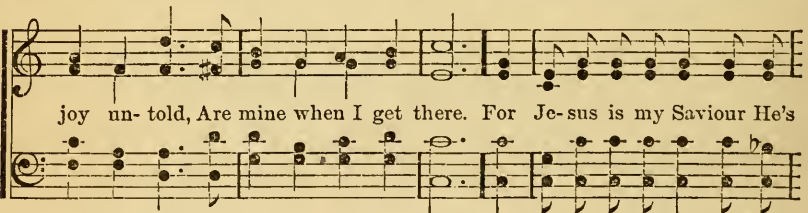
1. Marching on in the light of God, Marching on, I am marching on;  
 2. Marching on through the hosts of sin, Marching on, I am marching on;  
 3. Marching on while the sceptics sneer, Marching on, I am marching on;



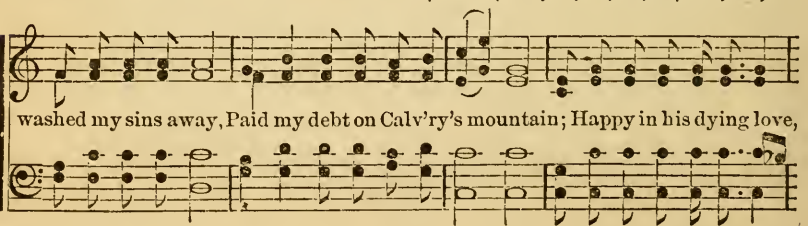
CHORUS. *Andante.*  
 Up the path that the Master trod, Marching, marching on. A robe of white, a  
 Vict'ry's mine while I've Christ within, Marching, marching on.  
 Perfect love casteth out all fear, Marching, marching on.



crown of gold, a harp, a home, a mansion fair, A vic - tor's palm, a

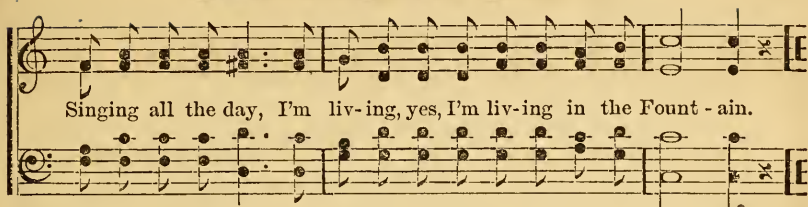


joy un- told, Are mine when I get there. For Je- sus is my Saviour He's



washed my sins away, Paid my debt on Calv'ry's mountain; Happy in his dying love,





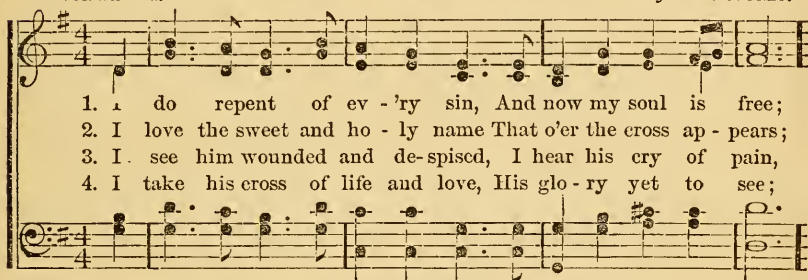
Singing all the day, I'm liv-ing, yes, I'm liv-ing in the Fount - ain.

- 4 Marching on with the flag unfurled,  
Marching on, I am marching on;  
Preaching Christ to the dying world,  
Marching, marching on.
- 5 Marching on with the sacred fire,  
Marching on, I am marching on;  
On till the Lord shall say, "Come up  
Marching, marching on. [higher]"

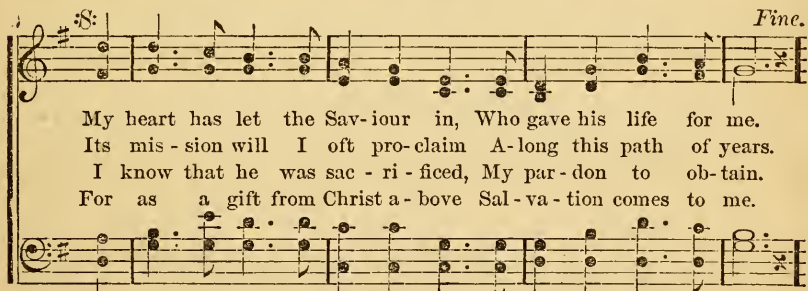
## Cross of Calvary.

E. A. BARNES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



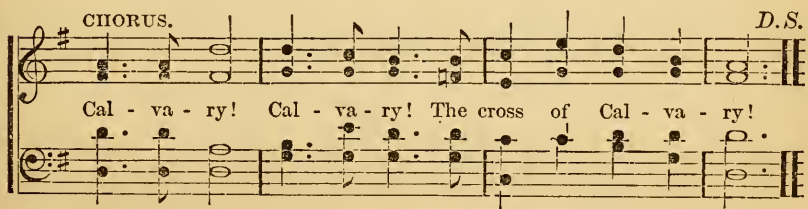
1. I do repent of ev - 'ry sin, And now my soul is free;  
2. I love the sweet and ho - ly name That o'er the cross ap - pears;  
3. I see him wounded and de-spised, I hear his cry of pain,  
4. I take his cross of life and love, His glo - ry yet to see;



*Fine.*

My heart has let the Sav-iour in, Who gave his life for me.  
Its mis-sion will I oft pro-claim A-long this path of years.  
I know that he was sac - ri - ficed, My par-don to ob-tain.  
For as a gift from Christ a - bove Sal - va - tion comes to me.

D.S.—I do be-lieve that on the cross The Sav-iour died for me.



CHORUS. *D.S.*

Cal - va - ry! Cal - va - ry! The cross of Cal - va - ry!

## Arise and Shine.

H. BONAR.

J. J. HOOD.

1. Out of darkness in-to light      Je - sus calls the sons of night,  
2. From this world's alluring snares,      From its per-ils and its cares,  
3. From the van-i-ties of youth,      In-to rest, and love, and truth,

Out of midnight in - to day      Je - sus bids us come a - way.  
 From its van - i - ty and strife,      Je - sus beckons us to life.  
 In - to joy that nev - er palls,      Je - sus in his mer - cy calls.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

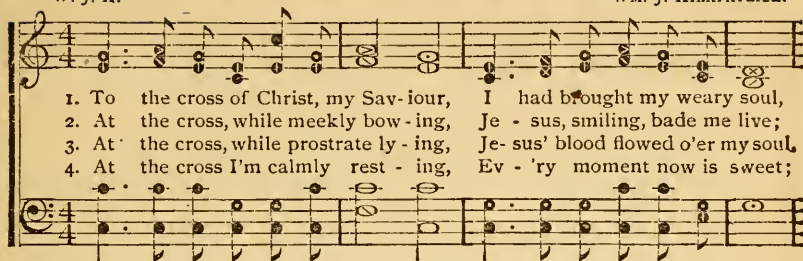
A-ri-se, a-ri-se, . . . . a-ri-se and shine; . . . . A-ri-se, a-ri-se, a-ri-se, a-ri-se, a-ri-se and shine;

The musical score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing on both staves. The score includes repeat signs and a final double bar line.

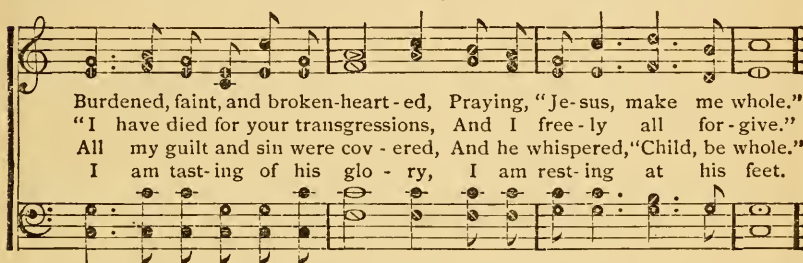
rise, . . . thy light is come; . . . Arise and shine, . . . thy light is

Arise, arise, thy light is come; Arise and shine,

come, . . . . The glo-ry of the Lord is risen up-on our gloom.  
thy light is come,

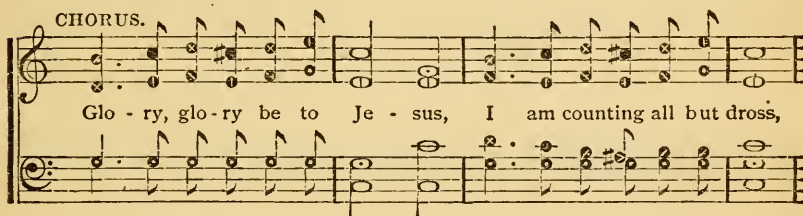


1. To the cross of Christ, my Sav-iour, I had brought my weary soul,  
 2. At the cross, while meekly bow-ing, Je-sus, smiling, bade me live;  
 3. At the cross, while prostrate ly-ing, Je-sus' blood flowed o'er my soul,  
 4. At the cross I'm calmly rest-ing, Ev-'ry moment now is sweet;

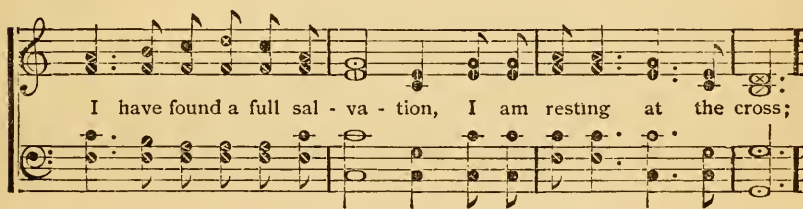


Burdened, faint, and broken-heart-ed, Praying, "Je-sus, make me whole."  
 "I have died for your transgressions, And I free-ly all for-give."  
 All my guilt and sin were cov-ered, And he whispered, "Child, be whole."  
 I am tast-ing of his glo-ry, I am rest-ing at his feet.

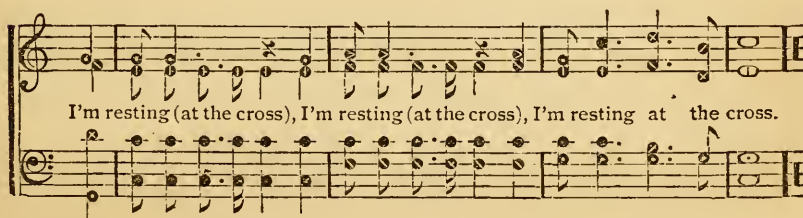
CHORUS.



Glo-ry, glo-ry be to Je-sus, I am counting all but dross,



I have found a full sal-va-tion, I am resting at the cross;

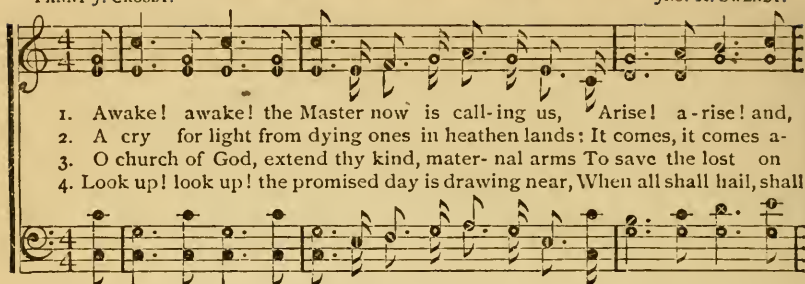


I'm resting (at the cross), I'm resting (at the cross), I'm resting at the cross.

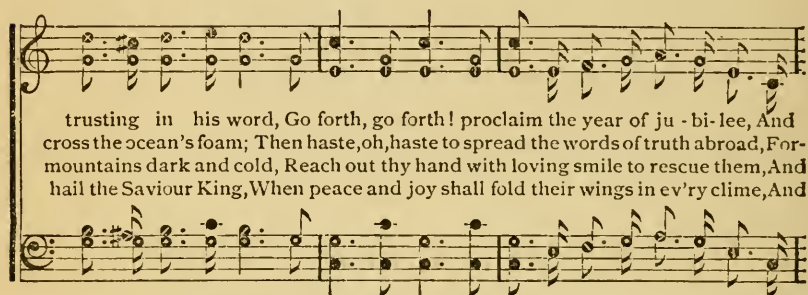
## Church Rallying Song.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

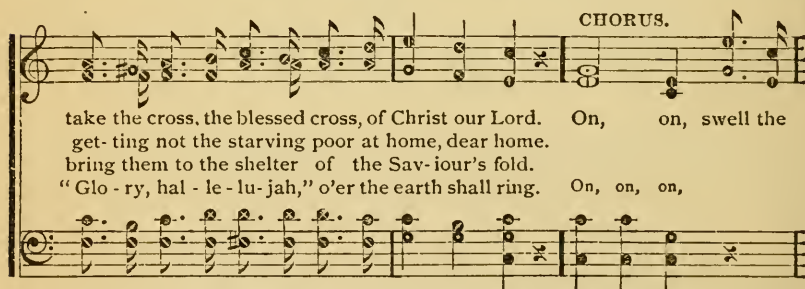
JNO. R. SWENSV.



1. Awake! awake! the Master now is call-ing us, Arise! a-rise! and,  
 2. A cry for light from dying ones in heathen lands: It comes, it comes a-  
 3. O church of God, extend thy kind, mater- nal arms To save the lost on  
 4. Look up! look up! the promised day is drawing near, When all shall hail, shall

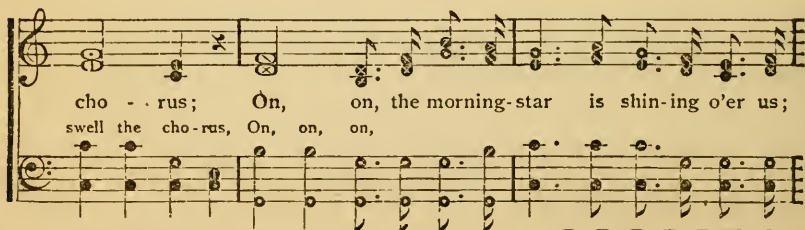


trusting in his word, Go forth, go forth! proclaim the year of ju-bi-lee, And  
 cross the ocean's foam; Then haste, oh, haste to spread the words of truth abroad, For  
 mountains dark and cold, Reach out thy hand with loving smile to rescue them, And  
 hail the Saviour King, When peace and joy shall fold their wings in ev'ry clime, And



CHORUS.

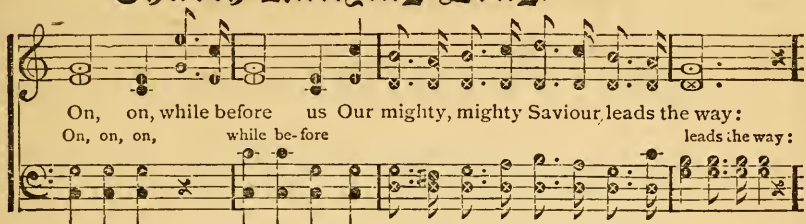
take the cross, the blessed cross, of Christ our Lord. On, on, swell the  
 get-ting not the starving poor at home, dear home.  
 bring them to the shelter of the Sav-iour's fold.  
 "Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah," o'er the earth shall ring. On, on, on,



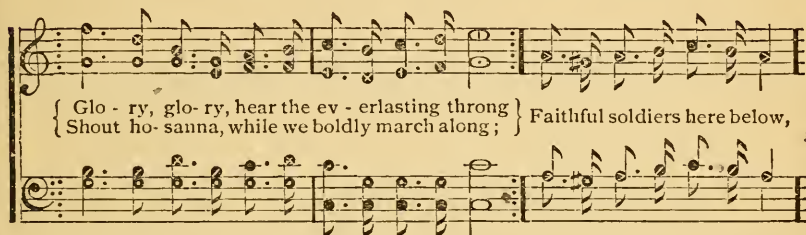
cho-rus; On, on, the morning-star is shin-ing o'er us;  
 swell the cho-rus, On, on, on,



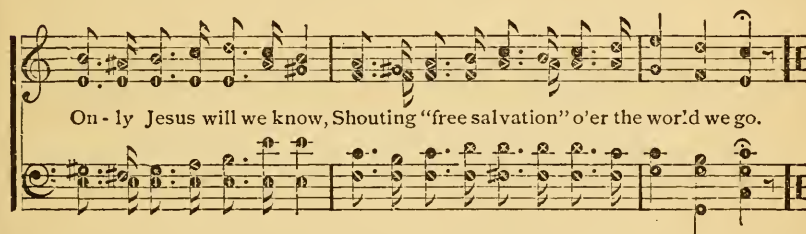
# Church Rallying Song.—CONCLUDED. 97



On, on, while before us Our mighty, mighty Saviour, leads the way:  
On, on, on, while be-fore leads the way:



{ Glo - ry, glo - ry, hear the ev - erlasting throng } Faithful soldiers here below,  
{ Shout ho - sanna, while we boldly march along; }



On - ly Jesus will we know, Shouting "free salvation" o'er the world we go.

F. J. C.

Christmas Carol.—Awake! awake!

Tune above.

1 Awake! awake! our festive day is  
dawning now,  
Awake! awake! and hail its golden  
light;  
Rejoice! rejoice! behold the Sun of  
Righteousness  
Arising in its beauty o'er a long, long  
night.

Cho.—Come, come, join the chorus,  
Come, come, the angel hosts are bend-  
ing o'er us;  
Come, come, join the chorus,—  
All glory be to God, to God above.  
Oh, the rapture of the bright angelic  
form,  
Oh, the rapture while the anthem rolls  
along.  
Hark! the merry, merry bells,  
Everywhere their music swells;

Hark! the merry chiming of the grand  
old bells.

3 Good news, good news resounding o'er  
the earth again,  
Good news, good news: behold a Sav-  
iour born;  
Make room, make room in every heart  
to welcome him,  
And shout aloud, hosanna! on his birth-  
day morn.

4 He comes, he comes, the captive's cruel  
chain to break,  
He comes, he comes to give his people  
rest;  
Break forth, break forth, his mighty,  
mighty love proclaim;  
In him shall every nation, every clime,  
be blessed.

## Hallelujah to Jesus.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hal-le-lu-jah to Je-sus! his praise let us sing; Our Re-deem-er, our  
 2. Hal-le-lu-jah to Je-sus! though trials are nigh, Hal-le-lu-jah! the  
 3. Hal-le-lu-jah! the mountains of danger shall sing; Hal-le-lu-jah! the  
 4. Hal-le-lu-jah to Je-sus! no strength is our own; But we draw our sup-

Help-er, our Lead-er, and King; We fol-low his guid-ing, we  
 voice of our faith shall re- ply; He is with us, he leads us, in  
 fields of life's bat-tle shall ring; And the val-ley of shadows, the  
 plies from the King on his throne; Ev-ry sin shall be vanquished, each

trust in his might; We live by his pow-er, and walk in his light.  
 him we con-fide, We will scat-ter sin's legions with God on our side!  
 lone pass of death, Shall e-cho in mu-sic the shout of our faith.  
 tempter shall flee; Hal-le-lu-jah to Je-sus! he gives vic-to-ry.

## CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah to Je-sus! His goodness make known; All glo-ry, and

hon-or, and praise be his own; Hal-le-lu-jah to Je-sus, our

Saviour is he; Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! he gives vic-to-ry.

## I will not Fear.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. While out on life's dark, stormy sea How sweet to know that Christ is near;  
 2. The an-gry waves may round me roll, The storm may rage, the night be drear,  
 3. Je-sus con-trols the winds and waves, The storm will cease at his command,

*rit.* *Fine.*

What comfort does it give to me, When I his loving voice can hear.  
 Peaceful and calm shall be my soul, If Christ assures me he is near.  
 A-mid the dang-er Je-sus saves, He holds me by his lov-ing hand.

*D.S.* Far, far a-bove the tempest wild I hear him say, "Fear not my child."

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

I will not fear, I will not fear, For Christ my lov-ing Saviour's near;

4 I'll trust in his almighty power,  
 Since he has bid me not to fear;  
 I know that in life's darkest hour  
 Jesus my Saviour will be near.

5 My little bark he'll safely guide  
 Into the port of endless rest,  
 And there with him I shall abide  
 And naught my soul shall e'er molest.

## Coming To-day.

FANNY J. CROSET.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Out on the desert, looking, looking, Sinner, 'tis Je-sus looking for thee;  
 2. Still he is waiting, waiting, waiting, O what compassion beams in his eye,  
 3. Lov-ing-ly pleading, pleading, pleading, Mer-cy, tho' slighted, bears with thee yet;  
 4. Spir-its in glo-ry, watching, watching, Long to be-hold thee safe in the fold;

Ten-der-ly calling, calling, calling, Hither, thou lost one, O come un-to me.  
 Hear him re-peat-ing gently, gently, Come to thy Saviour, O why wilt thou die.  
 Thou canst be happy, happy, happy, Come, ere thy life-star for-ev-er shall set.  
 An-gels are waiting, waiting, waiting, When shall thy story with rapture be told?

## CHORUS.

Je-sus is looking, Je-sus is calling, Why dost thou linger, why tar-ry a-way?

Run to him quickly, say to him gladly, Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.

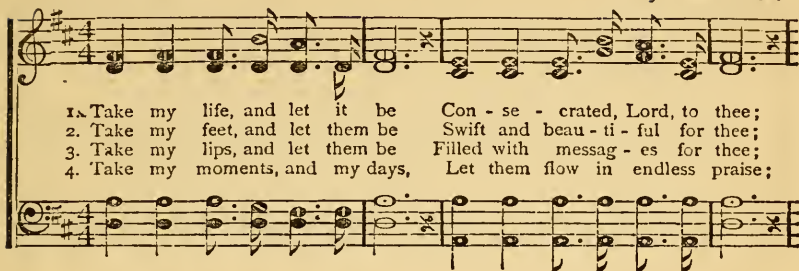


# Entire Consecration.

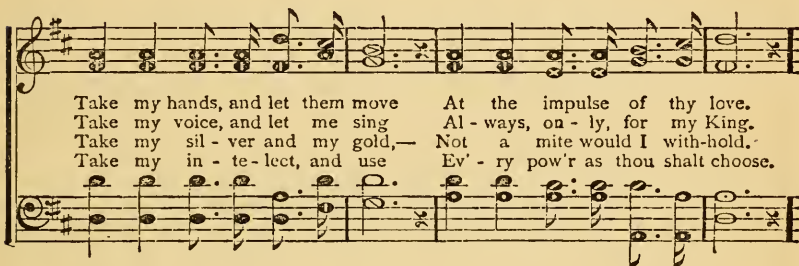
101

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

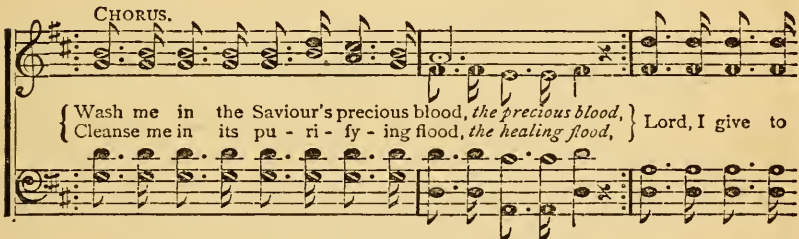


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crated, Lord, to thee;  
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee;  
 3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with messag - es for thee;  
 4. Take my moments, and my days, Let them flow in endless praise;

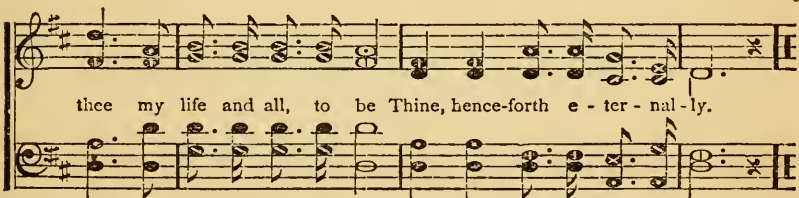


Take my hands, and let them move At the impulse of thy love.  
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.  
 Take my sil - ver and my gold, — Not a mite would I with - hold.  
 Take my in - te - lect, and use Ev' - ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.

## CHORUS.



{ Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, *the precious blood,* } Lord, I give to  
 { Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood, *the healing flood,* }



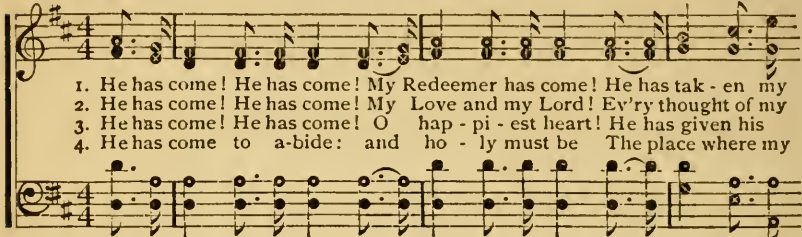
thee my life and all, to be Thine, hence - forth e - ter - nal - ly.

5 Take my will, and make it thine;  
 It shall be no longer mine;  
 Take my heart, — it is thine own, —  
 It shall be thy royal throne,

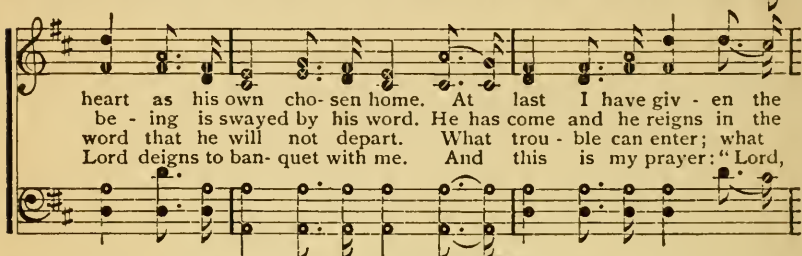
6 Take my love, — my Lord, I pour  
 At thy feet its treasure-store!  
 Take myself, and I will be  
 Ever, only, all for thee!

# He has Come.

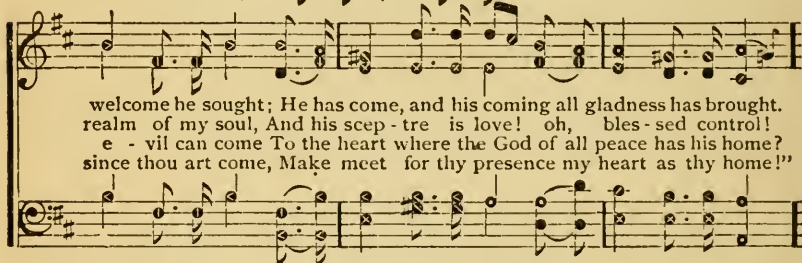
[Written after hearing a sermon from Chaplain McCabe, from the text, "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion! Behold, thy King cometh!"]  
 Mrs. J. H. KNOWLES. JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. He has come! He has come! My Redeemer has come! He has tak - en my  
 2. He has come! He has come! My Love and my Lord! Ev'ry thought of my  
 3. He has come! He has come! O hap - pi - est heart! He has given his  
 4. He has come to a-bide: and ho - ly must be The place where my

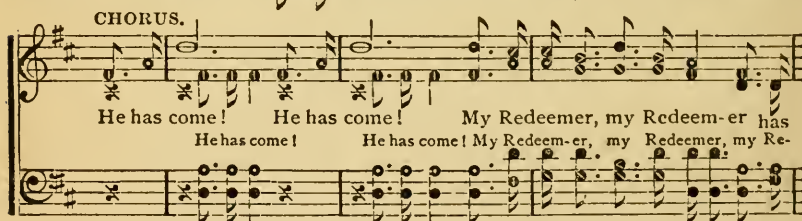


heart as his own cho - sen home. At last I have giv - en the  
 be - ing is swayed by his word. He has come and he reigns in the  
 word that he will not depart. What trou - ble can enter; what  
 Lord deigns to ban-quet with me. And this is my prayer: "Lord,

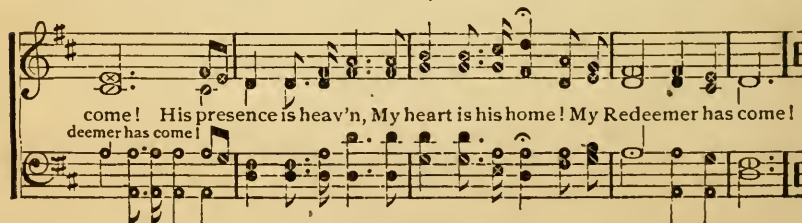


welcome he sought; He has come, and his coming all gladness has brought.  
 realm of my soul, And his scep - tre is love! oh, bles - sed control!  
 e - vil can come To the heart where the God of all peace has his home?  
 since thou art come, Make meet for thy presence my heart as thy home!"

CHORUS.



He has come! He has come! My Redeemer, my Redeem-er has  
 He has come! He has come! My Redeem-er, my Redeemer, my Re-



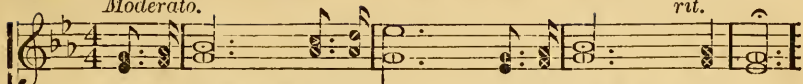
come! His presence is heav'n, My heart is his home! My Redeemer has come!  
 deemer has come!

# Joy in Heaven.

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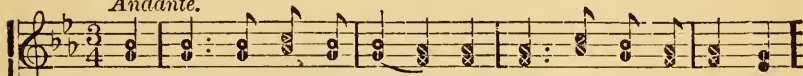
PRISCILLA J. OWENS.  
*Moderato.*

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.  
*rit.*

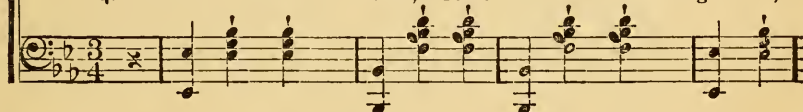



There is joy, there is joy, There is joy in heaven:

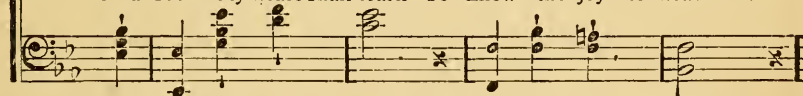
*Andante.*



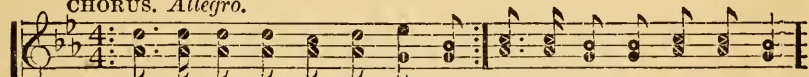
1. A ransomed soul re - turns, The paths of sin for-sak - ing,  
2. A weep - ing sin - ner kneels, The chains of death are bro - ken,  
3. No news of pain or care, The jas - per sea o'er-reach - ing,  
4. O then to God re - turn, — Come back and be for - giv - en,

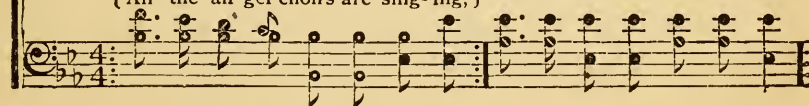
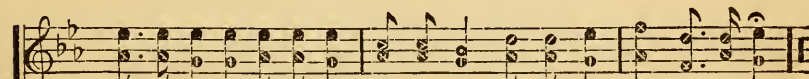
And while his sad heart mourns, The harps of God are wak - ing.  
And soon his glad heart feels The Sav - iour's welcome spok - en.  
But sweet is echoed there The con - trite heart's beseech - ing.  
And soon thy heart shall learn To know the joy of heav - en.



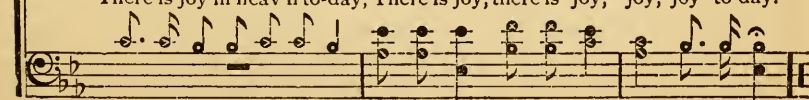
CHORUS. *Allegro.*



{ All the gold - en bells are ring - ing, } All the lov - ing an - gels say,  
{ All the an - gel choirs are sing - ing, }

"There is joy in heav'n to-day, There is joy, there is joy, joy, joy to-day."



1. Ev - ermore fly the moments, the hours pass away, And life's sun - ny  
 2. Ev - ermore speaks the Saviour, O come un - to me, I suffered to  
 3. Ev - ermore, precious Saviour, to thee we would fly, Our portion, our

morning must short - ly de - cay, And where will the heart find its  
 purchase a ran - som for thee; O pilgrims of earth, let your  
 ref - uge when dan - ger is nigh; Thy word is our trea - sure, thy

joy and repose, When the dark clouds of sorrow their trials disclose? Oh,  
 fond hopes arise, Like the dew of the morning, to dwell in the skies, The  
 promise our stay, Thy love be the sunshine of life's latest day; Oh,

where will it rest till the tempests are o'er, Ev - er - more, ev - er -  
 heart's richest treasure there safe you may store, Ev - er - more, ev - er -  
 still lead us on till our jour - ney is o'er, Ev - er - more, ev - er -

more, ev - - er - more.  
 ev - ermore, ev - er, ev - er - more.

4 Evermore sing the loved ones  
 who've passed on before  
 To dwell with the Saviour on  
 Canaan's bright shore,  
 The face of the Father they ever  
 behold,  
 Their sweet voices ring through  
 the city of gold;  
 Oh, when shall we join them, to  
 love and adore  
 Evermore, evermore, evermore?

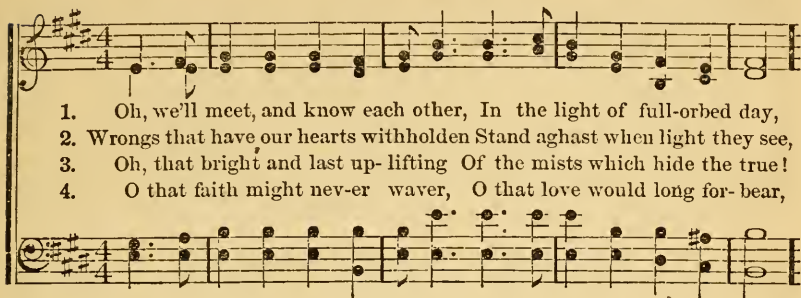


# We'll Know Each Other.

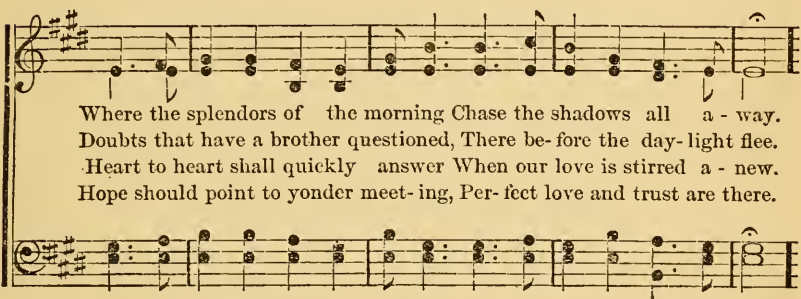
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Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. [From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.]

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

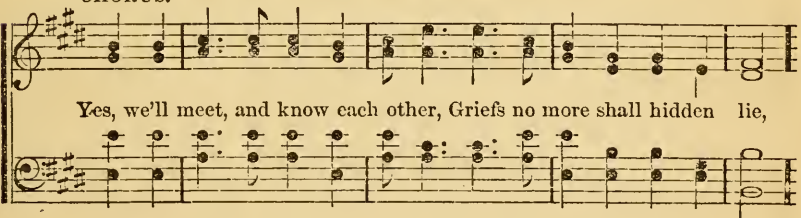


1. Oh, we'll meet, and know each other, In the light of full-orbed day,
2. Wrongs that have our hearts withholden Stand aghast when light they see,
3. Oh, that bright and last up-lifting Of the mists which hide the true!
4. O that faith might nev-er waver, O that love would long for-bear,

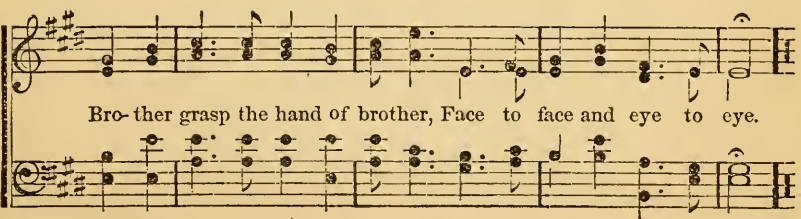


Where the splendors of the morning Chase the shadows all a - way.  
 Doubts that have a brother questioned, There be-fore the day-light flee.  
 Heart to heart shall quickly answer When our love is stirred a - new.  
 Hope should point to yonder meet-ing, Per-fect love and trust are there.

## CHORUS.



Yes, we'll meet, and know each other, Griefs no more shall hidden lie,



Bro-ther grasp the hand of brother, Face to face and eye to eye.

*May be sung as a Solo.*

1. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Now for you he's interced-ing,  
 2. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Wea-ry trav'ler, do not tarry,  
 3. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Voices may not always call you,  
 4. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Where 'tis love and joy forever,

*pp*  
 Gent-ly at thy heart he's pleading, "Come unto me, Come un-to me."  
 Je-sus will thy burdens carry, Oh, will you come? Oh, will you come?  
 "Late, too late," may yet befall you, "Why will ye die?" "Why will ye die?"  
 Where we'll meet to part, no, never, Sinner, come home, Oh, come, come home.

By per. of W. L. THOMPSON &amp; Co.

**The Sinner's Invitation.***Fine.*

1. { Sin-ner, go, will you go To the high-lands of heav-en? }  
 { Where the storms nev-er blow, And the long summer's giv-en; }  
*D. C.*—And the leaves of the bowers In the breez-es are flit-ting.

*D. C.*  
 Where the bright blooming flowers Are their o-dors e-mit-ting;

2 Where the saints, robed in white,  
 Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,  
 Shining beauteous and bright,  
 They inhabit the mountain;  
 Where no sin nor dismay,  
 Neither trouble nor sorrow,  
 Will be felt for a day,  
 Nor be feared for the morrow.

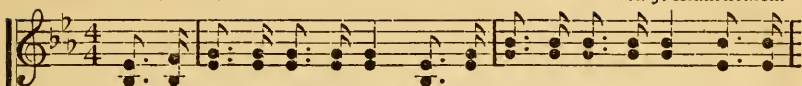
3 He's prepared thee a home,—  
 Sinner, canst thou believe it?  
 And invites thee to come,—  
 Sinner, wilt thou receive it?  
 Oh, come, sinner, come,  
 For the tide is receding;  
 And the Saviour will soon  
 And forever cease pleading.

# Meet me There.

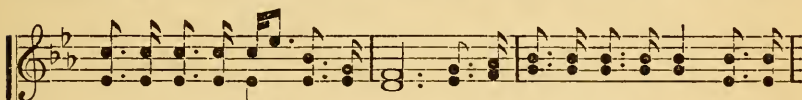
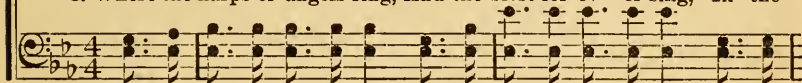
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HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

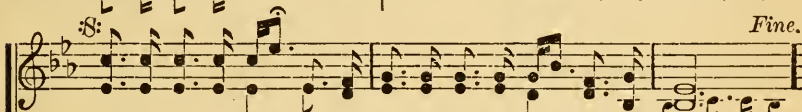
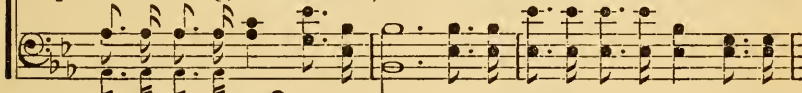
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



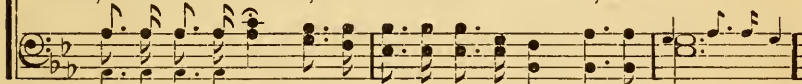
1. On the happy, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain; But in
3. Where the harps of angels ring, And the blest for-ev - er sing, In the



storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves away Into  
heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the river sparkling bright, In the  
palace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with

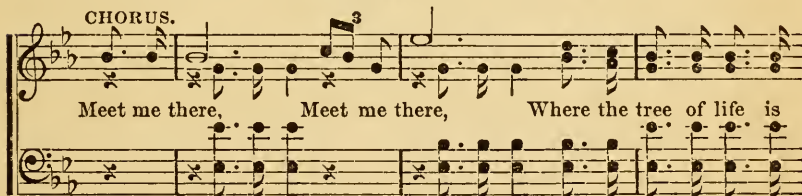


pure and perfect day, I am going home to stay, Meet me there.  
ci - ty of delight, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.  
heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

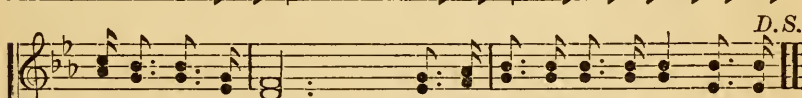


*D.S.*—happy golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

## CHORUS.



Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is



blooming, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the



Meet me there;

# Stay, Sinner, stay!

W. KENNEY.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. Stay, sinner, stay! the night comes on, When slighted mercy is withdrawn;  
2. Stay, sinner, stay! the Father's call Now bids you come, for- saking all;

The Ho - ly Spir - it strives no more, And Jesus gives his pleadings o'er.  
Oh, come, and he will bid you live, Oh, come, and freely he'll for - give.

- 3 Stay, sinner, stay! 'tis Jesus pleads,  
For you he weeps, for you he bleeds;  
Oh, let his love your heart constrain,  
Nor let him weep and bleed in vain.
- 4 Stay, sinner, stay! the Spirit cries,  
Awake, and from the dead arise;  
Arise and plead for mercy now,  
And at the cross repenting bow.
- 5 Come, sinner, come! though guilty now,  
At Jesus' feet submissive bow,  
And freely all shall be forgiven;—  
Oh, come, and taste the joys of heaven.
- 6 See, sinner, see! where loved ones stand,  
All saved in heaven—a happy band;  
Oh, come, and join them on that shore,  
Where death and parting are no more.

C. J. B.

## A Sinner like Me.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. I-was once far away from the Saviour, And as vile as a sinner could be,

I wondered if Christ the Redeemer, Could save a poor sinner like me.

- 2 I wandered on in the darkness,  
Not a ray of light could I see, [ness,  
And the thought filled my heart with sad-  
There's no hope for a sinner like me.
- 3 I then fully trusted in Jesus,  
And oh, what a joy came to me;  
My heart was filled with his praises,  
For saving a sinner like me.
- 4 No longer in darkness I'm walking,  
For the light is now shining on me,  
And now unto others I'm telling,  
How he saved a poor sinner like me.
- 5 And when life's journey is over,  
And I the dear Saviour shall see,  
I'll praise him for ever and ever,  
For saving a sinner like me.



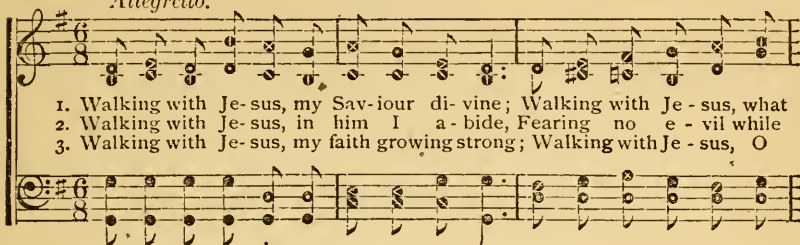
# Walking with Jesus.

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HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

*Allegretto.*

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

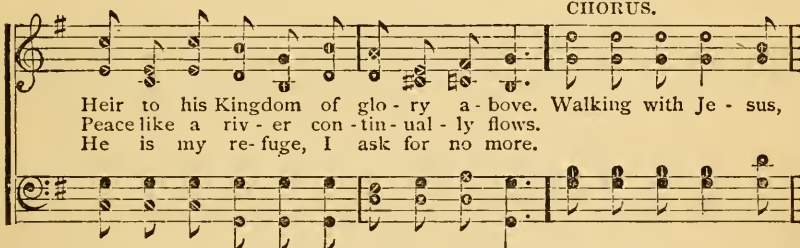


1. Walking with Je-sus, my Sav-iour di-vine; Walking with Je-sus, what  
2. Walking with Je-sus, in him I a-bide, Fearing no e-vil while  
3. Walking with Je-sus, my faith growing strong; Walking with Je-sus, O

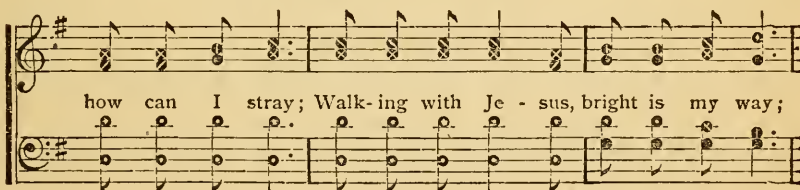


com-fort is mine; Led by his Spir-it, redeemed by his love,  
close to his side; Grace for each mo-ment my Sav-iour be-stows,  
sweet is my song; Bless-ed com-mun-ion with Him I a-dore;

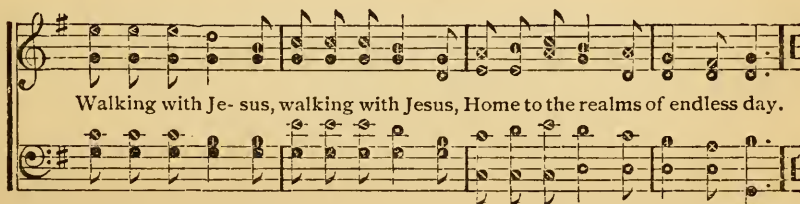
## CHORUS.



Heir to his Kingdom of glo-ry a-bove. Walking with Je-sus,  
Peace like a riv-er con-tin-ual-ly flows.  
He is my re-fuge, I ask for no more.



how can I stray; Walk-ing with Je-sus, bright is my way;



Walking with Je-sus, walking with Jesus, Home to the realms of endless day.

# Coming Judgment.

"Flee from the wrath of God."

R. K. C.

Plantation Melody, alt. and arr. by R. KELSO CARTER.

1. O, the rocks and the mountains shall all flee a-way, When Je-sus comes to
2. In the world there's no pleasure can ever endure, The moments are so
3. In the blood there is cleansing without and within, And Je-sus breaks the

judgment the last great day; And no ref-uge can shel-ter, no  
fleet-ing, there's noth-ing sure; For we fade as a leaf and our  
pow-er of can-celled sin; He keeps us and saves us to

cov-ert can hide The soul that hath re-ject-ed the cru-ci-fied.  
time's but a breath, The Lord hath said the wa-ges of sin is death.  
the ut-termost, Bap-tiz-es us with fire and the Ho-ly Ghost.

## CHORUS.

Sin-ner, sin-ner, plunge in the crim-son flood! There's

par-don, peace, and cleansing be-neath the blood, neath the blood.

# Sacred Rest.

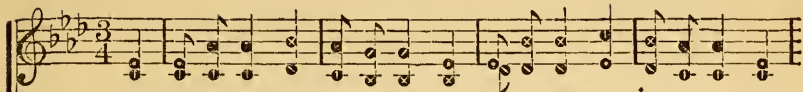
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"For we who have believed do enter into rest."

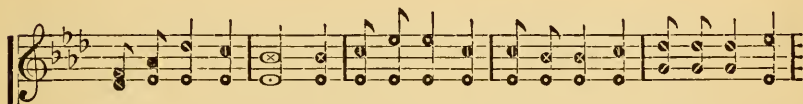
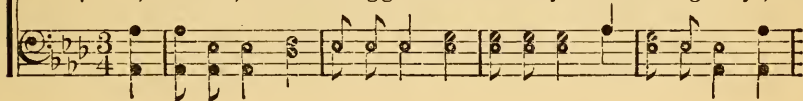
Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

Heb. iv. 3.

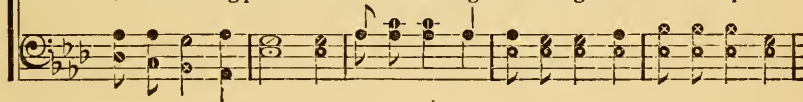
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



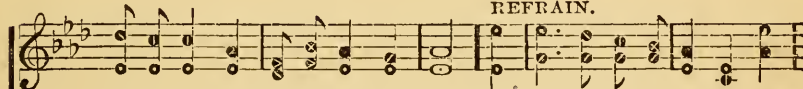
1. How sweet the sacred rest it brings To nestle 'neath his shelt'ring wings,—The
2. 'Tis rest no angel's tongue can tell; 'Tis joy untold, unspeak-a-ble, My
3. Oh, full salvation, hallowed bliss! No creature joys compare with this Di-
4. Oh, wondrous, condescending grace! That we may bask in his bright rays, His



Lover of my soul! "A covert" from the pelting storms, "A refuge" from life's  
Saviour's love to know; To see him smile, and hear him say, "I'll guide thro' all the  
vine, unbroken rest:—The sacred calm the soul receives, The peace of God which  
wealth of blessing prove! And lifted to the glorious height Of fellowship with

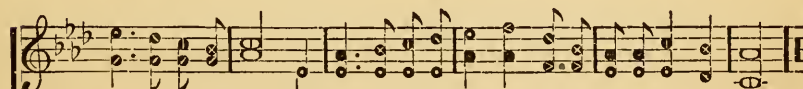


## REFRAIN.

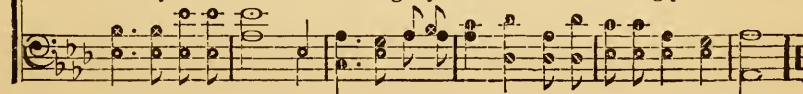


dread alarms, When raging billows roll. Oh, glo-ry be to Je-sus! How  
dang'rous way Each step that thou shalt go."

Jesus gives, While leaning on his breast.  
saints in light, What magnitude of love!



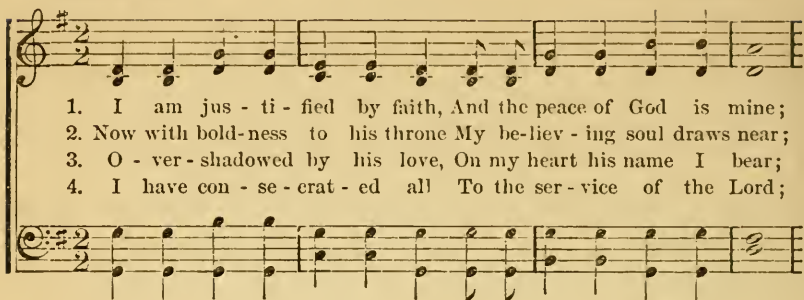
sweetly I am blest!—In trusting my Redeemer I am finding perfect rest.



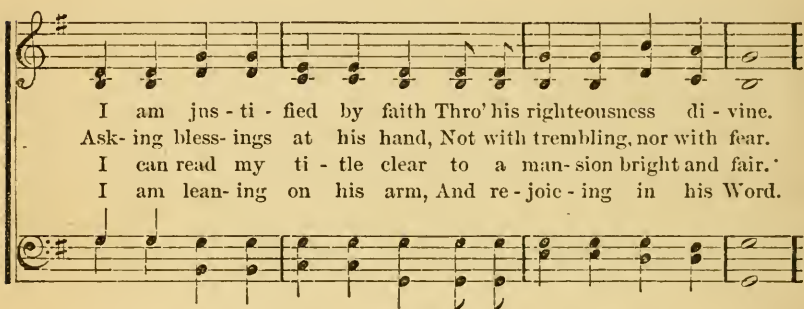
## Cleansed by the Blood.

CARRIE M. WILSON.

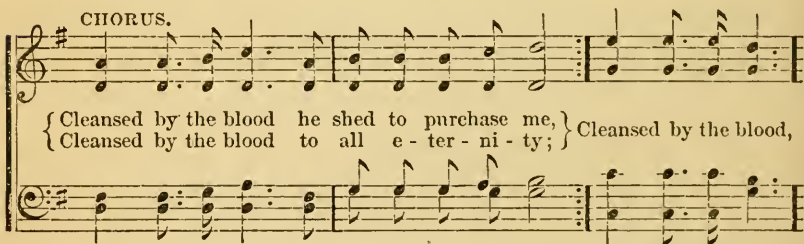
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I am jus - ti - fied by faith, And the peace of God is mine;  
 2. Now with bold - ness to his throne My be - liev - ing soul draws near;  
 3. O - ver - shadowed by his love, On my heart his name I bear;  
 4. I have con - se - crat - ed all To the ser - vice of the Lord;

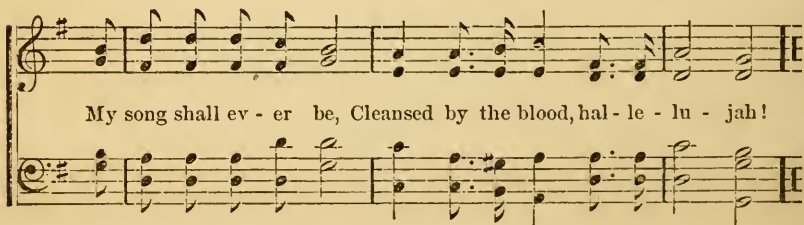


I am jus - ti - fied by faith Thro' his righteousness di - vine.  
 Ask - ing bless - ings at his hand, Not with trembling, nor with fear.  
 I can read my ti - tle clear to a man - sion bright and fair.  
 I am lean - ing on his arm, And re - joic - ing in his Word.



CHORUS.

{ Cleansed by the blood he shed to purchase me,  
 { Cleansed by the blood to all e - ter - ni - ty; } Cleansed by the blood,



My song shall ev - er be, Cleansed by the blood, hal - le - lu - jah!

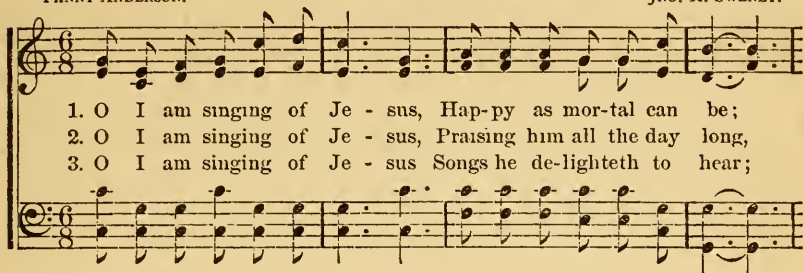


# Singing of Jesus.

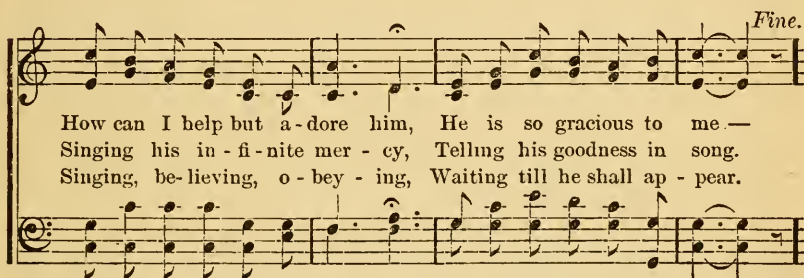
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FANNY ANDERSON.

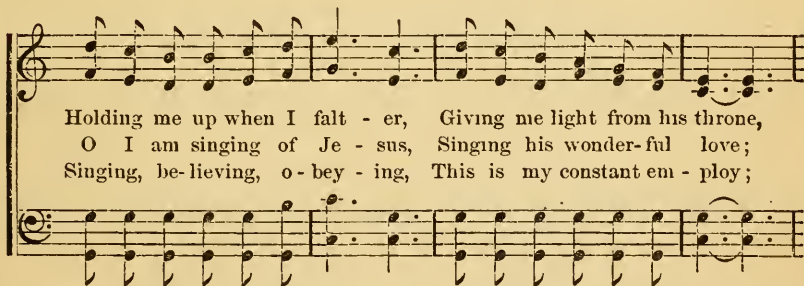
JNO. R. SWENEY.



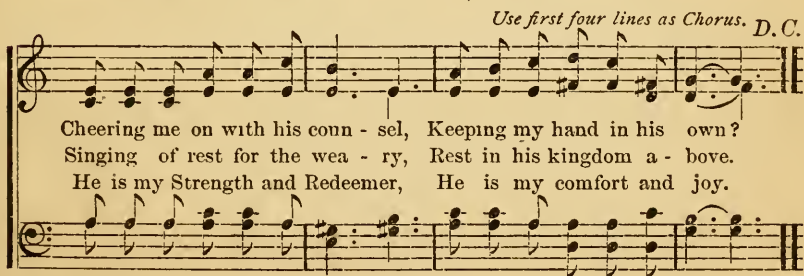
1. O I am singing of Je - sus, Hap - py as mor - tal can be;  
 2. O I am singing of Je - sus, Praising him all the day long,  
 3. O I am singing of Je - sus Songs he de - lighteth to hear;



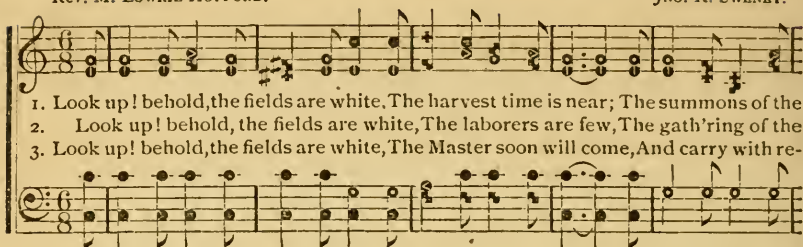
*Fine.*  
 How can I help but a - dore him, He is so gracious to me —  
 Singing his in - fi - nite mer - cy, Telling his goodness in song.  
 Singing, be - lieving, o - bey - ing, Waiting till he shall ap - pear.



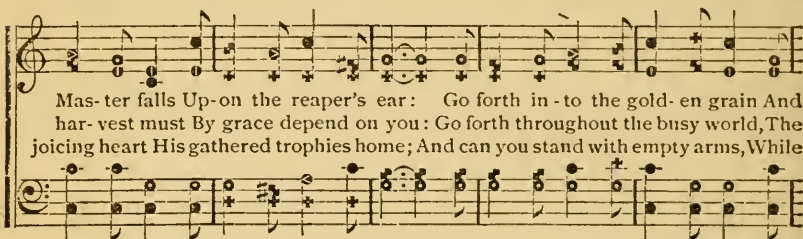
Holding me up when I falt - er, Giving me light from his throne,  
 O I am singing of Je - sus, Singing his wonder - ful love;  
 Singing, be - lieving, o - bey - ing, This is my constant em - ploy;



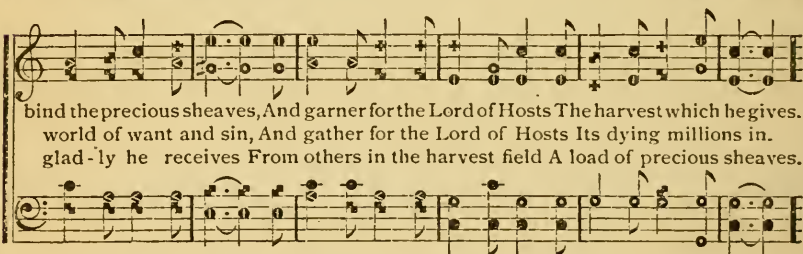
*Use first four lines as Chorus. D. C.*  
 Cheering me on with his coun - sel, Keeping my hand in his own?  
 Singing of rest for the wea - ry, Rest in his kingdom a - bove.  
 He is my Strength and Redeemer, He is my comfort and joy.



1. Look up! behold, the fields are white, The harvest time is near; The summons of the  
 2. Look up! behold, the fields are white, The laborers are few, The gath'ring of the  
 3. Look up! behold, the fields are white, The Master soon will come, And carry with re-



Mas-ter falls Up-on the reaper's ear: Go forth in-to the gold-en grain And  
 har-vest must By grace depend on you: Go forth throughout the busy world, The  
 joicing heart His gathered trophies home; And can you stand with empty arms, While

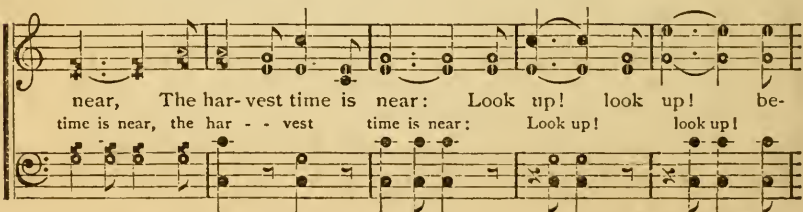


bind the precious sheaves, And garner for the Lord of Hosts The harvest which he gives.  
 world of want and sin, And gather for the Lord of Hosts Its dying millions in.  
 glad-ly he receives From others in the harvest field A load of precious sheaves.

## CHORUS.



Look up! look up! behold, the fields are white, The harvest time is  
 Look up! look up! be-hold! be-hold! the fields are white, The har-vest



near, The har-vest time is near: Look up! look up! be-  
 time is near, the har-vest time is near: Look up! look up!

# Behold, the Fields are White.—CONCLUDED. 115

hold, the fields are white, Look up! behold, the fields are white, The harvest time is near.

## Little Friends of Jesus.

S. MARTIN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Do you know what makes us hap-py, When so man - y hearts are sad?
2. Je - sus loves the children dear - ly,— In his Word he tells them so;
3. We are lit - tle lambs of Je - sus: He, our Shepherd kind and dear,
4. If we try our best to please him He will take us by and by

We are lit - tle friends of Je - sus, That is why we are so glad.  
Once he took them up and blessed them, Many, man - y years a - go.  
Speaks, and, though we do not see him, In our hearts his voice we hear.  
Where our spir - it eyes will know him, Far beyond the star - ry sky.

### CHORUS.

We are lit - tle friends, we are loving friends, We are happy, hap - py lit - tle

friends of Jesus; We are little friends, we are loving friends, We are happy all day long.

## Come and See.

CHARLES H. ELLIOTT.

JNO. R. SWENNY

1. There is pardon sweet, at the Master's feet, Come and see, O come and see;  
 2. There's an easy yoke that you all may bear, Come and see, O come and see;  
 3. There's a healing balm for the weary breast, Come and see, O come and see;  
 4. There's a life beyond, 'tis a life di-vine, Come and see, O come and see;

## CHORUS.

There's a song of peace that shall never cease, Come, O come and see. In the  
 There's a ho-ly joy that you all may share, Come, O come and see.  
 There's a tranquil peace and a sa-cred rest, Come, O come and see.  
 And the light of faith on your path will shine, Come, O come and see.

precious, precious blood of Je-sus Washed a-way your sins may be;

You may plunge just now in its cleansing flood,—Come, will you come and see.

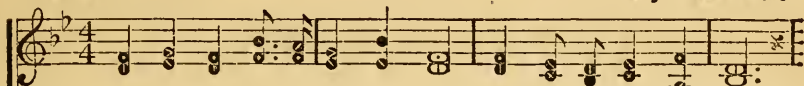


# Jesus will Save You now.

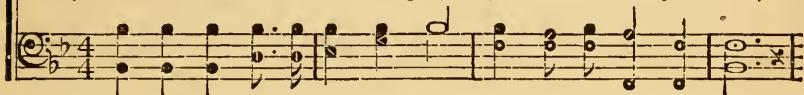
117

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

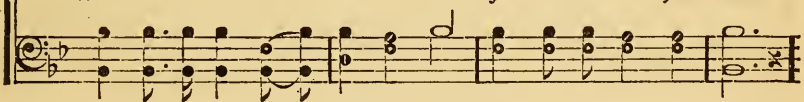
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



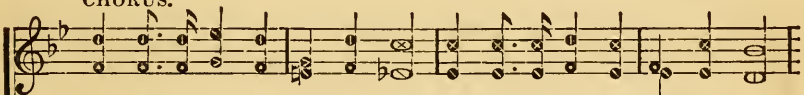
1. Come, oh, come to the ark of rest,— Je - sus will save you now;
2. Come, oh, come to the ark of grace,— Je - sus will save you now;
3. Come, oh, come to the ark of love,— Je - sus will save you now;
4. Who'll be first to a-rise for prayer? Je - sus will save you now;



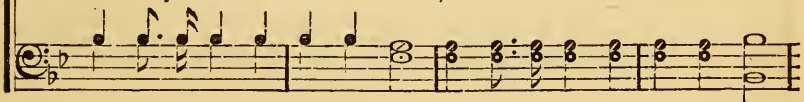
Come, with the weight of your guilt oppressed, Je - sus will save you now.  
 Haste to his arms and his dear embrace, Je - sus will save you now.  
 Come, like the worn and wea - ry dove, Je - sus will save you now.  
 Who'll be the first the cross to bear? Je - sus will save you now.



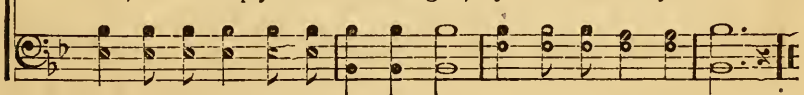
## CHORUS.



Come while your cheeks with tears are wet, Come ere the star of life shall set,

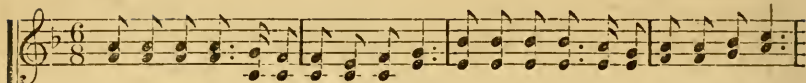


Come, and the step you will ne'er re-gret, Je - sus will save you now.

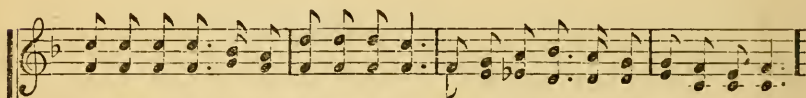
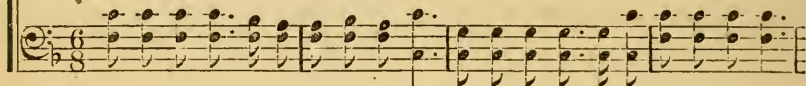


W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Saved to the uttermost: I am the Lord's, Jesus my Saviour salvation affords,
2. Saved to the uttermost: Jesus is near, Keeping me safely, he casteth out fear;
3. Saved to the uttermost: this I can say, "Once all was darkness, but now it is day,"
4. Saved to the uttermost: cheerfully sing Loud hallelujahs to Jesus, my King;

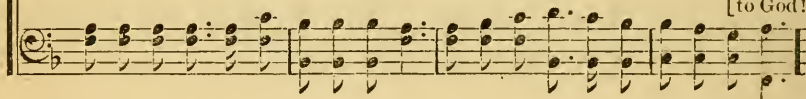


Gives me his Spirit a witness within, Whisp'ring of pardon, and saving from sin.

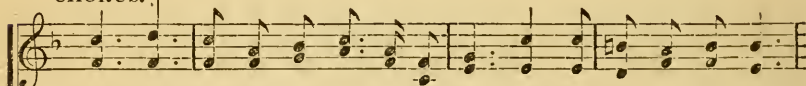
Trusting his promises, how I am blest! Leaning upon him, how sweet is my rest!

Beauti-ful vis-ions of glo-ry I see, Je-sus in brightness revealed unto me.

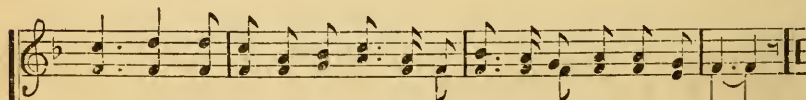
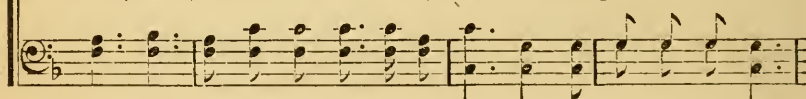
Ransom'd and pardon'd, redeemed by his blood, Cleansed from unrighteousness, glory  
[to God!]



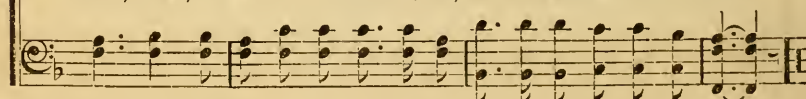
## CHORUS.



Saved, saved, saved to the uttermost, Saved, saved by pow-er di-vine;



Saved, saved, I'm saved to the uttermost, Je-sus the Saviour is mine.



# Hallelujah to the Lamb.

119

SALLIE SMITH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. At the fountain, precious fountain, Jesus washed my sins a-way, Hal-le -  
 2. Hal-le - lu - jah, Jesus saves me, In my heart he reigns supreme, Hal-le -  
 3. I am trusting, ful - ly trusting In the power of grace divine, Hal-le -  
 4. Oh, the rest-ing, ho - ly rest-ing! Not a shadow veils my brow, Hal-le -

lu-jah! hal-le - lu-jah! to the Lamb; And re - joic-ing in his  
 u-jah! hal-le - lu-jah! to the Lamb; And the brightness of his  
 lu-jah! hal-le - lu-jah! to the Lamb; Je - sus saves me now and  
 lu-jah! hal-le - lu-jah! to the Lamb; For the per - fect love of  
 to the Lamb;

mer-cy, There I lin-ger all the day, Hal-le - lu-jah! to the bleeding Lamb.  
 glory Shines above the cleansing stream, Halle - lu-jah! to the bleeding Lamb.  
 ev - er, I am his and he is mine, Hal-le - lu-jah! to the bleeding Lamb.  
 Jesus, With its fulness fills me now, Hal-le - lu-jah! to the bleeding Lamb.

*D. S.*—Hal-le - lu-jah! to the bleeding Lamb,

CHORUS.

Hal-le - lu - jah! hal-le - lu - jah! My Redeemer, my Redeemer heard my

call; At the fountain, precious fountain, Praise the Lord, there's room for all;  
 heard my call.

## Conquer by and by.

FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWENET.

1. We have ta-ken up the cross, we have girded on the sword, And to-  
 2. In the bat-tle-field of life, be the conflict what it will, We have  
 3. With a firm and steady tread let us bold-ly march along, Looking

geth-er we are banded in the ser-vice of the Lord; We will  
 pledged ourselves to fol-low and the post of du-ty fill; For our  
 ev-er un-to Je-sus let our hearts be full of song; In his

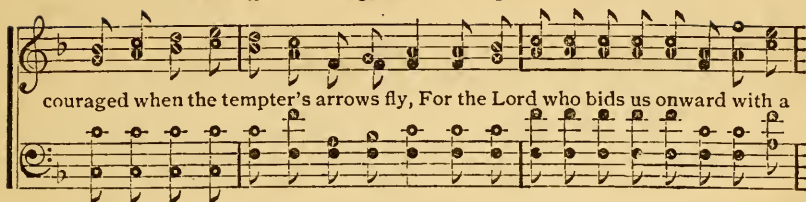
trust him for his grace, we will take him at his word; He has  
 lead-er who commands will de-fend our arm-y still, And we  
 wis-dom all are wise, in his strength shall all be strong, Thro' the

told us if we love him we shall con-quer by and by.  
 know, for he has promised, we shall con-quer by and by.  
 might of him who loved us we shall con-quer by and by.

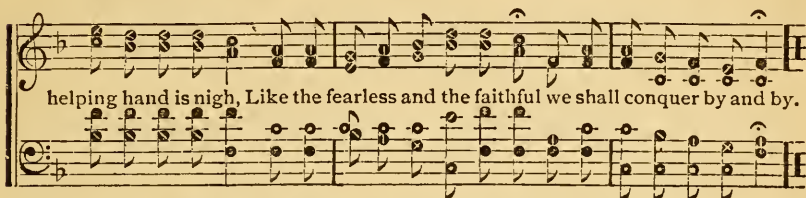
## CHORUS.

Conquer by and by, yes, we'll conquer by and by; Nev-er be dis-





couraged when the tempter's arrows fly, For the Lord who bids us onward with a

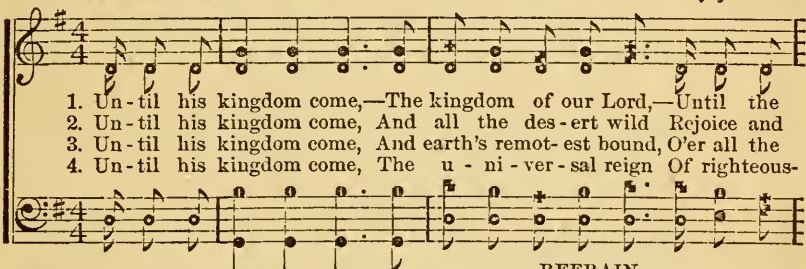


helping hand is nigh, Like the fearless and the faithful we shall conquer by and by.

## Until His Kingdom Come.

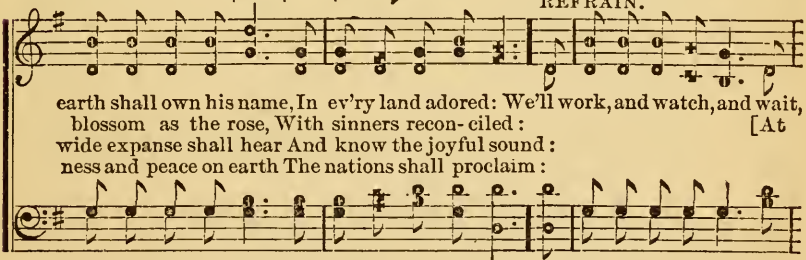
Rev. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

J. J. HOOD.

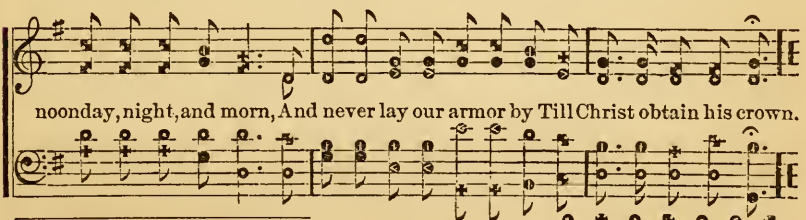


1. Un-til his kingdom come,—The kingdom of our Lord,—Until the  
2. Un-til his kingdom come, And all the des-ert wild Rejoice and  
3. Un-til his kingdom come, And earth's remot-est bound, O'er all the  
4. Un-til his kingdom come, The u - ni - ver - sal reign Of righteous-

REFRAIN.



earth shall own his name, In ev'ry land adored: We'll work, and watch, and wait,  
blossom as the rose, With sinners recon-ciled: [At  
wide expanse shall hear And know the joyful sound:  
ness and peace on earth The nations shall proclaim:



noonday, night, and morn, And never lay our armor by Till Christ obtain his crown.

## Safe on the Rock.

Mrs. M. D. JAMES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Out a - mid the waves of o - cean, Raging oft in wild commo - tion,  
 2. What tho' darkness now surround me? What tho' winds be howling round me,  
 3. With my Saviour, what can harm me? Satan's hosts cannot alarm me?  
 4. Praise the Rock of our sal - va - tion! With increas - ing ad - o - ra - tion,

Kept secure - ly I am sing - ing, For to Christ my soul is cling - ing,  
 Threaten - ing with des - o - la - tion? Christ the Rock is my sal - va - tion!  
 Je - sus' migh - ty arms en - clos - ing, Sweetly is my soul re - pos - ing,  
 Laud and bless his name forev - er, From whose love no force can sever!

Safe when comes the tempest's shock, Resting on the sol - id Rock.  
 Calm a - mid the wild - est shock, On the ev - er - last - ing Rock.  
 Shelter'd from the fiercest shock, By the ev - er - blessed Rock.  
 Saved, we wait the fi - nal shock On the strong, e - ter - nal Rock.

## CHORUS.

On the Rock, on the Rock, Resting safe - ly on the Rock;

On the Rock, the sol - id Rock, Rest - ing safe - ly on the Rock.

# Strike Our Tents.

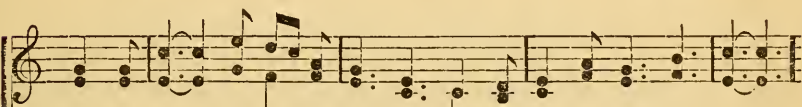
123

RACHEL RIVERS.

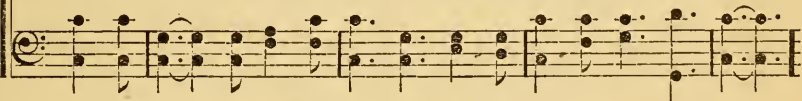
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Strike our tents, the night is o - ver! See, the sha - dows one by one
2. Strike our tents! no time to lin - ger When the foe is on our track;
3. Strike our tents, nor heed the ar - rows By the wa - ry tempter hurled;
4. Ne'er de - sert our post of du - ty Till the strife of war is done;



Fade be - fore the coming splendor Of the morning's golden sun.  
Ho - ly voic - es now are call - ing, Fol - low Je - sus; look not back.  
Trust in him, our great Deliv - 'rer, He who o - vercame the world.  
Then in realms of endless glo - ry Shout thro' Christ the vict'ry won.



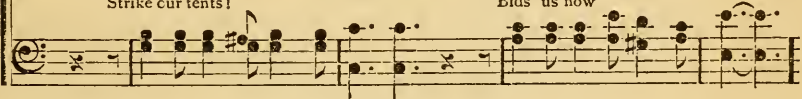
## CHORUS.



Strike our tents! the trumpet sounding Bids us now our march be - gin;

Strike our tents!

Bids us now



Strike our tents! the battle rag - es! There's a vict'ry we must win.

Strike our tents!

There's a vict'ry we must win.



## Washed White as Snow.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tho' my sins were once like crimson red, To the healing stream my feet were led,  
 2. At the door of faith I entered in, And to him confessed my guilt and sin,  
 3. Tho' my heart was all I had to give, Yet he smiled and bade me look and live,  
 4. I will sing his pow'r from death to save, I will sing his triumph o'er the grave,

In the precious blood my Sav-iour shed He washed me white as snow.  
 With his own dear hand he washed me clean, He washed me white as snow.  
 What a calm sweet peace did I receive,—He washed me white as snow.  
 I will sing, while crossing Jordan's wave, He washed me white as snow.

## CHORUS.

O, my joy - ful song henceforth shall be, 'Tis the blood of Je - sus

cleans-eth me, Cleans-eth, cleans-eth, Oh, yes, it cleanseth me.



# Come, Prodigal, Come.

125

W. A. O.

"I will arise and go to my Father."—Luke xv. 18.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. The fountain of sal - va - tion Is flow - ing full and free, And  
 2. I hear his cry, "'Tis fin - ished," His bleeding bo - dy see; His  
 3. His bles - sed in - vi - ta - tion I will no long - er spurn, And

Je - sus stands invit - ing: O sin - ner, come to me.  
 loving accents thrill me, His blessed "Come to me." } I hear his sweet voice  
 from my great exam - ple I will no long - er turn.

pleading, For me 'tis in - ter - ced - ing; The way I know, And I will go,—My

## CHORUS.

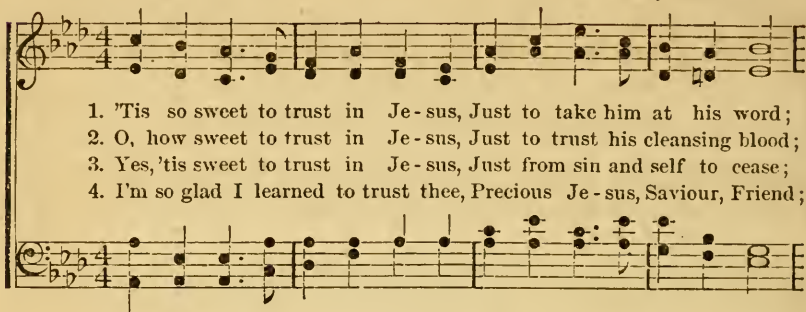
Saviour calls for me. Come, pro - di - gal, come, While yet there's room;

Come, pro - di - gal, come! Thy Sav - iour call - eth thee.

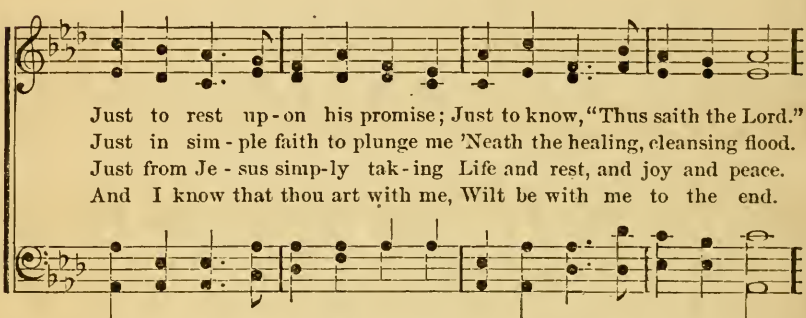
# 126 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Mrs. LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

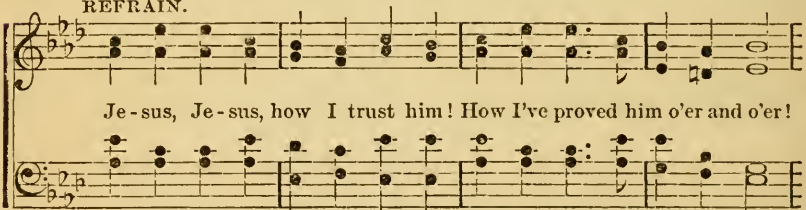


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to take him at his word;  
 2. O, how sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood;  
 3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just from sin and self to cease;  
 4. I'm so glad I learned to trust thee, Precious Je-sus, Saviour, Friend;

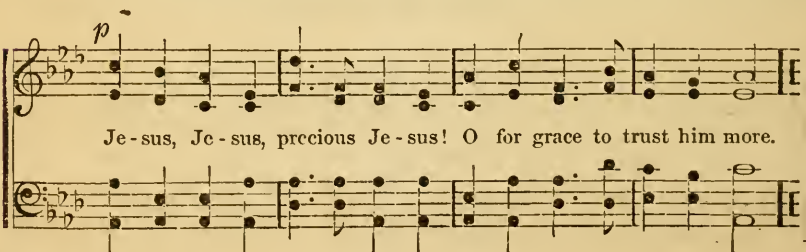


Just to rest up-on his promise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."  
 Just in sim-ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the healing, cleansing flood.  
 Just from Je-sus simp-ly tak-ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.  
 And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

## REFRAIN.



Je-sus, Je-sus, how I trust him! How I've proved him o'er and o'er!



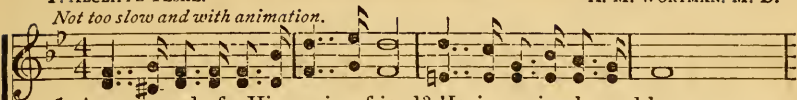
*p*  
 Je-sus, Je-sus, precious Je-sus! O for grace to trust him more.

# Are you ready for His coming? 127

T. ALCLIFFE TESKE.

A. M. WORTMAN, M. D.

*Not too slow and with animation.*

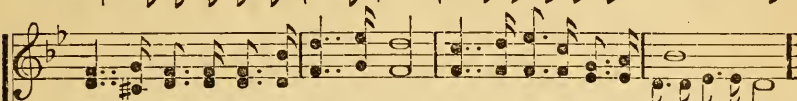
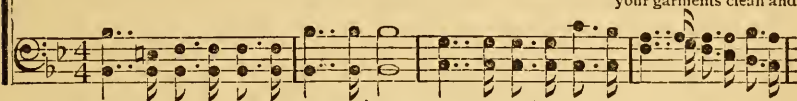


1. Are you ready for His coming, friend? He is coming by and by;

He's coming by and

2. Are you ready for His coming, friend? Are your garments clean and white?

your garments clean and



For he said he would not tarry long In his Father's house on high.

by; He

his house on high.

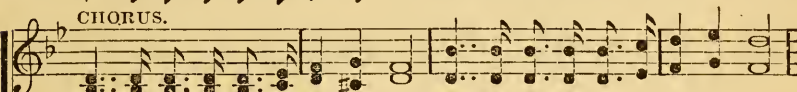
Will you gladly greet the Bridegroom now? He may come for you to-night.

white? Oh,

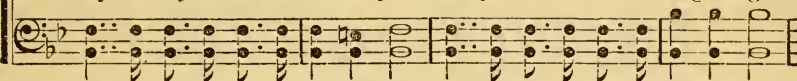
for you to-night.



## CHORUS.

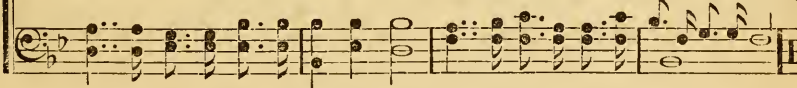


Are you ready should he come for you? Ready now with him on high to go?



Are you watching, are you praying still? Are your garments white as snow?

as white as snow?



3 He will come in all his glory bright,

As upon the mount he stood;

upon the mount he stood;

Can you } sing the glad hosanna loud,

Oh, }

I am washed in Jesus blood?

4 Oh, the day draws nearer, nearer still,

When the saints he will redeem;

the saints he will redeem;

Now the } light of morn is breaking fast,

The }

We can see its golden beam.

5 Yes, we're ready for his coming now

And we watch, and wait, and pray,

we watch, and wait, and pray

For the } day to dawn in glory bright,

The }

And the night to roll away.

6 We are ready should he come for us,

Ready now in peace to go;

yes, now in peace to go;

We are } watching, and we're waiting

We're }

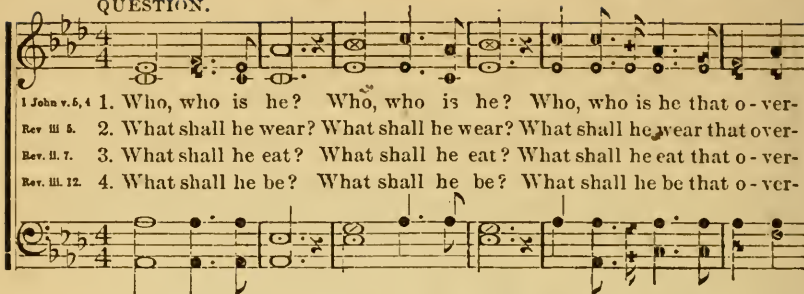
[still,

With our robes as white as snow.

W. J. K.

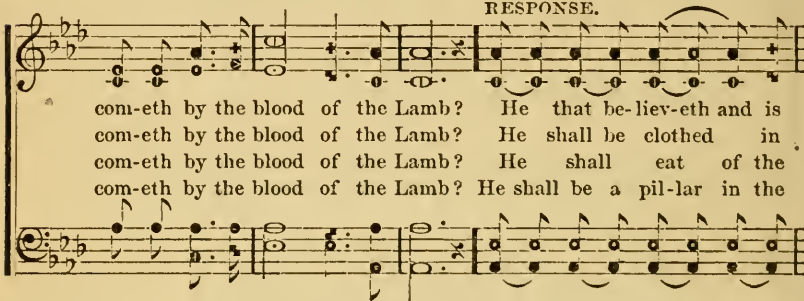
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

## QUESTION.

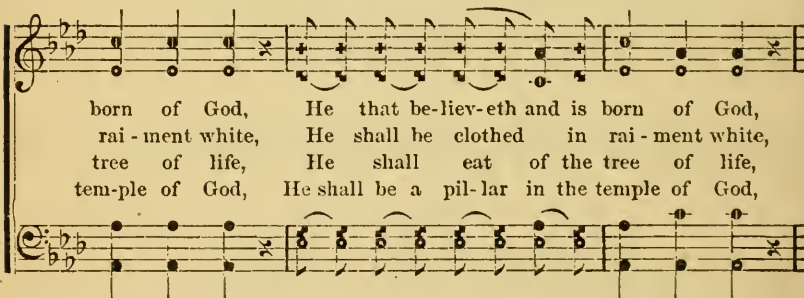


1 John v. 5, 4 1. Who, who is he? Who, who is he? Who, who is he that o-ver-  
 Rev. III 5. 2. What shall he wear? What shall he wear? What shall he wear that over-  
 Rev. II 7. 3. What shall he eat? What shall he eat? What shall he eat that o-ver-  
 Rev. III 12. 4. What shall he be? What shall he be? What shall he be that o-ver-

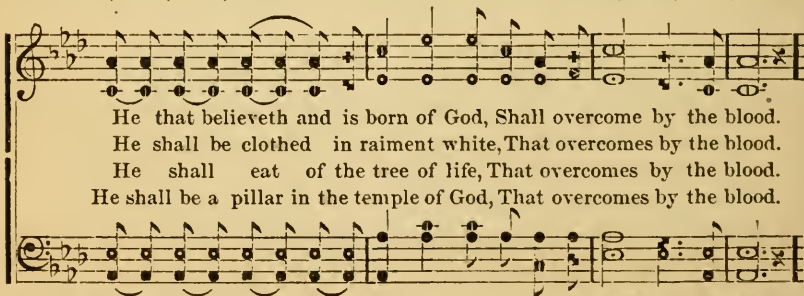
## RESPONSE.



com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He that be-liev-eth and is  
 com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall be clothed in  
 com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall eat of the  
 com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall be a pil-lar in the



born of God, He that be-liev-eth and is born of God,  
 rai-ment white, He shall be clothed in rai-ment white,  
 tree of life, He shall eat of the tree of life,  
 tem-ple of God, He shall be a pil-lar in the temple of God,



He that believeth and is born of God, Shall overcome by the blood.  
 He shall be clothed in raiment white, That overcomes by the blood.  
 He shall eat of the tree of life, That overcomes by the blood.  
 He shall be a pillar in the temple of God, That overcomes by the blood.



O, the precious, precious blood! O, the cleansing, healing flood!

O, the pow'r and the love of God, Thro' the blood of the Lamb!

Rev. iii. 5.  
5 ||: What shall we hear?: || that over-  
By the blood of the Lamb? [cometh  
||: He shall hear his name con-| fessed in  
heaven, :||  
That overcomes by the blood.

Rev. xxi. 7.  
6 ||: What shall he have?: || that over-  
By the blood of the Lamb? [cometh  
||: God will give him all things, and |  
make him his son, :||  
That overcomes by the blood.

Rev. iii. 21.  
7 ||: Where shall he sit?: || that over-  
By the blood of the Lamb? [cometh  
||: He shall sit with | Jesus, on his  
throne, :||  
That overcomes by the blood.

1 John v. 4.  
8 ||: What is the victory?: || that over-  
By the blood of the Lamb? [cometh  
||: Faith is the victory that | over-  
cometh, :||  
By the blood of the Lamb.

## All the way long it is Jesus.

1. { O good old way, how sweet thou art! All the way long it is Je - sus: }  
{ May none of us from thee de- part; All the way long it is Je - sus. }


CHORUS.  
Je - sus, Je - sus, Why, all the way long it is Je - sus.

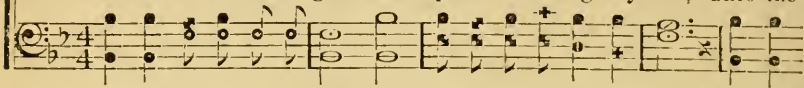
2 But may our actions always say | 3 This note above the rest shall swell,  
We're marching in the good old way. | That Jesus doeth all things well.

## All-atoning Blood.

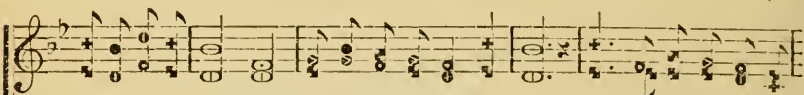
Rev. Jno. O. FOSTER, A. M.

Jno. R. SWENEY.

- 
1. O my Saviour, thou hast washed me In the all-a-ton-ing blood, Thou hast
  2. Yes, the Spirit's in-ter-ces-sion Has availed for ev-en me; He has
  3. Blessed be the cleansing fountain Opened for each guilty soul, Thro' the

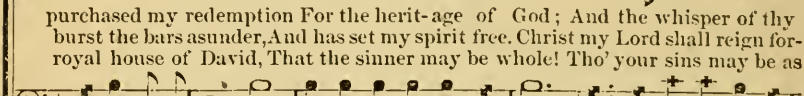


purchased my redemption For the herit-age of God; And the whisper of thy  
burst the bars asunder, And has set my spirit free. Christ my Lord shall reign for-  
royal house of David, That the sinner may be whole! Tho' your sins may be as

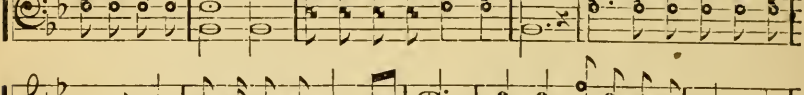


Spirit Thrills my soul with love divine, While the blessed, sweet communion  
ev - er In this willing heart of mine; While the light of blessed tokens  
scar-let They shall be as white as snow; Praise his holy name forev - er,

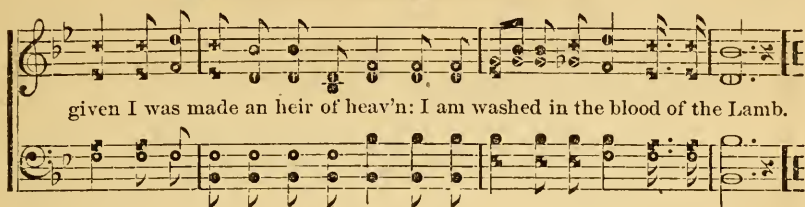
## CHORUS.



Gives as-surance I am thine. I am washed in the blood,  
All a-long my journey shine.  
Jesus' cleansing power I know! I am washed in the blood,

*rit. a tempo.*


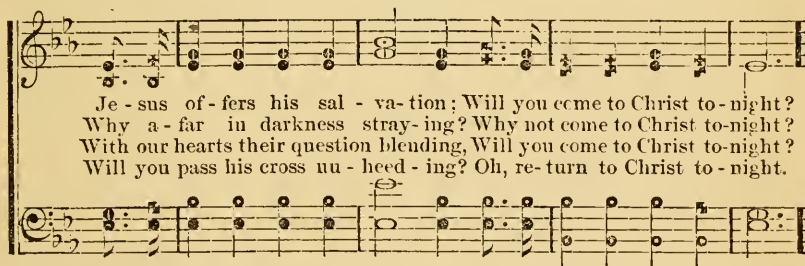
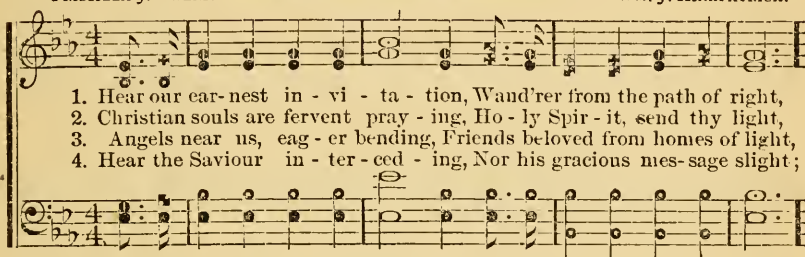
I am washed in the blood of the Lamb; When his precious love was



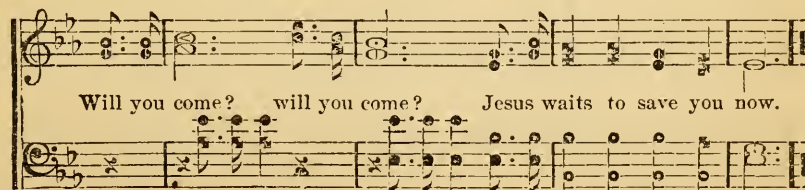
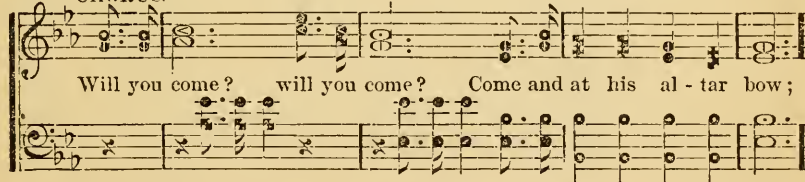
## Will You Come?

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



### CHORUS.



## I am glad.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.  
*Andante.*

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I will tell the world around me How my blessed Saviour found me, How he
2. From the cold and barren mountain To the precious, cleansing fountain How he
3. In his mer-cy I am hiding, In his shadow still a-biding: He is

broke the chains that bound me, And my sins he washed away; Oh, my  
 led me like a shepherd, When my soul was far a-way; To the  
 teach-ing me with patience, How to la-bor, watch, and pray. I am

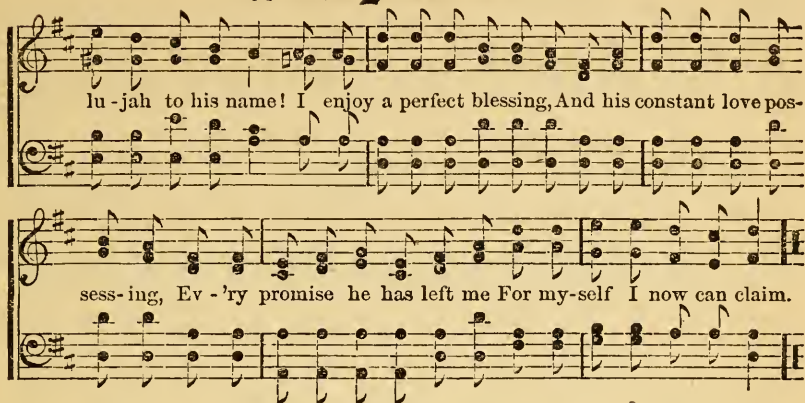
grateful heart is glowing, And with joy is overflowing; I will praise my dear Re-  
 cross I now am elinging, And my happy song is ringing; I will praise my dear Re-  
 trusting and believing, I am asking and receiving; I will praise my dear Re-

## CHORUS.

deem-er, I will praise him all the day. I am glad, I am glad, I am

glad that Je-sus found me! With his precious blood he bought me: Halle-



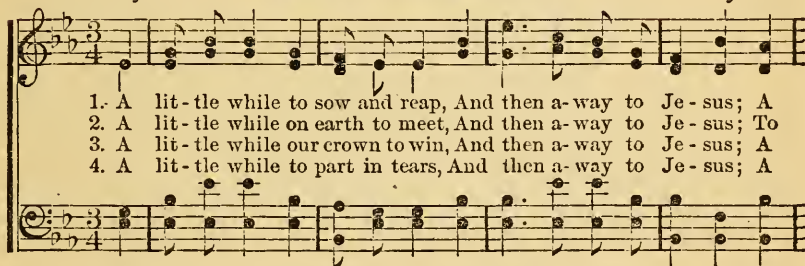


lu-jah to his name! I enjoy a perfect blessing, And his constant love pos-  
sess-ing, Ev-'ry promise he has left me For my-self I now can claim.

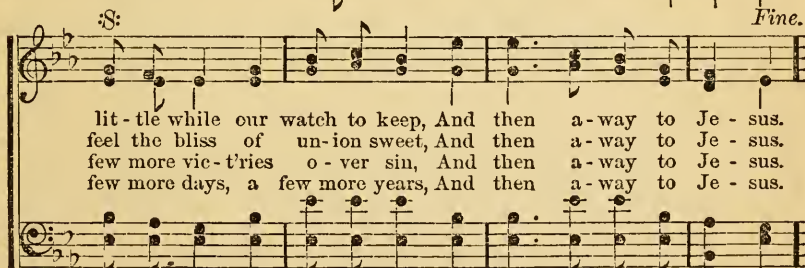
## Away to Jesus.

FANNY L. JOHNSON.

J. R. S.

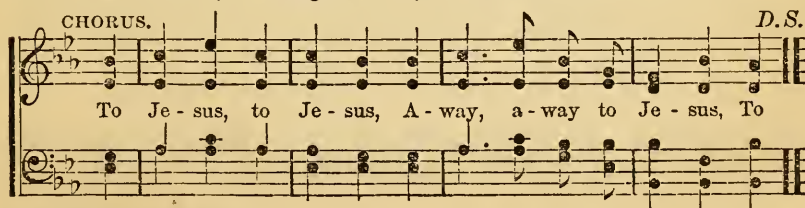


1. A lit-tle while to sow and reap, And then a-way to Je-sus; A  
2. A lit-tle while on earth to meet, And then a-way to Je-sus; To  
3. A lit-tle while our crown to win, And then a-way to Je-sus; A  
4. A lit-tle while to part in tears, And then a-way to Je-sus; A



lit-tle while our watch to keep, And then a-way to Je-sus.  
feel the bliss of un-ion sweet, And then a-way to Je-sus.  
few more vic-t'ries o-ver sin, And then a-way to Je-sus.  
few more days, a few more years, And then a-way to Je-sus.

D. S.—feast the soul, while ag-es roll, And shout the love of Je-sus.



CHORUS. D.S.  
To Je-sus, to Je-sus, A-way, a-way to Je-sus, To

## A Shout in the Camp.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There's a shout in the camp, for the Lord is here, Hal - le-lujah! praise his  
 2. There's a shout in the camp like the shout of old, Hal - le-lujah! praise his  
 3. There's a shout in the ranks of the King of kings, Hal - le-lujah! praise his  
 4. There's a shout in the camp while our souls repeat Hal - le-lujah! praise his

name; To the feast of his love we again draw near, Praise, oh,  
 name; For the cloud of his glo - ry we now be - hold, Praise, oh,  
 name; While we drink at the Rock from the living springs, Praise, oh,  
 name; There is room for the world at the Saviour's feet, Praise, oh,  
 praise his name;

CHORUS.  
 praise his name. Room for the millions! room for all! Halle - lu-jah! praise his

name; Come to the banquet, great and small, Praise, oh, praise his name.  
 praise his name;

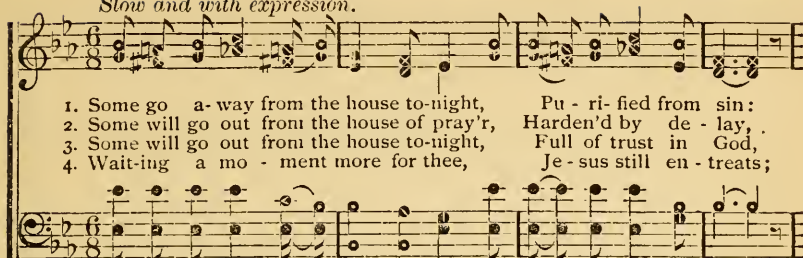
# Decide To-Night.

135

"How long halt ye?"—1 Kings. xviii. 21.

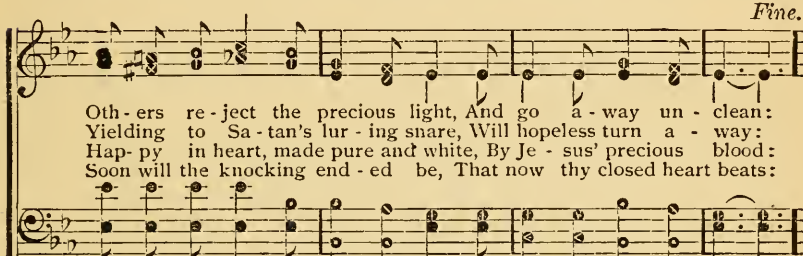
W. A. SPENCER.

*Slow and with expression.*



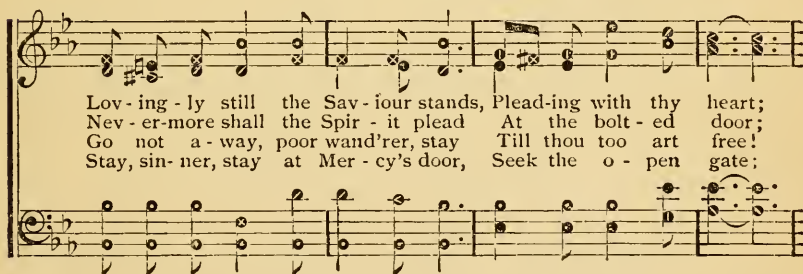
1. Some go a-way from the house to-night, Pu - ri - fied from sin:  
 2. Some will go out from the house of pray'r, Harden'd by de - lay,  
 3. Some will go out from the house to-night, Full of trust in God,  
 4. Wait-ing a mo - ment more for thee, Je - sus still en - treats;

*Chorus.*—Go-ing a-way from Christ to-night, A-way from his loving care;

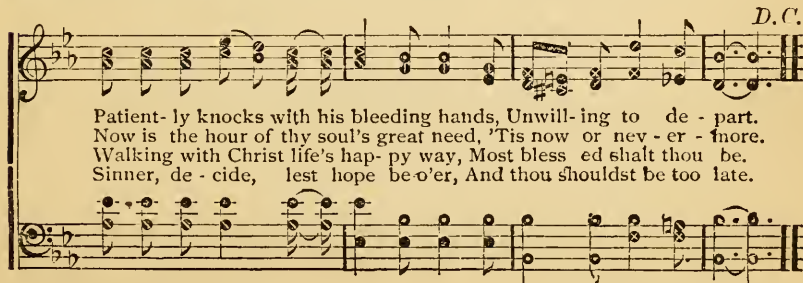


*Fine.*  
 Oth - ers re - ject the precious light, And go a - way un - clean:  
 Yielding to Sa - tan's lur - ing snare, Will hopeless turn a - way:  
 Hap - py in heart, made pure and white, By Je - sus' precious blood:  
 Soon will the knocking end - ed be, That now thy closed heart beats:

Go - ing a - way from bless - ed light, To darkness and des - pair.



Lov - ing - ly still the Sav - four stands, Plead - ing with thy heart;  
 Nev - er - more shall the Spir - it plead At the bolt - ed door;  
 Go not a - way, poor wand'r'er, stay Till thou dost art free!  
 Stay, sin - ner, stay at Mer - cy's door, Seek the o - pen gate;



*D. C.*  
 Patient - ly knocks with his bleeding hands, Unwill - ing to de - part.  
 Now is the hour of thy soul's great need, 'Tis now or nev - er - more.  
 Walking with Christ life's hap - py way, Most bless - ed shalt thou be.  
 Sinner, de - cide, lest hope be o'er, And thou shouldst be too late.

## Is there Any One Here.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Is there an - y one here that is will - ing to - day On Je - sus the  
 2. Is there an - y one here that is try - ing to - day The fet - ters of  
 3. Is there an - y one here that is wea - ry to - day, Or la - den, or  
 4. Hear the Saviour's sweet voice while he calls thee again, O come, and be -

Lord to be - lieve? Is there an - y poor soul that is longing to - day The  
 e - vil to break? An - y read - y to fol - low the Saviour to - day, And  
 sor - row oppressed? Is there any sad heart that is praying to - day To  
 lieve and o - bey; He is waiting to bless, he will comfort thee now! He

CHORUS.

gift of his grace to re - ceive. Come un - to me,  
 take up the cross for his sake.  
 find in the Sav - iour a rest.  
 nev - er turned an - y a - way. Come un - to me, come un - to me,

Come un - to me; Je - sus is call - ing,  
 Come un - to me, come un - to me;

*ad lib.*

call - ing now to thee, Come, oh, come un - to me. un - to me.

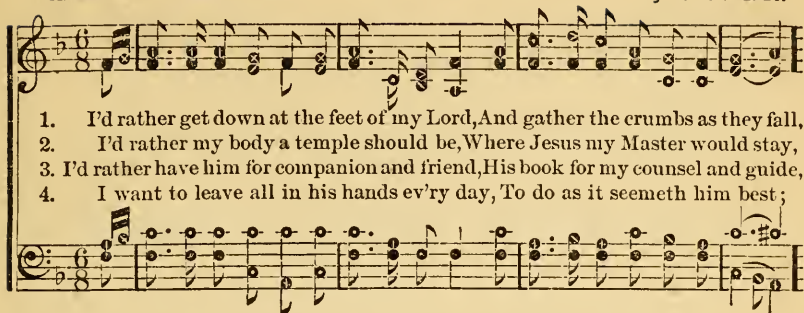


# Jesus, my Lord.

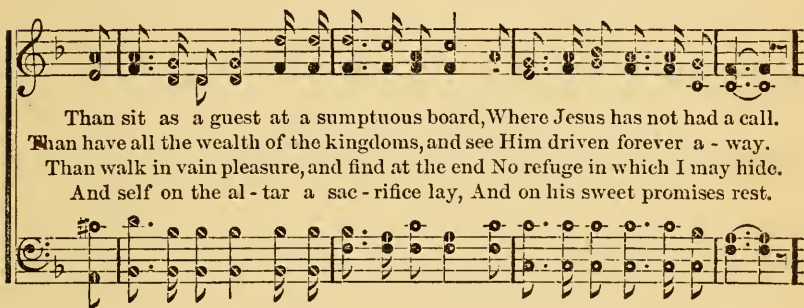
137

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

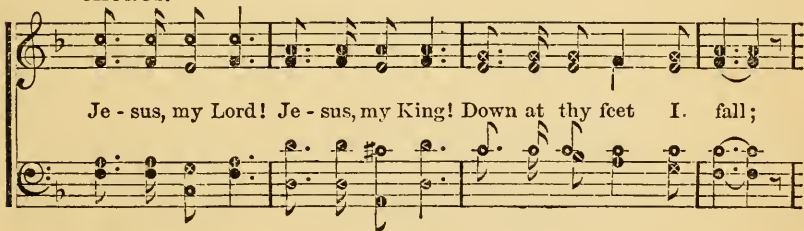


1. I'd rather get down at the feet of my Lord, And gather the crumbs as they fall,  
 2. I'd rather my body a temple should be, Where Jesus my Master would stay,  
 3. I'd rather have him for companion and friend, His book for my counsel and guide,  
 4. I want to leave all in his hands ev'ry day, To do as it seemeth him best;



Than sit as a guest at a sumptuous board, Where Jesus has not had a call.  
 Than have all the wealth of the kingdoms, and see Him driven forever a - way.  
 Than walk in vain pleasure, and find at the end No refuge in which I may hide.  
 And self on the al - tar a sac - rifice lay, And on his sweet promises rest.

## CHORUS.



Je - sus, my Lord! Je - sus, my King! Down at thy feet I. fall;



Je - sus, my Saviour, my Refuge, my Friend, Jesus, my Lord, my all.

FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Trusting in Jesus, my Saviour divine, I have the witness that still he is mine;  
 2. Once I was far from my Saviour and King, Now he has taught me his mercy to sing;  
 3. Trusting in Jesus, oh, what should I fear? Nothing can harm me when he is so near!  
 4. If while a stranger I journey below Filled with his fulness such rapture I know,

Great are the blessings he giveth to me: Oh, I am happy as mortal can be.  
 Peace in believing he giveth to me: Oh, I am happy as mortal can be.  
 Sweet is the promise he giveth to me: Oh, I am happy as mortal can be.  
 What will the bliss of eter-ni-ty be, When in his beauty the King I shall see?

## CHORUS.

I am re-deemed, and I know it full well, full well, Saved by his

grace, I with him shall dwell; I am re-deemed, and the  
 shall dwell;

child of his love, his love, Heir to a glo-ri-ous crown a-bove. above.

# Even Thee.

139

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hark, the Saviour's voice from heaven Speaks a par - don full and free;  
 2. See the heal - ing fountain, springing From the Saviour on the tree,  
 3. Hear his love and mer - cy speaking, "Come and lay thy soul on me;  
 4. Come, then, now—to Je - sus fly - ing, From thy sin and woe be free:

Come, and thou shalt be for - giv - en, Boundless mer - cy flows for thee.  
 Par - don, peace, and cleansing bringing; Lost one, loved one, 'tis for thee.  
 Though thy heart for sin be breaking, I have rest and peace for thee."  
 Burdened, guilt - y, wounded, dy - ing, Glad - ly will he welcome thee.

## REFRAIN.

Flows for thee, flows for thee, Boundless mer - cy flows for thee;  
 'Tis for thee, etc. Boundless mercy flows for thee;  
 Peace for thee, etc.  
 Welcome thee, etc.

Flows for thee, flows for thee, Boundless mercy flows for thee.

5 Every sin shall be forgiven,  
 Thou through grace a child shall be;  
 Child of God and heir of heaven,  
 Yes, a mansion waits for thee.

6 Then in love forever dwelling,  
 Jesus all thy joy shall be,  
 And thy song shall still be telling  
 All his mercy did for thee.



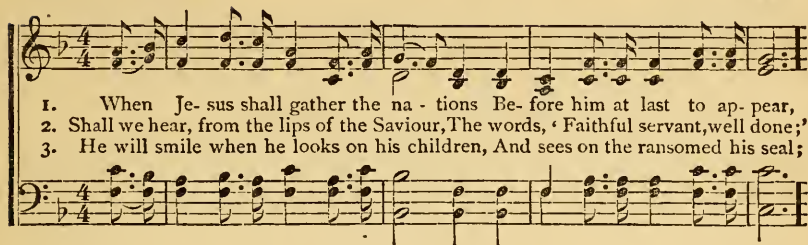


# We will Gather the Wheat.

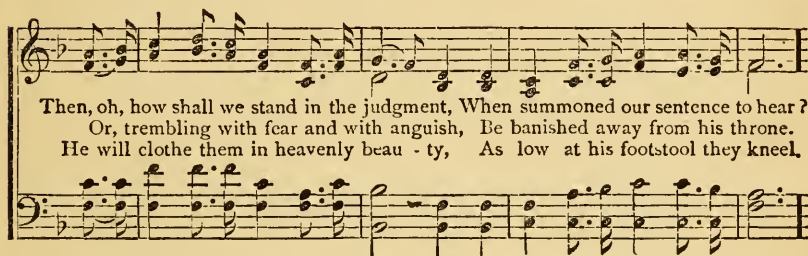
141

HARRIET B. M'KEEVER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

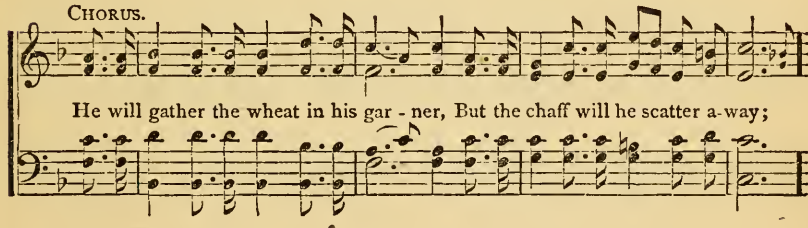


1. When Je - sus shall gather the na - tions Be - fore him at last to ap - pear,  
2. Shall we hear, from the lips of the Saviour, The words, ' Faithful servant, well done;'  
3. He will smile when he looks on his children, And sees on the ransomed his seal;

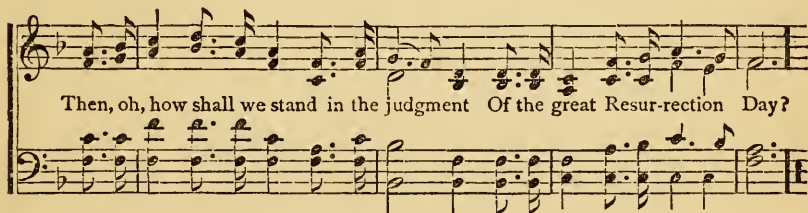


Then, oh, how shall we stand in the judgment, When summoned our sentence to hear?  
Or, trembling with fear and with anguish, Be banished away from his throne.  
He will clothe them in heavenly beau - ty, As low at his footstool they kneel.

## CHORUS.



He will gather the wheat in his gar - ner, But the chaff will he scatter a-way;



Then, oh, how shall we stand in the judgment Of the great Resur-rection Day?

4 Then let us be watching and waiting,—  
Our lamps burning steady and bright,—  
When the Bridegroom shall call to the wed.  
Our spirits made ready for flight. [ding]

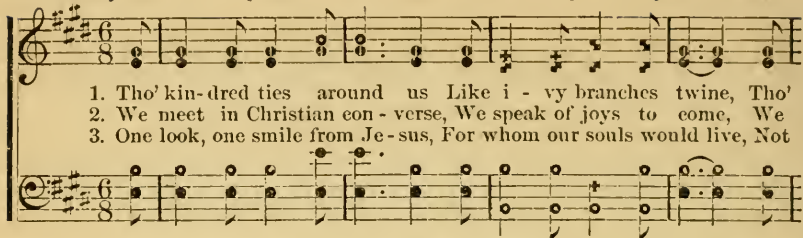
5 Thus living with hearts fixed on heaven,  
In patience we wait for the time,  
When, the days of our pilgrimage ended,  
We'll bask in the presence divine.

## A Smile from Jesus.

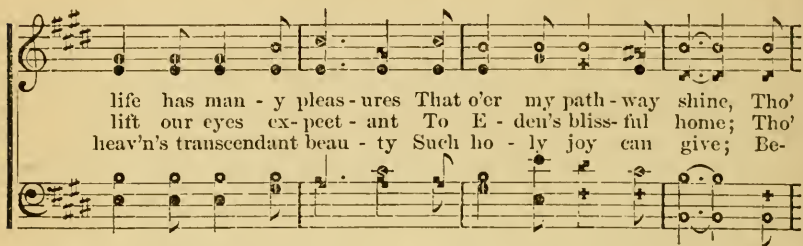
FANNY J. CROSEY.

[From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.]

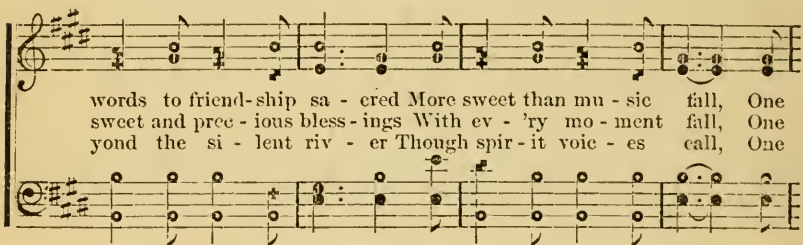
JNO. R. SWENBY.



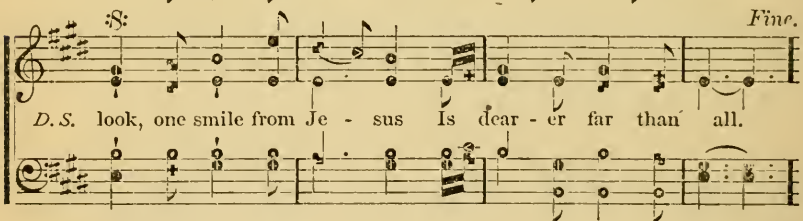
1. Tho' kin-dred ties around us Like i - vy branches twine, Tho'  
 2. We meet in Christian con - verse, We speak of joys to come, We  
 3. One look, one smile from Je - sus, For whom our souls would live, Not



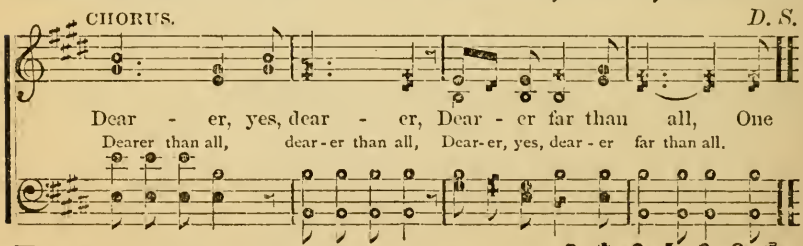
life has man - y pleas - ures That o'er my path - way shine, Tho'  
 lift our eyes ex - pect - ant To E - den's bliss - ful home; Tho'  
 heav'n's transcendant beau - ty Such ho - ly joy can give; Be-



words to friend - ship sa - cred More sweet than mu - sic fall, One  
 sweet and pree - ious bless - ings With ev - 'ry mo - ment fall, One  
 yond the si - lent riv - er Though spir - it voic - es call, One



*Fine.*  
*D. S.* look, one smile from Je - sus Is dear - er far than all.



**CHORUS.** *D. S.*  
 Dear - er, yes, dear - er, Dear - er far than all, One  
 Dearer than all, dear - er than all, Dear - er, yes, dear - er far than all.

# Open the Door.

143

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

[From "Our Sabbath Home," by per.]

W. J. K.

1. Je-sus, the Saviour, is waiting and knocking, Standing to-day at the
2. Long he has called thee and thou hast refused him, Long he has waited thy
3. What if the lamp of thy life should be darken'd? What if the Saviour should
4. While he is calling and waits to be gracious Haste to admit him, the

door of thy heart; Say, wilt thou o - pen and glad-ly receive him,  
ans - wer to hear; Still he is knocking; how canst thou be silent?  
call thee no more? Think of the anguish, thy spir - it ap - palling,  
warn - ing o - bey; While he is holding the scap - tre of pardon,

## CHORUS.

Or wilt thou bid him in sor - row de - part? O - pen the door, 'tis the  
Now at this moment thy doom may be near.  
Knowing the day of pro - ba - tion is o'er.  
Quickly receive him—no long - er de - lay.

Saviour knocking, Patiently knocking to-day at thy heart; O - pen the

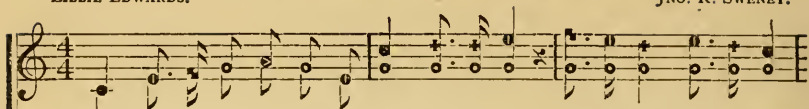
*ad lib.*

door, 'tis the Saviour knocking, Knocking, knocking,—must he depart?

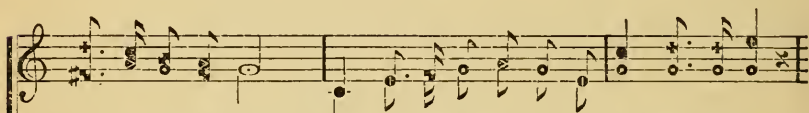
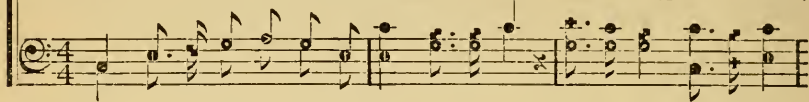
## Stand at Your Post.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

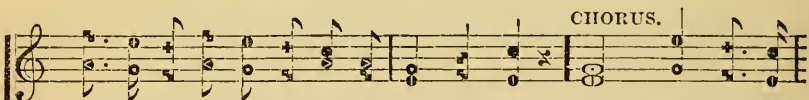
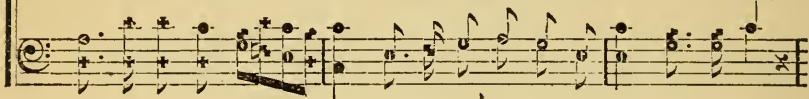
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Stand at your post, ye watchmen, Dark tho' the night; See afar, bright and clear,
2. Stand at your post of du - ty, Be not dismayed, Christ the Lord rideth on
3. Stand at your post of du - ty, Truth must prevail, Joyful news, welcome news,
4. Stand at your post of duty, Cheer, watchmen, cheer; Lo, the time, promised time,

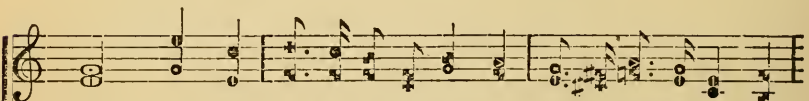
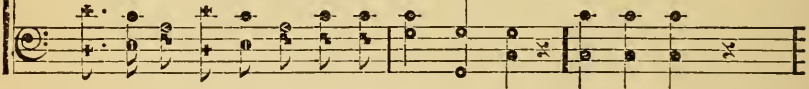


Dawns the morning light; Sound, sound the trump of Zion O'er land and sea;  
 Now in strength arrayed; Lift up the gos-pel banner, Watchmen, proclaim  
 Comes with ev'ry gale; Lo! at the feet of Jesus Proud monarchs fall:  
 Now is drawing near; Bright o'er the distant mountain On rolls the day,

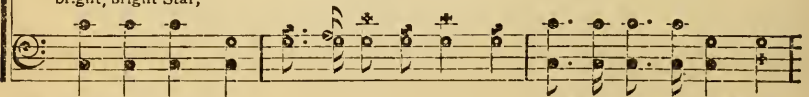


## CHORUS.


Tell a-gain the happy tidings, Grace is free. Bright Star of the  
 Peace and life to ev -'ry creature Thro' his name.  
 They have heard the gospel message, Joy to all.  
 Driving ev -'ry mist and shadow Far a - way. Bright, bright Star,



morn - ing, Thou bles-sed Star of glo - ry, bles-sed Star of glo - ry,  
 bright, bright Star,



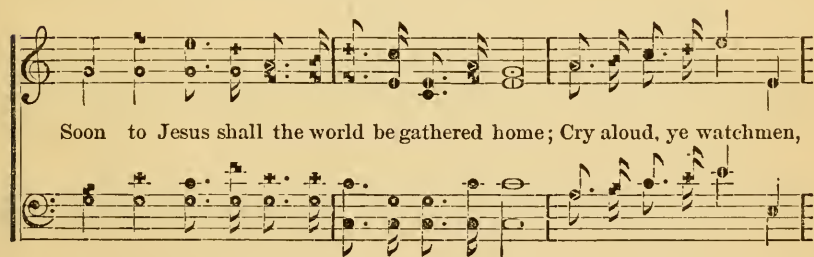




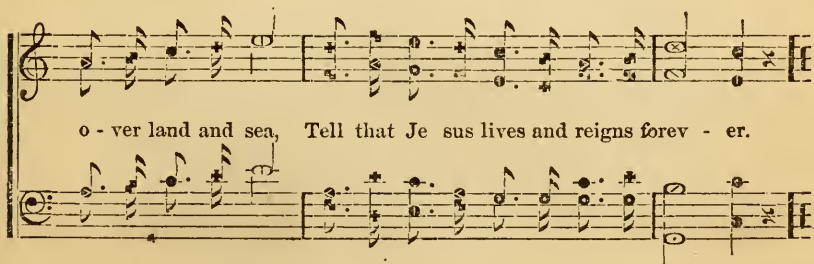
Shine on in thy beau - ty, And bear the joy - ful news to ev - 'ry  
Shine, shine on, shine, shine on,



clime; Soon to Je - sus shall the heathen na - tions come,



Soon to Jesus shall the world be gathered home; Cry aloud, ye watchmen,



o - ver land and sea, Tell that Je sus lives and reigns forev - er.

## Waiting for Me.

FRANK HENDRICKS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I came to the fountain that cleanseth from sin, The life-giving fountain, where  
 2. He saw me approaching and tender-ly said, To purchase thy ransom my  
 3. I flew to his mer-cy, O joy-ful surprise, For lo, my Redeem-er had  
 4. And now in his presence I walk with delight, And feel his protection by

millions have been; I came in my weakness, o'erburdened with care, To  
 blood I have shed; And if thou art will-ing just now to be-lieve, The  
 opened mine eyes; I flew to the ref-nge no oth-er could give, And  
 day and by night; I think of the fountain, so pre-cious and free, Where

CHORUS.  
 find my Redeemer and Saviour was there. Wait - - ing for me, . . .  
 light of my Spirit thy soul shall receive.  
 faithfully promised for Jesus to live.  
 Jesus my Saviour was waiting for me. Waiting for me, waiting for me,

wait - - ing for me, . . . Je - - sus my Sav - iour is  
 waiting for me, waiting for me, Je-sus my Sav-iour is waiting for me,

wait - ing for me; . . . Still . . . at the fount . . . oft . . . would I  
 Jesus my Saviour is waiting for me; Still at the fount oft would I be, Still at the fount

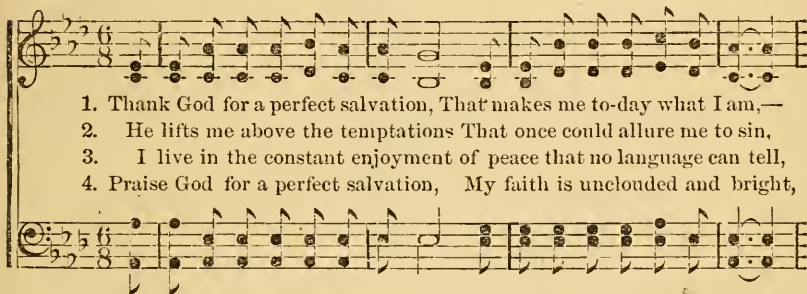


be . . . Where Je - - sus my Sav - iour is wait - ing for me.  
oft would I be Where Jesus my Saviour is waiting for me, is waiting, is waiting for me.

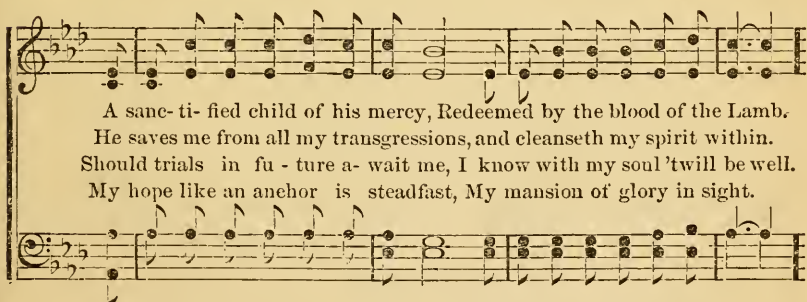
## O Rest, Sweet Rest.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

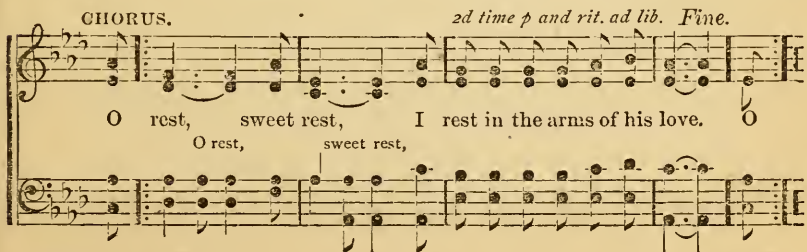


1. Thank God for a perfect salvation, That makes me to-day what I am,—
2. He lifts me above the temptations That once could allure me to sin.
3. I live in the constant enjoyment of peace that no language can tell,
4. Praise God for a perfect salvation, My faith is unclouded and bright,



A sanc-ti-fied child of his mercy, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb.  
He saves me from all my transgressions, and cleanseth my spirit within.  
Should trials in fu-ture a-wait me, I know with my soul 'twill be well.  
My hope like an ane-hor is steadfast, My mansion of glory in sight.

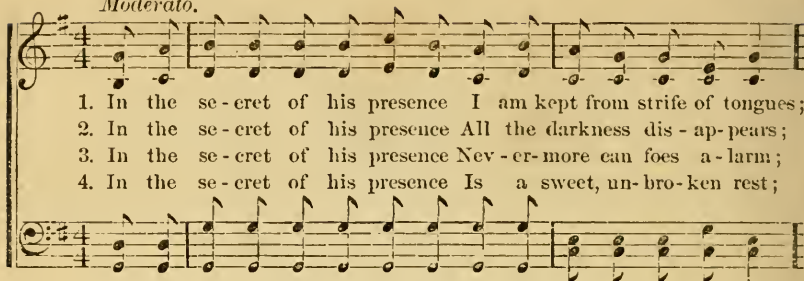
CHORUS. *2d time p and rit. ad lib. Fine.*



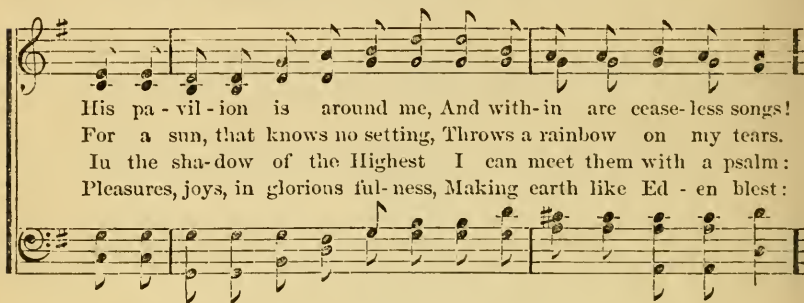
O rest, sweet rest, I rest in the arms of his love. O  
O rest, sweet rest,

Rev. HENRY BURTON, M. A.

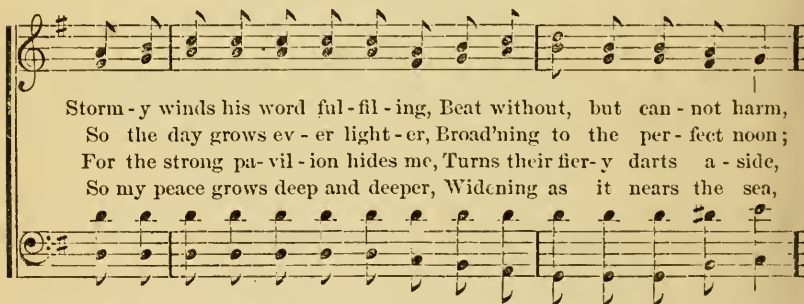
JNO. R. SWENEY.

*Moderato.*


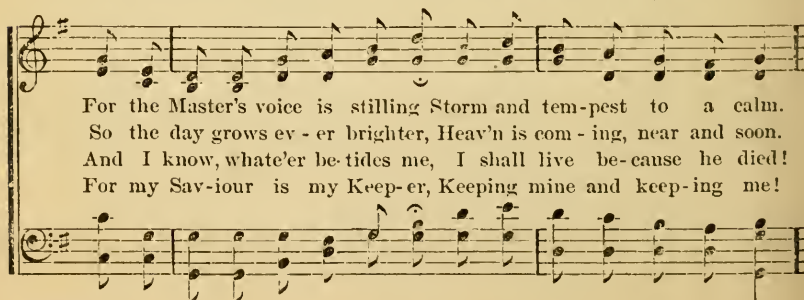
1. In the se-cret of his presence I am kept from strife of tongues;  
 2. In the se-cret of his presence All the darkness dis-ap-pears;  
 3. In the se-cret of his presence Nev-er-more can foes a-larm;  
 4. In the se-cret of his presence Is a sweet, un-bro-ken rest;



His pa-vil-ion is around me, And with-in are cease-less songs!  
 For a sun, that knows no setting, Throws a rainbow on my tears.  
 In the sha-dow of the Highest I can meet them with a psalm:  
 Pleasures, joys, in glorious ful-ness, Making earth like Ed-en blest:



Storm-y winds his word ful-fil-ling, Beat without, but can-not harm,  
 So the day grows ev-er light-er, Broad'ning to the per-fect noon;  
 For the strong pa-vil-ion hides me, Turns their fier-y darts a-side,  
 So my peace grows deep and deeper, Widening as it nears the sea,

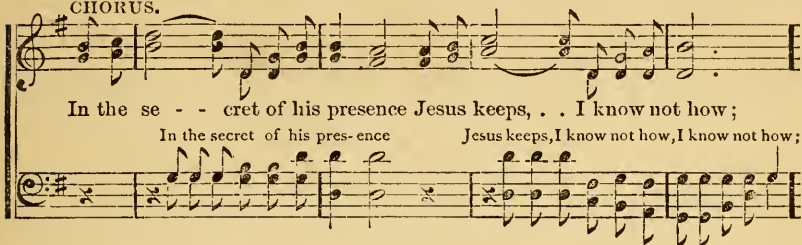


For the Master's voice is stilling Storm and tem-pest to a calm.  
 So the day grows ev-er brighter, Heav'n is com-ing, near and soon.  
 And I know, whate'er be-tides me, I shall live be-cause he died!  
 For my Sav-iour is my Keep-er, Keeping mine and keep-ing me!

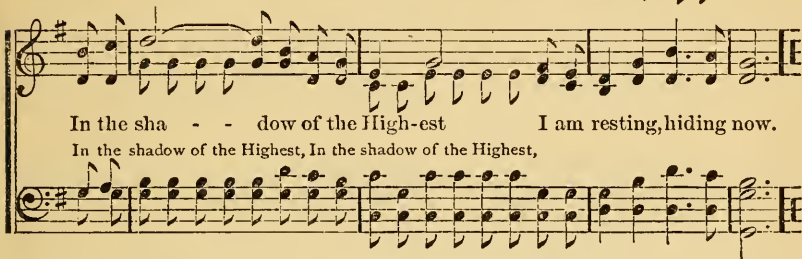


# In the Secret of His Presence.—CONCLUDED. 149

CHORUS.



In the se - - cret of his presence Jesus keeps, . . I know not how ;  
 In the secret of his pres-ence Jesus keeps, I know not how, I know not how ;

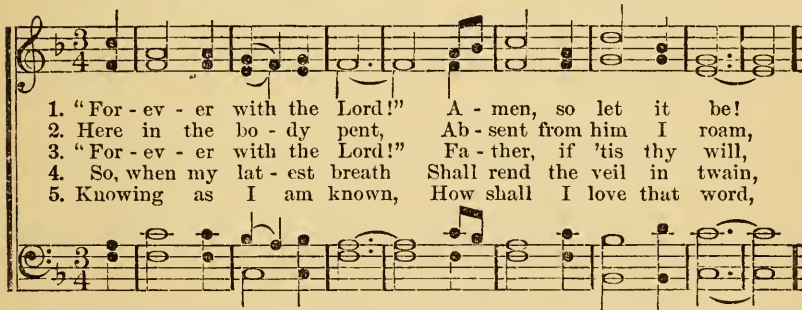


In the sha - - dow of the High-est I am resting, hiding now.  
 In the shadow of the Highest, In the shadow of the Highest,

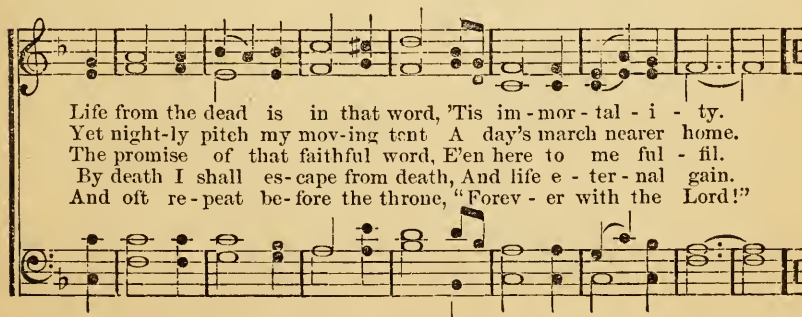
## Forever with the Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

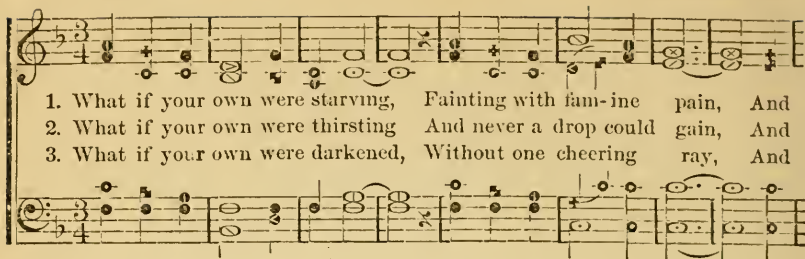
Tune, VIGIL, S. M.



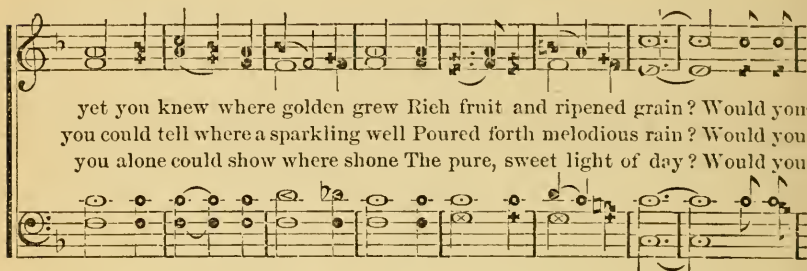
1. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men, so let it be!  
 2. Here in the bo - dy pent, Ab - sent from him I roam,  
 3. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" Fa - ther, if 'tis thy will,  
 4. So, when my lat - est breath Shall rend the veil in twain,  
 5. Knowing as I am known, How shall I love that word,



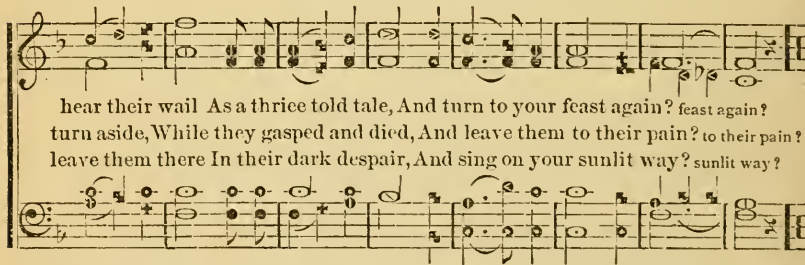
Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.  
 Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A day's march nearer home.  
 The promise of that faithful word, E'en here to me ful - fil.  
 By death I shall es-cape from death, And life e - ter - nal gain.  
 And oft re-peat be-fore the throne, "Forev - er with the Lord!"



1. What if your own were starving, Fainting with fam-ine pain, And  
 2. What if your own were thirsting And never a drop could gain, And  
 3. What if your own were darkened, Without one cheering ray, And



yet you knew where golden grew Rich fruit and ripened grain? Would you  
 you could tell where a sparkling well Poured forth melodious rain? Would you  
 you alone could show where shone The pure, sweet light of day? Would you



hear their wail As a thrice told tale, And turn to your feast again? feast again?  
 turn aside, While they gasped and died, And leave them to their pain? to their pain?  
 leave them there In their dark despair, And sing on your sunlit way? sunlit way?

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>4 What if your own were wand'ring<br/>         Far in a trackless maze,<br/>         And you could show them where to go<br/>         Along your pleasant ways?<br/>         Would your heart be light,<br/>         Till the pathway right<br/>         Was plain before their gaze?</p> <p>5 What if your own were prisoned<br/>         Far in a hostile land,<br/>         And the only key to set them free<br/>         Held in your safe command?<br/>         Would you breathe free air,<br/>         While they stifled there,<br/>         And wait, and hold your hand?</p> | <p>6 Yet, what else are you doing,<br/>         O ye by Christ made free, [well,<br/>         If you'll not tell what you know so<br/>         To those across the sea,<br/>         Who have never heard<br/>         One tender word<br/>         Of the Lamb of Calvary?</p> <p>7 "They're not our own," you answer,<br/>         "They're neither kith nor kin."<br/>         They are God's own: his love alone<br/>         Can save them from their sin;<br/>         They are Christ's own:<br/>         He left his throne<br/>         And died their souls to win.</p> |
|--|---|

# God be with You.

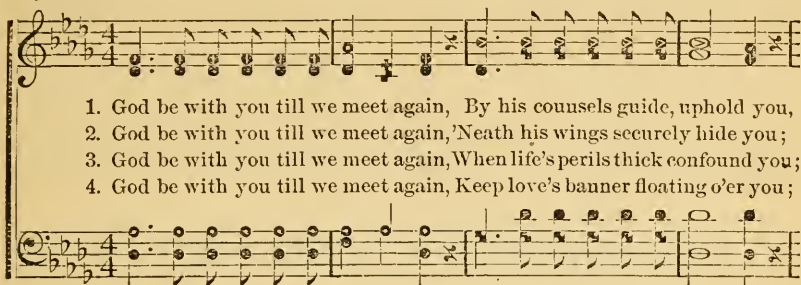
151

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."

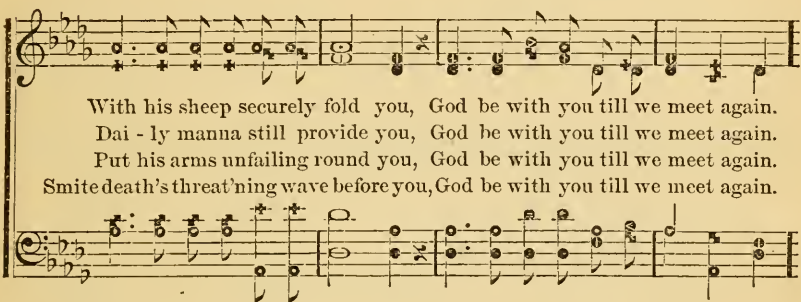
J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Rom. xvi. 20.

W. G. TOMER.



1. God be with you till we meet again, By his counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings securely hide you;
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you;
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you;



With his sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.  
 Dai - ly manna still provide you, God be with you till we meet again.  
 Put his arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet again.  
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.

CHORUS.



Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;  
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, till we meet;



Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.  
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

## Jesus, the Name.

C. WESLEY.

Tune, CORONATION. C. M.

1. Je - sus! the name high o - ver all, In hell, or earth, or sky;  
2. Je - sus! the name to sin - ners dear, The name to sinners given;

An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.  
It scatters all their guilt - y fear; It turns their hell to heaven.

Angels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.  
It scatters all their guilt - y fear; It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,  
And bruises Satan's head;  
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,  
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see  
The riches of his grace!  
The arms of love that compass me  
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,  
His saving truth proclaim:  
'Tis all my business here below,  
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath  
I may but gasp his name;  
Preach him to all, and cry in death,  
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

## CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

C. M.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,  
Who fixed this earthly ball;  
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,  
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.

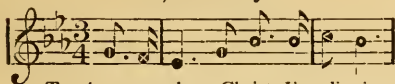
5 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng  
We at his feet may fall!  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.



154

Oh, 'tis Glory.



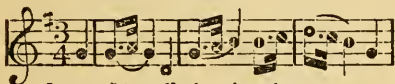
- 1 To thy cross, dear Christ, I'm clinging,  
All my refuge and my plea;  
Matchless is thy loving kindness,  
Else it had not stooped to me.

*Cho.*—Oh, 'tis glory! oh, 'tis glory!

Oh, 'tis glory in my soul  
For I've touched the hem of his garment,  
And his power doth make me whole.

- 2 Long my heart hath heard thee calling,  
But I thrust aside thy grace;  
Yet, O boundless condescension!  
Love is shining from thy face.
- 3 Love eternal, light eternal,  
Close me safely, sweetly in;  
Saviour, let thy balm of healing,  
Ever keep me free from sin.

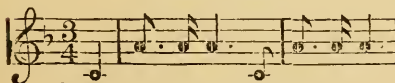
155 Thine All-victorious Love.



- 1 JESUS, thine all-victorious love  
Shed in my heart abroad;  
Then shall my feet no longer rove,  
Rooted and fixed in God.
- 2 O, that in me the sacred fire  
Might now begin to glow,  
Burn up the dross of base desire,  
And make the mountains flow!
- 3 O, that it now from heaven might fall,  
And all my sin consume!  
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;  
Spirit of burning, come!
- 4 Refining fire, go through my heart;  
Illuminate my soul;  
Scatter thy life through every part,  
And sanctify the whole.
- 5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,  
Shall then no longer move,  
While Christ is all the world to me,  
And all my heart is love.

156

I'll Live for Him.



- 1 MY life, my love I give to thee,  
Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;  
Oh, may I ever faithful be,  
My Saviour and my God!

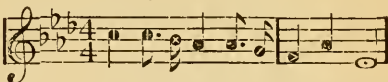
*Cho.*—I'll live for him who died for me,  
How happy then my life shall be!  
I'll live for him who died for me,  
My Saviour and my God!

- 2 I now believe thou dost receive,  
For thou hast died that I might live;  
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee,  
My Saviour and my God!

- 3 Oh, thou who died on Calvary,  
To save my soul and make me free,  
I consecrate my life to thee,  
My Saviour and my God!

157

Glory to His Name.



- 1 DOWN at the cross where my Saviour died,  
Down where for cleansing from sin I cried;  
There to my heart was the blood applied;  
Glory to his name.

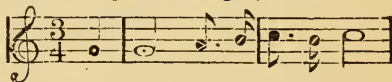
*Cho.*— Glory to his name; :||

There to my heart was the blood applied;  
Glory to his name.

- 2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,  
Jesus so sweetly abides within:  
There at the cross where he took me in;  
Glory to his name.
- 3 Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin,  
I am so glad I have entered in;  
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean,  
Glory to his name.
- 4 Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet;  
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet;  
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;  
Glory to his name.

158

Sing of His Mighty Love.



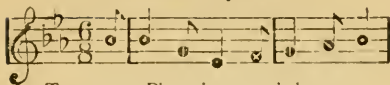
- 1 OH bliss of the purified, bliss of the free,  
I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me;  
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,  
And point to the print of the nails in his hand.

*Cho.*—Oh, sing of his mighty love,  
:|| Sing of his mighty love, :||  
Mighty to save.

- 2 Oh, bliss of the purified, Jesus is mine,  
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;  
In conscious salvation I sing of his grace,  
Who lifteth upon me the light of his face.
- 3 Oh, bliss of the purified, bliss of the pu.  
No wound hath the soul that his blood cannot cure;  
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,  
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.
- 4 O Jesus the Crucified, thee will I sing,  
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;  
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,  
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

159

## The Great Physician.



- 1 THE great Physician now is here,  
The sympathizing Jesus;  
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,  
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

*Cho.*—Sweetest note in seraph song,  
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,  
Sweetest carol ever sung,  
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

- 2 Your many sins are all forgiven,  
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;  
Go on your way in peace to heaven,  
And wear a crown with Jesus.

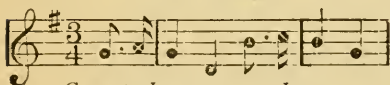
- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb!  
I now believe in Jesus;  
I love the blessed Saviour's name,  
I love the name of Jesus.

- 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,  
No other name but Jesus;  
Oh, how my soul delights to hear  
The precious name of Jesus.

- 5 And when to that bright world above,  
We rise to see our Jesus,  
We'll sing around the throne of love  
His name, the name of Jesus.

160

## Come to Jesus.

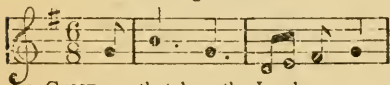


- 1 COME to Jesus, come to Jesus,  
Come to Jesus just now;  
Just now come to Jesus,  
Come to Jesus just now.

- |                     |                        |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| 2 He will save you. | 7 He will cleanse you. |
| 3 He is able.       | 8 He'll renew you.     |
| 4 He is willing.    | 9 He'll forgive you.   |
| 5 He is waiting.    | 10 If you trust him.   |
| 6 He will hear you. | 11 He will save you.   |

161

## Marching to Zion.



- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known,  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.

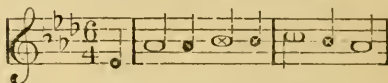
*Cho.*—We're marching to Zion,  
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;  
We're marching upward to Zion,  
The beautiful city of God.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God;  
But children of the heavenly King,  
May speak their joys abroad.

- 3 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.

- 4 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching through Immanuel's  
To fairer worlds on high. [ground,

## 162 I Heard the Voice of Jesus.



- 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
"Come unto Me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon My breast."

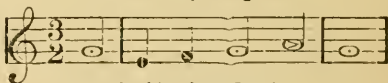
- 2 I came to Jesus as I was—  
Weary and worn, and sad;  
I found in him a resting-place,  
And he has made me glad.

- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Behold, I freely give  
The living water, thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

- 4 I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in him.

163

## I Love Thy Kingdom.



- 1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of thine abode,  
The Church our blest Redeemer saved  
With his own precious blood.

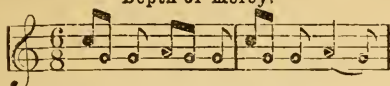
- 2 I love thy Church, O God!  
Her walls before thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
And graven on thy hand.

- 3 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways;  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

- 4 Sure as thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

164

## Depth of Mercy.



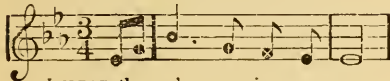
- 1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God his wrath forbear?  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

*Cho.*—God is love! I know, I feel;  
Jesus lives, and loves me still;  
Jesus lives,  
He lives and loves me still.

- 2 I have long withstood his grace,  
Long provoked him to his face:  
Would not hearken to his calls;  
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

- 3 Now incline me to repent;  
Let me now my sins lament;  
Now my foul revolt deplore,  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

## 165 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.



- 1 I HEAR thy welcome voice,  
That calls me, Lord, to thee,  
For cleansing in thy precious blood  
That flowed on Calvary.

*Cho.*—I am coming, Lord,  
Coming now to thee!  
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood  
That flowed on Calvary.

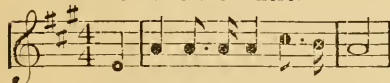
- 2 Though coming weak and vile,  
Thou dost my strength assure;  
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,  
Till spotless all and pure.

- 3 'Tis Jesus calls me on  
To perfect faith and love,  
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,  
For earth and heaven above.

- 4 All hail, atoning blood!  
All hail, redeeming grace!  
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,  
Our Strength and Righteousness!

166

## The Home Over There.



- 1 OH, think of the home over there,  
By the side of the river of light,  
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,  
Are robed in their garments of white.

*Ref.*—Over there, over there,  
Oh, think of the home over there.

- 2 Oh, think of the friends over there,  
Who before us the journey have trod,  
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,  
In their home in the palace of God.

*Ref.*—Over there, over there,  
Oh, think of the friends over there.

- 3 My Saviour is now over there,  
There my kindred and friends are at rest;  
Then away from my sorrow and care,  
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

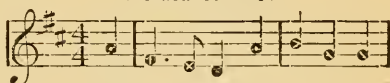
*Ref.*—Over there, over there,  
My Saviour is now over there.

- 4 I'll soon be at home over there,  
For the end of my journey I see;  
Many dear to my heart, over there,  
Are watching and waiting for me.

*Ref.*—Over there, over there,  
I'll soon be at home over there.

167

## He Leadeth Me!



- 1 HE leadeth me! O blessed thought!  
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

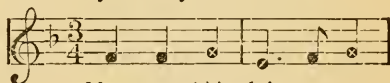
*Cho.*—He leadeth me, he leadeth me,  
By his own hand he leadeth me:  
His faithful follower I would be,  
For by his hand he leadeth me.

- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—  
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

- 3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine,  
Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

168

## My Country! 'tis of Thee.



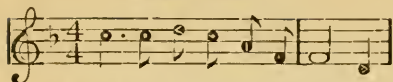
- 1 MY country! 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing:  
Land where my fathers died!  
Land of the pilgrims' pride!  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring!

- 2 My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble, free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills:  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

- 3 Our fathers' God! to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King!

169

## What a Friend.

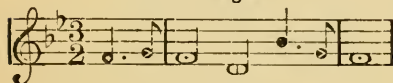


1 WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer!  
O what peace we often forfeit,  
O what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

170

## Rock of Ages.



1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,  
Could my zeal no languor know;  
These for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and thou alone;  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold thee on thy throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

171

## Before the Cross.



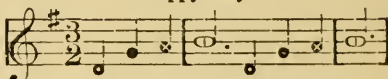
1 MY faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine:  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away,  
O let me from this day  
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—  
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From thee aside.

172

## Happy Day.



1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice  
On thee, my Saviour and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its rapture all abroad.

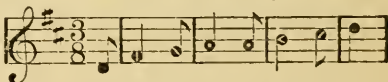
*Cho.*—Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away;  
He taught me how to watch and pray,  
And live rejoicing every day;  
Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done—  
I am my Lord's and he is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

3 Now rest, my long divided heart:  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
With him of every good possessed.

173

## Sweet Hour of Prayer.

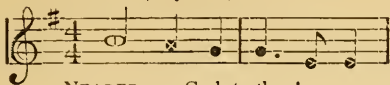


1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,  
That calls me from a world of care,  
And bids me at my Father's throne  
Make all my wants and wishes known!  
In seasons of distress and grief  
My soul has often found relief,  
And oft escaped the tempter's snare  
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,  
Thy wings shall my petition bear  
To him, whose truth and faithfulness;  
Engage the waiting soul to bless:  
And since he bids me seek his face,  
Believe his word, and trust his grace,  
I'll cast on him my every care,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.



## 174 Nearer, my God, to Thee.



1 NEARER, my God, to thee!

Nearer to thee,  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,

The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,

Steps unto heaven;  
All that thou sendest me,  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

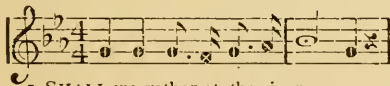
4 Then, with my waking thoughts

Bright with thy praise;  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing

Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

## 175 Shall we Gather at the River.



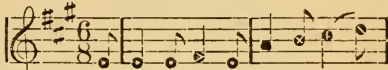
1 SHALL we gather at the river,  
Where bright angel-feet have trod?  
With its crystal tide forever  
Flowing by the throne of God?

*Cho.*—Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
The beautiful, the beautiful river,  
Gather with the saints at the river  
That flows by the throne of God.

2 Ere we reach the shining river  
Lay we every burden down,  
Grace our spirits will deliver,  
And provide a robe and crown.

3 Soon we'll reach the shining river,  
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,  
Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
With the melody of peace.

## 176 Glorious Fountain.



1 THERE is a fountain ||: filled with blood: ||  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners, plung'd ||: beneath that flood: ||  
Lose all their guilty stains.

*Cho.*—Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay,  
And in thee ever Wash my sins away.

2 The dying thief ||: rejoiced to see: ||

That fountain in his day,  
And there may I, ||: though vile as he: ||  
Wash all my sins away.

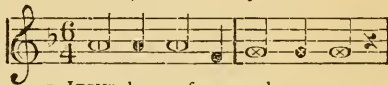
3 Thou dying Lamb, ||: thy precious blood: ||

Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed ||: Church of God: ||  
Are saved, to sin no more.

5 E're since by faith ||: I saw the stream: ||

Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love ||: has been my theme: ||  
And shall be till I die.

## 177 Jesus, Lover of my Soul.



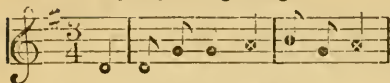
1 JESUS, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high.  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past:  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:  
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me:  
All my trust on thee is stayed,  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness:  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee;  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

## 178 My days are gliding.

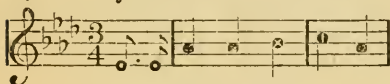


- 1 MY days are gliding swiftly by,  
And I, a pilgrim stranger,  
Would not detain them as they fly,  
Those hours of toil and danger.

*Cho.*—For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,  
Our friends are passing over,  
And, just before, the shining shore  
We may almost discover.

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,  
Our heavenly home discerning;  
Our absent Lord has left us word,  
Let every lamp be burning.
- 3 Let sorrows rudest tempest blow,  
Each chord on earth to sever;  
Our King says, Come, and there's our  
Forever, oh, forever. [home,

## 179 Is my Name Written There.

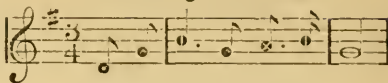


- 1 LORD, I care not for riches,  
Neither silver nor gold;  
I would make sure of heaven,  
I would enter the fold,  
In the book of thy kingdom,  
With its pages so fair,  
Tell me, Jesus my Saviour,  
Is my name written there?

*Cho.*—Is my name written there,  
On the page white and fair?  
In the book of thy kingdom,  
Is my name written there?

- 2 Lord, my sins they are many,  
Like the sands of the sea,  
But thy blood, O my Saviour,  
Is sufficient for me;  
For thy promise is written,  
In bright letters that glow,  
"Though your sins be as scarlet,  
I will make them like snow."
- 3 Oh! that beautiful city,  
With its mansions of light,  
With its glorified beings,  
In pure garments of white;  
Where no evil thing cometh  
To despoil what is fair;  
Where the angels are watching,—  
Is my name written there?

## 180 I am coming to the cross.

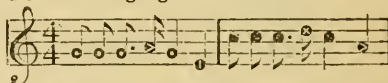


- 1 I AM coming to the cross,  
I am poor and weak and blind;  
I am counting all but dross,  
I shall full salvation find.

*Cho.*—I am trusting, Lord, in thee;  
Blest Lamb of Calvary;  
Humbly at the cross I bow;  
Jesus saves me—saves me now.

- 2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;  
Long has evil dwelt within;  
Jesus sweetly speaks to me;  
"I will cleanse you from all sin."
- 3 Here I give my all to thee,  
Friends, and time, and earthly store,  
Soul and body thine to be,—  
Wholly thine forevermore.
- 4 In the promises I trust,  
In the cleansing blood confide;  
I am prostrate in the dust,  
I with Christ am crucified.
- 5 Jesus comes, he fills my soul,  
Perfect in him I am,  
I am every whit made whole,  
Glory, glory to the Lamb!—

## 181 Bringing in the Sheaves.



- 1 SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds of  
kindness,  
Sowing in the noon-tide, and the dewy eves;  
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the  
sheaves.

*Cho.*—Bringing in the sheaves, :||  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the  
sheaves.

- 2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the sha-  
dows, [breeze,  
Fearing neither clouds nor winters chilling  
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the  
sheaves,
- 3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Mas-  
ter, [grieves;  
Though the loss sustained our spirit often  
When our weeping's over he will bid us wel-  
come, [sheaves,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the

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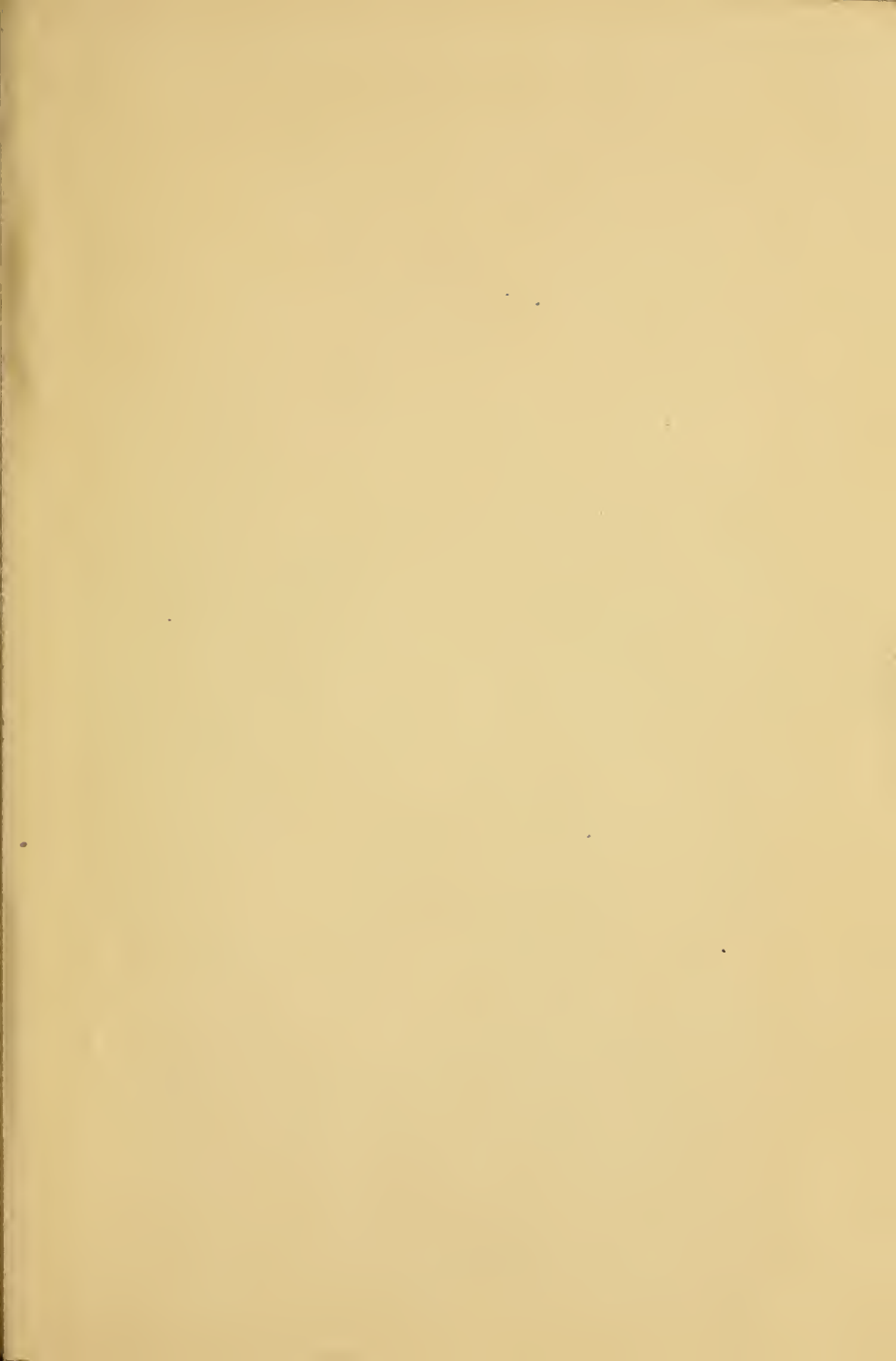
First Lines in roman; Titles in capitals.

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E

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